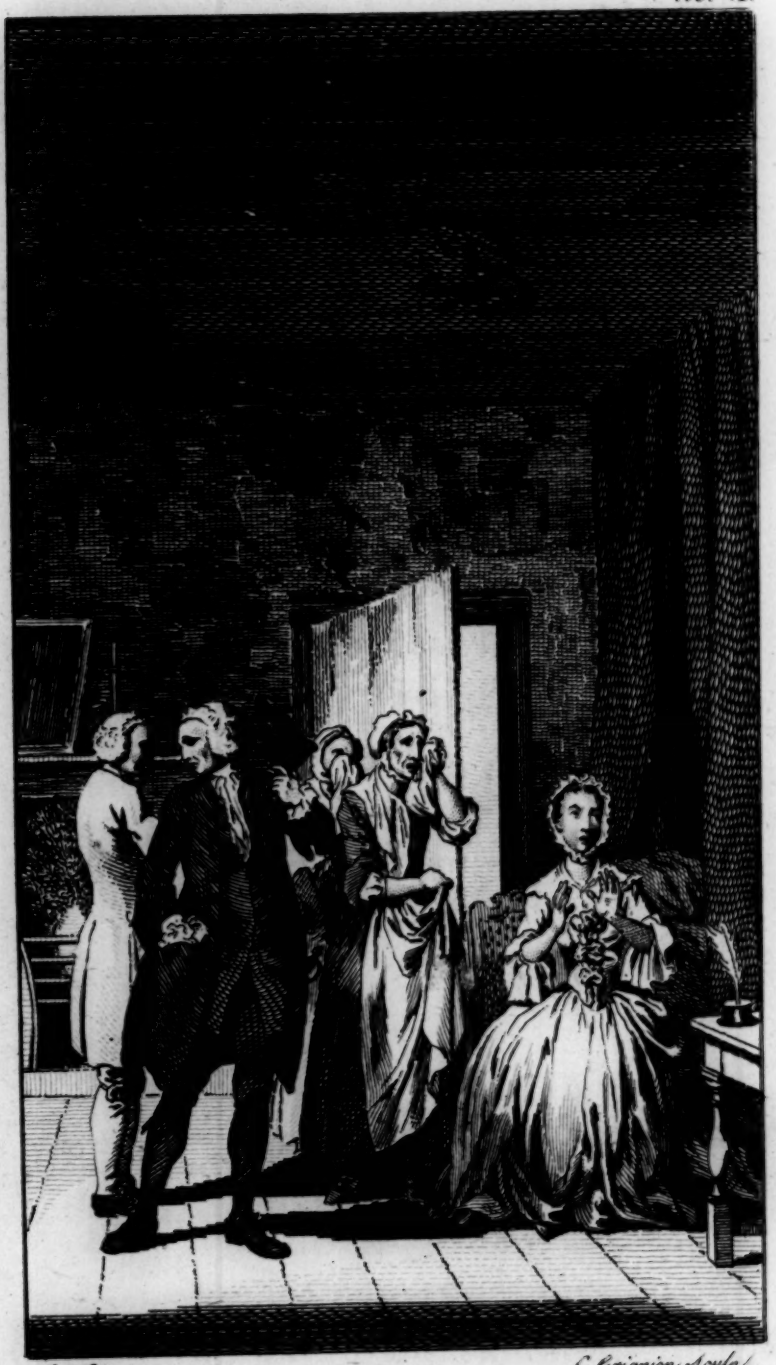

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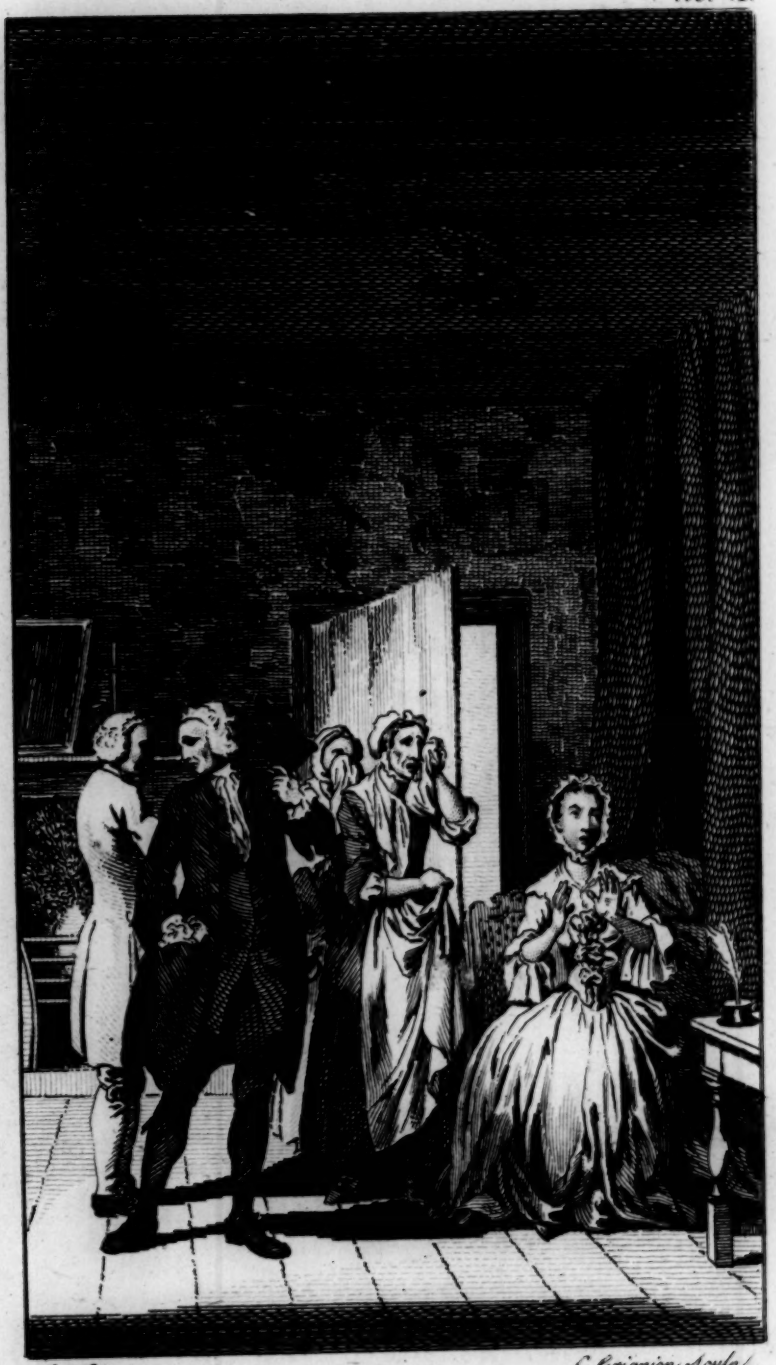

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CLARISSA;

OR, THE

HISTORY

OF A

YOUNG LADY:

COMPREHENDING

THE MOST IMPORTANT CONCERNS

OF

PRIVATE LIFE:

AND PARTICULARLY SHEWING

THE DISTRESSES THAT MAY ATTEND THE

MISCONDUCT,

BOTH OF

PARENTS AND CHILDREN,

IN RELATION TO MARRIAGE.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

A NEW EDITION.

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MDCCLXXXV.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE HISTORY OF CLARISSA HARLOWE.

VOL. VI.

LETTER I.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq.*

Tueſday Morn. June 20.

WELL, Jack, now are we upon another foot together. This dear creature will not *let me be good.* She is now authorizing all my plots by her own example.

Thou muſt be partial in the higheſt degree, if now thou blameſt me for reſuming my former ſchemes, ſince in that caſe I ſhall but follow her clue. No forced conſtruction of her actions do I make on this occaſion, in order to juſtify a bad cauſe or a worſe intention. A ſlight pretence, indeed, ſerved the Wolf, when he had a mind to quarrel with the Lamb; but this is not now my caſe.

For here [Wouldſt thou have thought it?] taking advantage of Dorcas's compaſſionate temper, and of

ſome warm expreſſions, which the tender-hearted wench let fall againſt the cruelty of men; and wiſhing to have it in her power to ſerve her; has ſhe given her the following Note, ſigned by her maiden name: For ſhe has thought fit, in poſitive and plain words, to own to the pitying Dorcas, that ſhe is not married.

Monday, June 19. . . . .

I The underwritten do hereby promiſe, that, on my coming into poſſeſſion of my own eſtate, I will provide for Dorcas Martindale in a gentlewoman-like manner, in my own houſe: Or, if I do not ſoon obtain that poſſeſſion, or ſhould firſt die, I do hereby bind myſelf, my executors, and adminiſtrators, to pay to her, or her order, during the term of her natural life, the ſum of five pounds on each of the four uſual quarterly days in the year; that is to ſay, twenty pounds by the year; on condition that ſhe faithfully aſſiſt me in my eſcape from an illegal confinement, under which I now labour. The firſt quarterly payment to commence and be payable at the end of three months immediately following the day of my deliverance. And I do alſo promiſe to give her, as a teſtimony of my honour in the reſt, a diamond ring, which I have ſhewed her. Witneſs my hand this nineteenth day of June, in the year abovewritten.

Clarissa Harlowe.

Now, Jack, what terms wouldſt thou have me to keep with ſuch a ſweet corruptreſs? Seeſt thou not how ſhe hates me? Seeſt thou not, that ſhe is reſolved never to forgive me? Seeſt thou not, however, that ſhe muſt diſgrace herſelf in the eye of the world, if ſhe actually ſhould eſcape?—That ſhe muſt be ſubjected to infinite diſtreſs and hazard! For whom has ſhe to receive and protect her? Yet to determine to riſque all theſe evils! And furthermore to ſtoop to artifice, to be guilty of the reigning vice of the times, of Bribery and Corruption! O Jack, Jack! *ſay* not, *write* not, another word in her favour!

Thou

Thou haſt blamed me for bringing her to this houſe: But had I carried her to any other in England, where there would have been one ſervant or inmate capable either of *compaſſion* or *corruption*, what muſt have been the conſequence?

But ſeeſt thou not, however, that in this flimſy contrivance, the dear implacable, like a drowning man, catches at a ſtraw to ſave herſelf!—A ſtraw ſhall ſhe find to be the refuge ſhe has reſorted to.

LETTER II.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq.*

Tueſday Morn. 10 *o'Clock.*

VERY ill—Exceeding ill—as Dorcas tells me, in order to avoid ſeeing me—And yet the dear ſoul may be ſo in her *mind*. But is not that equivocation? Some one paſſion predominating in every human breaſt, breaks thro' principle, and controuls us all. Mine is *Love* and *Revenge* taking turns. Hers is *Hatred*—But this is my conſolation, that *Hatred appeaſed is Love begun*; or *Love renewed*, I may rather ſay, If Love ever had footing here.

But *reflectioning* apart, thou ſeeſt, Jack, that her plot is beginning to work. To morrow it is to break out.

I have been abroad, to ſet on foot a plot of circumvention. All fair, now, Belford!

I inſiſted upon viſiting my indiſpoſed Fair one. Dorcas made officious excuſes for her. I curſed the wench in her hearing for her impertinence; and ſtamp'd, and made a clutter; which was improved into an apprehenſion to the Lady that I would have flung her faithful confidante from the top of the ſtairs to the bottom.

He is a violent wretch!—But, Dorcas, [*Dear* Dorcas, now it is] thou ſhalt have a friend in me to the laſt day of my life.

And what now, Jack, doſt think the name of her *good angel* is!——Why *Dorcas Martindale*, Chriſtian

and Super (no more Wykes) as in the promiſory note in my former — And the dear creature has bound her to her by the *moſt ſolemn* obligations, *beſides* the tie of intereſt.

Whither, madam, do you deſign to go when you get out of this houſe?

I will throw myſelf into the firſt open houſe I can find; and beg protection till I can get a coach, or a lodging in ſome honeſt family.

What will you do for Cloaths, Madam? I doubt you'll not be able to take any away with you, but what you'll have on.

O, no matter for cloaths, If I can but get out of this houſe.

What will you do for Money, Madam? I have heard his honour expreſs his concern, that he could not prevail upon you to be obliged to him, tho' he apprehended that you muſt be ſhort of money.

O, I have rings and other valuables. Indeed I have but four guineas, and two of them I found lately wrapt up in a bit of Lace, deſigned for a charitable uſe: But now, alas! Charity begins at home!—But I have one dear friend left, if ſhe be living, as I hope in God ſhe is! to whom I can be obliged, if I want. O Dorcas! I muſt ere now have heard from her, if I had had fair play.

Well, madam, yours is a hard lot. I pity you at my heart?

Thank you, Dorcas!—I am unhappy, that I did not think *before*, that I might have confided in thy Pity, and in thy Sex!

I pitied you, Madam, often and often: But you were always, as I thought, diffident of me. And then I doubted not but you were married; and I thought his Honour was unkindly uſed by you. So that I thought it my duty to wiſh well to his Honour, rather than to what I thought to be your humours, Madam. Would to Heaven, that I had known before that you were not married!—Such a Lady! Such a Fortune! To be ſo ſadly betrayed!——

Ah,

Ah, Dorcas! I was baſely drawn in! My youth—My ignorance of the world—And I have ſome things to reproach myſelf with when I look back.

Lord, Madam, what deceitful creatures are theſe men!—Neither oaths, nor vows—I am ſure—I am ſure! [and then with her apron ſhe gave her eyes half a dozen hearty rubs] I may curſe the time that I came into this houſe!

Here was accounting for her bold eyes! And was it not better for Dorcas to give up a houſe which her Lady could not think worſe of than ſhe did, in order to gain the reputation of ſincerity, than by offering to vindicate it, to make her proffered ſervices ſuſpected.

Poor Dorcas!—Bleſs me! how little do we, who have lived all our time in the country, know of this wicked town!

Had I *been able to write*, cried the veteran wench, I ſhould certainly have given ſome other near relations I have in Wales a little *inkling* of matters; and they would have ſaved me from——from——from——

Her ſobs were enough. The apprehenſions of women on ſuch ſubjects are ever aforehand with ſpeech.

And then, ſobbing on, ſhe lifted her apron to her face again. She ſhewed me how.

Poor Dorcas!—Again wiping her own charming eyes.

All Love, all Compaſſion, is this dear creature to every one in affliction, but me.

And would not an Aunt protect her kinſwoman?—Abominable wretch!

I can't—I can't—I can't—ſay, my Aunt was privy to it. She gave me good advice. She knew not for a great while that I was—that I was—that I was—ugh!—ugh!—ugh!—

No more, no more, good Dorcas—What a world do we live in!—What a houſe am I in!—But come, don't weep (tho' ſhe herſelf could not forbear:) My be-

ing betrayed into it, tho' to my own ruin, may be a happy event for thee: And if I live, it ſhall.

I thank you, my good Lady, blubbering. I am ſorry, very ſorry, you have had ſo hard a lot. But it may be the ſaving of my ſoul, if I can get to your Ladyſhip's houſe. Had I but known that your Ladyſhip was not married, I would have eat my own fleſh, before, before, before——

Dorcas ſobbed and wept. The Lady ſighed and wept alſo.

But now, Jack, for a ſerious reflection upon the premiſes.

How will the good folks account for it, that Satan has ſuch faithful inſtruments, and that the bond of wickedneſs is a ſtronger bond than the ties of virtue; as if it were the nature of the human mind to be villainous? For here, had Dorcas been *good*, and been tempted as ſhe was tempted to any-thing *evil*, I make do doubt but ſhe would have yielded to the temptation.

And cannot our fraternity in an hundred inſtances give proof of the like predominance of Vice over Virtue? And that we have riſked more to ſerve and promote the intereſts of the former, than ever a good man did to ſerve a good man or a good cauſe? For have we not been prodigal of life and fortune? Have we not defied the civil magiſtrate upon occaſion? And have we not attempted Reſcues, and dared all things, only to extricate a pounded profligate?

Whence, Jack, can this be?

O! I have it, I believe. The vicious are as bad as they can be; and do the devil's work without looking after; while he is continually ſpreading ſnares for the others; and, like a ſkilful angler, ſuiting his baits to the fiſh he angles for.

Nor let even *honeſt* people, ſo *called*, blame poor Dorcas for her fidelity in a bad cauſe. For does not the *General*, who implicitly ſerves an ambitious Prince in his unjuſt deſigns upon his neighbours, or upon his own oppreſſe

oppreſſed ſubjects; and even the *Lawyer*, who, for the ſake of a paltry Fee, undertakes to whiten a black cauſe, and to defend it againſt one he knows to be good; do the very ſame thing as Dorcas? And are they not both every whit as culpable? Yet the one ſhall be dubbed a hero; the other called an admirable fellow, and be contended for by every client, and his double-tongued abilities ſhall carry him thro' all the high preferments of the Law with reputation and applauſe.

Well, but what ſhall be done, ſince the Lady is ſo much determined on removing!—Is there no way to oblige her, and yet to make the very act ſubſervient to my own views? I fancy ſuch a way may be found out.

I will ſtudy for it——

Suppoſe I ſuffer her to make an eſcape? Her heart is in it. If ſhe effect it, the triumph ſhe will have over me upon it will be a counterbalance for all ſhe has ſuffered.

I will oblige her if I can.

LETTER III.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq.*

TIRED with a ſucceſſion of fatiguing days and ſleepleſs nights, and with contemplating the precarious ſituation I ſtand in with my beloved, I fell into a profound Reſverie; which brought on Sleep; and that produced a Dream; a fortunate Dream; which, as I imagine, will afford my working mind the means to effect the obliging double purpoſe my heart is now once more ſet upon.

What, as I have often contemplated, is the enjoyment of the fineſt woman in the world, to the contrivance, the buſtle, the ſurprizes, and at laſt the happy concluſion of a well laid plot!—The charming *round-abouts*, to come the *neareſt way home*;—the doubts; the apprehenſions; the heart-akings; the meditated triumphs—Theſe are the joys that make the bleſſing

dear.—For all the reſt, what is it?—What but to find an Angel in imagination dwindled down to a Woman in fact?——But to my Dream——

Methought it was about nine on Wedneſday morning, that a chariot with a dowager's arms upon the doors, and in it a grave matronly Lady [Not unlike Mother H. in the face; but in her heart, O how unlike!] ſtopped at a grocer's ſhop, about ten doors on the other ſide of the way, in order to buy ſome groceries: And methought Dorcas, having been out to ſee if the coaſt were clear for her Lady's flight, and if a coach were to be got near the place, eſpied this chariot with the dowager's arms, and this matronly Lady: And what, methought, did Dorcas, that ſubtle traitreſs, do, but whip up to the old matronly Lady, and lifting up her voice, ſay, Good my Lady, permit me one word with your Ladyſhip!

What thou haſt to ſay to me, ſay on, quoth the old Lady; the Grocer retiring, and ſtanding aloof, to give Dorcas leave to ſpeak; who, methought, in words like theſe, accoſted the Lady:

'You ſeem, Madam, to be a very good Lady; and 'here in this neighbourhood, at a houſe of no high re-'pute, is an innocent Lady of rank and fortune, beau-'tiful as a May morning, and youthful as a Roſe-bud, 'and full as ſweet and lovely; who has been tricked 'thither by a wicked gentleman, practiſed in the ways 'of the town; and this very night will ſhe be ruined 'if ſhe get not out of his hands. Now, O Lady! if 'you will extend your compaſſionate goodneſs to this 'fair young Lady, in whom, the moment you behold 'her, you will ſee cauſe to believe all I ſay; and let 'her but have a place in your chariot, and remain in 'your protection for one day only, till ſhe can ſend a 'man and horſe to her rich and powerful friends; 'you may ſave from ruin a Lady who has no equal 'for Virtue as well as Beauty.'

Me-

Methought the old Lady, moved with Dorcas's ſtory, anſwered and ſaid, 'Haſten, O damſel, who in a happy 'moment art come to put it in my power to ſerve the 'innocent and the virtuous, which it has always been 'my delight to do: Haſten to this young Lady and 'bid her hie hither to me with all ſpeed; and tell her, 'that my chariot ſhall be her aſylum: And if I find 'all that thou ſayeſt true, my houſe ſhall be her ſanc-'tuary, and I will protect her from all her oppreſſors.'

Hereupon, methought, this traitreſs Dorcas hied back to the Lady, and made report of what ſhe had done. And, methought, the Lady highly approved of Dorcas's proceeding, and bleſſed her for her good thought.

And I lifted up mine eyes, and behold the Lady iſſued out of the houſe, and without looking back, ran to the chariot with the dowager's coat upon it; and was received by the matronly Lady with open arms, and 'Welcome, welcome, welcome, fair young Lady, 'who ſo well anſwer the deſcription of the faithful 'damſel: And I will carry you inſtantly to my 'houſe, where you ſhall meet with all the good uſage 'your heart can wiſh for, till you can appriſe your 'rich and powerful friends of your paſt dangers, and 'preſent eſcape.'

'Thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you, 'worthy, thrice worthy Lady, who afford ſo kindly 'your protection to a moſt unhappy young creature, 'who has been baſely ſeduced and betrayed, and 'brought to the very brink of deſtruction.'

Methought then the matronly Lady, who had, by the time the young Lady came to her, bought and paid for the goods ſhe wanted, ordered her coachman to drive home with all ſpeed; who ſtopped not till he had arrived in a certain ſtreet not far from Lincoln's-inn-fields, where the matronly Lady lived in a ſumptuous dwelling, replete with damſels who wrought curiouſly in Muſlins, Cambricks, and fine linen, and in every

good work that induſtrious damſels love to be employed about, except the Loom and the Spinning-wheel.

And methought, all the way the young Lady and the old Lady rode, and after they came in, till dinner was ready, the young Lady filled up the time with the diſmal account of her wrongs and her ſufferings, the like of which was never heard by mortal ear; and this in ſo moving a manner, that the good old Lady did nothing but weep, and ſigh, and ſob, and inveigh againſt the arts of wicked men, and againſt that abominable 'Squire Lovelace, who was a *plotting villain*, methought ſhe ſaid; and more than that, an *unchained Beelzebub*.

Methought I was in a dreadful agony, when I found the Lady had eſcaped; and in my wrath had like to have ſlain Dorcas, and our Mother, and every one I met. But, by ſome quick tranſition, and ſtrange metamorphoſis, which dreams do not uſually account for, methought, all of a ſudden, this matronly Lady was turned into the famous Mother H. herſelf; and, being an old acquaintance of Mother Sinclair, was prevailed upon to aſſiſt in my plot upon the young Lady.

Then, methought, followed a ſtrange Scene; for, Mother H. longing to hear more of the young Lady's Story, and night being come, beſought her to accept of a place in her own bed, in order to have all the talk to themſelves. For, methought, two young Nieces of hers had broken in upon them in the middle of the diſmal tale.

Accordingly going early to bed, and the ſad ſtory being reſumed, with as great earneſtneſs on one ſide, as attention on the other, before the young Lady had gone far in it, Mother H. methought was taken with a fit of the Colic; and her tortures increaſing, was obliged to riſe to get a cordial ſhe uſed to find ſpecific in this diſorder, to which ſhe was unhappily ſubject.

Having thus riſen, and ſtept to her cloſet, methought ſhe let fall the wax taper in her return; and then [O meta-

metamorphoſis ſtill ſtranger than the former! What unaccountable things are dreams!] coming to bed again in the dark, the young Lady, to her infinite aſtoniſhment, grief, and ſurprize, found Mother H. turned into a young perſon of the other Sex: And altho' Lovelace was the *abhorred of her Soul*, yet, fearing it was ſome *other* perſon, it was matter of ſome conſolation to her, when ſhe found it was no other than himſelf, and that ſhe had been ſtill the bedfellow of but *one* and the *ſame* man.

A ſtrange promiſcuous huddle of adventures followed, ſcenes perpetually ſhifting; now nothing heard from the Lady, but ſighs, groans, exclamations, faintings, dyings—From the Gentleman, but vows, promiſes, proteſtations, *diſclaimers of purpoſes purſued*; and all the gentle and ungentle preſſures of the Lover's warfare.

Then, as quick as thought (for Dreams, thou knoweſt, confine not themſelves to the Rules of the Drama) enſued Recoveries, Lyings-in, Chriſtenings, the ſmiling Boy, amply, even in *her own* opinion, rewarding the ſuffering Mother.

Then the Grandfather's Eſtate yielded up, poſſeſſion taken of it: Living very happily upon it: Her beloved Norton her companion; Miſs Howe her viſitor; and (admirable! thrice admirable!) enabled to *compare notes* with her; a charming Girl, by the ſame father, to her friend's charming Boy; who, as they grow up, in order to conſolidate their mammas friendſhips (for neither have dreams regard to *conſanguinity*) intermarry; change Names by Act of Parliament, to enjoy my Eſtate—And I know not what of the like incongruous ſtuff.

I awoke, as thou mayeſt believe, in great diſorder, and rejoiced to find my Charmer in the next room, and Dorcas honeſt.

Now thou wilt ſay this was a very odd Dream. And yet, (for I am a ſtrange dreamer) it is not altogether improbable that ſomething like it may happen; as the

pretty Simpleton has the weakneſs to confide in Dorcas, whom till now ſhe diſliked.

But I forgot to tell thee one part of my Dream; and that was, That, the next morning, the Lady gave way to ſuch tranſports of grief and reſentment, that ſhe was with difficulty diverted from making an attempt upon her own life. But however at laſt was prevailed upon to reſolve to live, and to make the beſt of the matter: A Letter, methought, from Capt. Tomlinſon helping to pacify her, written to appriſe me, that her Uncle Harlowe would certainly be at Kentiſh-town on Wedneſday night June 28, the following day (the 29th) being his birth-day; and be doubly deſirous, on that account, that our Nuptials ſhould be then privately ſolemnized in his preſence.

But *is* Thurſday the 29th her Uncle's anniverſary, methinks thou aſkeſt?—It is; or elſe the day of Celebration ſhould have been earlier ſtill. Three weeks ago I heard her ſay it was; and I have down the Birth-day of every one of her family, and the Wedding-day of her Father and Mother. The minuteſt circumſtances are often of great ſervice, in matters of the laſt importance.

And what ſayeſt thou now to my Dream?

Who ſays, that ſleeping and waking, I have not fine helps from ſome *body*, ſome *ſpirit* rather, as thou'lt be apt to ſay? But no wonder that a Beelzebub has his devilkins to attend his call.

I can have no manner of doubt of ſucceeding in Mother H.'s part of the ſcheme; for will the Lady (who reſolves to throw herſelf into the *firſt houſe ſhe can enter*, or to beſpeak the protection of the *firſt perſon ſhe meets*; and who thinks there can be no danger *out* of this houſe, equal to what ſhe apprehends from Me *in* it) ſcruple to accept of the chariot of a dowager, accidentally offering? And the Lady's protection engaged by her faithful Dorcas, ſo highly bribed to promote her eſcape?—And then Mrs. H. has the air and appearance of a venerable matron, and is not ſuch a forbidding devil as Mrs. Sinclair. The

The pretty Simpleton knows nothing in the world; nor that people who have money, never want aſſiſtants in their views, be they what they will. How elſe could the Princes of the earth be ſo implicitly ſerved as they are, *change they hands ever ſo often*, and be their purpoſes *ever ſo wicked*.

If I can but get her to *go on* with me till Wedneſday next week, we ſhall be ſettled together pretty quietly by that time. And indeed if ſhe has any gratitude, and has in her the leaſt of her Sex's foibles, ſhe muſt think I deſerve her favour, by the pains ſhe has coſt me. For dearly do they all love that men ſhould take pains about them and for them.

And here, for the preſent, I will lay down my pen, and congratulate myſelf upon my happy invention (ſince her obſtinacy puts me once more upon exerciſing it)—But with this reſolution, I think, That, if the preſent contrivance fail me, I will exert all the faculties of my mind, all my talents, to procure for myſelf a Regal Right to her favour, and that in defiance of all my antipathies to the Married State; and of the ſuggeſtions of the great devil out of the houſe, and of his ſecret agents in it.—Since, if *now* ſhe is not to be prevailed upon, or drawn in, it will be in vain to attempt her further.

LETTER IV.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq.*

Tueſday, Night, June 20.

NO admittance yet to my Charmer! She is very ill—in a violent fever, Dorcas thinks. Yet will have no advice.

Dorcas tells her how much I am concerned at it.

But again let me aſk, Does this Lady do right to make herſelf ill, when ſhe is *not* ill? for my own part, Libertine as people think me, when I had *occaſion* to be ſick, I took a doſe of Ipecacuanha, that I might not be guilty of a falſhood; and moſt heartily ſick was I; as

ſhe,

ſhe, who then pitied me, full well knew. But here to pretend to be very ill, only to get an opportunity to run away, in order to avoid forgiving a man who has offended her, how unchriſtian!—If good folks allow themſelves in theſe breaches of a known duty, and in theſe preſumptuous contrivances to deceive, who, Belford, ſhall blame us?

I have a ſtrange notion, that the matronly Lady will be certainly at the Grocer's ſhop at the hour of Nine to-morrow morning: For Dorcas heard me tell Mrs. Sinclair, that I ſhould go out at Eight preciſely; and then ſhe is to try for a coach: And if the dowager's chariot ſhould happen to be there, how lucky will it be for my Charmer! How ſtrangely will my dream be made out!

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I HAVE juſt received a Letter from Capt. Tomlinſon. Is it not wonderful? For that was part of my dream.

I ſhall always have a prodigious regard to dreams henceforward. I know not but I may write a book upon that ſubject; for my own experience will furniſh out a great part of it. *Glanville of Witches*, *Baxter's Hiſtory of Spirits and Apparitions*, and the Royal Pedant's *Demonology*, will be nothing at all to *Lovelace's Reſveries*.

The Letter is juſt what I dreamed it to be. I am only concerned that Uncle John's Anniverſary did not happen three or four days ſooner; for ſhould any *new* misfortune befal my Charmer, ſhe may not be able to ſupport her ſpirits ſo long as till Thurſday in the next week. Yet it will give me the more time for new expedients, ſhould my preſent contrivance fail; which I cannot however ſuppoſe.

To ROBERT LOVELACE, *Eſq.*

Dear Sir, *Monday, June* 19.

I Can now return you joy, for the joy you have given me, as well as my dear friend Mr. Harlowe, in the news of his beloved Niece's happy recovery; for he is deter-

determined to comply with *her* wiſhes and *yours*, and to give her to you with his own hand.

As the Ceremony has been neceſſarily delayed by reaſon of her illneſs, and as Mr. Harlowe's Birth-day is on Thurſday the 29th of this inſtant June, when he enters into the Seventy-fourth year of his age; and as time may be wanted to complete the dear Lady's recovery; he is very deſirous that the Marriage ſhall be ſolemnized upon it; that he may afterwards have double joy on that day to the end of his life.

For this purpoſe he intends to ſet out privately, ſo as to be at Kentiſh-town on Wedneſday ſe'nnight in the evening.

All the family uſed, he ſays, to meet to celebrate it with him; but as they are at preſent in too unhappy a ſituation for that, he will give out, that, not being able to bear the day at home, he has reſolved to be abſent for two or three days.

He will ſet out on horſeback, attended only with one truſty ſervant, for the greater privacy. He will be at the moſt creditable-looking public houſe there, expecting you both next morning, if he hear nothing from me to prevent him. And he will go to town with you after the Ceremony is performed, in the coach he ſuppoſes you will come in.

He is very deſirous, that I ſhould be preſent on the occaſion. But *this* I have promiſed him, at his requeſt, that I will be up before the day, in order to ſee the Settlements executed, and every thing properly prepared.

He is very glad you have the Licence ready.

He ſpeaks very kindly of you, Mr. Lovelace; and ſays, that, if any of the family ſtand out after he has ſeen the Ceremony performed, he will ſeparate from them, and unite himſelf to his dear Niece and her intereſts.

I owned to you, when in town laſt, that I took ſlight notice to my dear friend of the miſunderſtanding between You and his Niece; and that I did this, for fear the

the Lady ſhould have ſhewn any little diſcontent in his preſence, had I been able to prevail upon him to go up in perſon, as then was doubtful. But I hope nothing of that diſcontent remains now.

My abſence, when your meſſenger came, muſt excuſe me for not writing by him.

Be pleaſed to make my moſt reſpectful compliments acceptable to the admirable Lady, and believe me to be

Your moſt faithful and obedient Servant,
ANTONY TOMLINSON.

This Letter I ſealed, and broke open. It was brought, thou mayſt ſuppoſe, by a particular meſſenger; the Seal ſuch a one as the writer need not be aſhamed of. I took care to enquire after the Captain's health, in my Beloved's hearing; and it is now ready to be produced as a pacifier, according as ſhe ſhall *take on* or *reſent*, if the two metamorphoſes happen purſuant to my wonderful dream; as, having great faith in dreams, I dare ſay they will.—I think it will not be amiſs, in changing my Cloaths, to have this Letter of the worthy Captain lie in my Beloved's way.

LETTER V.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq.*

Wedn. Noon, June 21.

WHAT ſhall I ſay now!—I, who but a few hours ago had ſuch faith in dreams, and had propoſed out of hand to begin my treatiſe of *Dreams ſleeping* and *Dreams waking*, and was pleaſing myſelf with the dialogues between the old matronly Lady, and the young Lady; and with the two metamorphoſes (abſolutely aſſured that every thing would happen as my dream chalked it out;) ſhall never more depend upon thoſe flying follies, thoſe illuſions of a fancy depraved, and run mad.

Thus confoundedly have matters happened.

I went

I went out at Eight o'clock in high good humour with myſelf, in order to give the ſought-for opportunity to the plotting miſtreſs and corrupted maid; only ordering Will. to keep a good look out for fear his Lady ſhould miſtruſt my plot, or miſtake a Hackney-coach for the dowager Lady's chariot. But firſt I ſent to know how ſhe did; and receiving for anſwer, Very ill:—Had a very bad night: Which latter was but too probable: Since This *I* know, that people who have plots in their heads as ſeldom *have* as *deſerve* good ones.

I deſired a phyſician might be called in; but was refuſed.

I took a walk in St. James's Park, congratulating myſelf all the way on my rare inventions: Then, impatient, I took coach, with one of the windows *quite* up, the other *almoſt* up, playing at bo-peep at every chariot I ſaw paſs in my way to Lincoln's-inn-fields: And when arrived there I ſent the coachman to deſire any one of Mother H.'s family to come to me to the coach-ſide, not doubting but I ſhould have intelligence of my fair fugitive there; it being then half an hour after ten.

A ſervant came, who gave me to underſtand, that the matronly Lady was juſt returned by herſelf in the chariot.

Frighted out of my wits, I alighted, and heard from the Mother's own mouth, that Dorcas had engaged her to protect the Lady; but came to tell her afterwards, that ſhe had changed her mind, and would not quit the houſe.

Quite aſtoniſhed, not knowing what might have happened, I ordered the coachman to laſh away to our mother's.

Arriving here in an inſtant, the firſt word I aſked, was, If the Lady was ſafe?

Mr. Lovelace gives here a very circumſtantial relation of all that paſſed between the Lady and Dorcas. But as he

he could only gueſs at her motives for refuſing to go off, when Dorcas told her, that ſhe had engaged for her the protection of the dowager Lady, it is thought proper to omit his relation, and to ſupply it by ſome memoranda *of the Lady's. But it is firſt neceſſary to account for the occaſion on which thoſe* memoranda *were made.*

The reader may remember, that in the Letter written to Miſs Howe, on her eſcape to Hamſtead (a), ſhe promiſes to give her the particulars of her flight at leiſure.

She had indeed thoughts of continuing her account of every-thing that had paſſed between her and Mr. Lovelace; ſince her laſt Narrative Letter. But the uncertainty ſhe was in from that time, with the execrable treatment ſhe met with on her being deluded back again; followed by a week's delirium; had hitherto hindered her from proſecuting her intention. But, nevertheleſs, having it ſtill in her view to perform her promiſe as ſoon as ſhe had opportunity, ſhe made minutes of every thing as it paſſed, in order to help her memory:—Which, *as ſhe obſerves*

'*in one place*, ſhe could leſs truſt to ſince her late 'diſorders than before.'

In theſe minutes, or book of memoranda, *ſhe obſerves,*

'That having apprehenſions, that Dorcas might be 'a traitreſs, ſhe would have got away while we was 'gone out to ſee for a coach; and actually ſlid down-'ſtairs with that intent. But that, ſeeing Mrs. Sin-'clair in the Entry [*whom Dorcas had planted there* '*while ſhe went out*] ſhe ſpeeded up again, unſeen.'

She then went up to the dining-room, and ſaw the Letter of Captain Tomlinſon: On which ſhe obſerves in her memorandum-book as follows:

'How am I puzzled now!—He might leave this 'Letter on purpoſe: None of the other papers left with 'it being of any conſequence: What is the alternative? '—To ſtay, and be the wife of the vileſt of men—

'How

(a) See Vol. 5. p. 54.

'How my heart reſiſts that!—To attempt to get off, 'and fail, ruin inevitable!—Dorcas *may* betray me!—'I doubt ſhe is *ſtill* his implement!—At his going 'out, he whiſpered her, as I ſaw, unobſerved—In a 'very familiar manner too—Never fear, Sir, with a 'courteſy.

'In her agreeing to connive at my eſcape, ſhe pro-'vided not for her own ſafety, if I got away: Yet had 'reaſon, in that caſe, to expect his vengeance. And 'wants not forethought.—To have taken her *with me*, 'was to be in the power of her intelligence, if a faith-'leſs creature.—Let me, however, tho' I part not 'with my caution, keep my charity!—Can there be 'any woman ſo vile to a woman?—O yes! Mrs. Sin-'clair: Her Aunt.—The Lord deliver me!—But, 'alas! I have put myſelf out of the courſe of his pro-'tection by the *natural* means—And am already ruin-'ed! A Father's Curſe likewiſe againſt me! Having 'made vain all my friends cautions and ſolicitudes, I 'muſt not hope for miracles in my favour!

'If I do eſcape, what may become of me, a poor, 'helpleſs, deſerted creature!—Helpleſs from Sex!—'From circumſtances!—Expoſed to every danger!—'Lord protect me!

'His vile man not gone with him!—Lurking here-'abouts, no doubt, to watch my ſteps!—I *will* not 'go away by the chariot, however.

'THAT this chariot ſhould come ſo opportunely! 'So like his many *opportunelies!*—That Dorcas ſhould 'have the ſudden thought! Should have the *courage* 'with the thought, to addreſs a Lady in behalf of an 'abſolute ſtranger to that Lady! That the Lady ſhould 'ſo readily conſent! Yet the tranſaction between them 'to take up ſo much time, their diſtance in degree con-'ſidered: For, arduous as the caſe was, and precious 'as the time, Dorcas was gone above half an hour!

'Yet

'Yet the chariot was ſaid to be ready at a Grocer's 'not many doors off!

'Indeed ſome Elderly Ladies are talkative: And there 'are, no doubt, *ſome* good people in the world——

'But that it ſhould chance to be a widow Lady, 'who could do what ſhe pleaſed! That Dorcas 'ſhould know her to be ſo by the Lozenge! Perſons 'in her ſtation not uſually ſo knowing, I believe, in 'Heraldry.

'Yet ſome may! for ſervants are fond of deriving '*collateral* honours and diſtinctions, as I may call 'them, from the quality, or people of rank, whom 'they ſerve. But this ſly ſervant not gone with him! 'Then this Letter of Tomlinſon!——

'Altho' I am reſolved never to have this wretch, 'yet, may I not *throw myſelf into my Uncle's protection 'at Kentiſh-town or Highgate, if I cannot eſcape before: 'and ſo get clear of him?* May not the evil I know, be 'leſs than what I may fall into, if I can avoid further 'villainy? Further villainy he has not yet threatened; 'freely and juſtly as I have treated him!—I will not 'go, I think. At leaſt, unleſs I can ſend this fellow 'out of the way *(a)*.

* *

'The fellow a villain! The wench, I doubt, a vile 'wench. At laſt concerned for her own ſafety. Plays 'off and on about a coach.

'All my hopes of getting off, at preſent over!— 'Unhappy creature! to what further evils art thou 'reſerved! O how my heart riſes, at the neceſſity I 'muſt ſtill be under to ſee and converſe with ſo very 'vile a man!'

(a) She tried to do this; but was prevented by the fellow's pretending to put his ancle out, by a ſlip down ſtairs – *A trick*, ſays his contriving maſter, in his omitted relation, *I had taught him, on a like occaſion, at Amiens.*

LET-

LETTER VI.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq.*

Wedneſday after noon.

DIſappointed in her meditated eſcape; obliged, againſt her will, to meet me in the Dining-room; and perhaps apprehenſive of being upbraided for her art in feigning herſelf ill; I *expected* that the dear Perverſe would *begin* with me with ſpirit and indignation. But I was in hopes, from the gentleneſs of her natural diſpoſition; from the conſideration which I expected from her on her ſituation; from the contents of the Letter of Captain Tomlinſon, which Dorcas told me ſhe had ſeen; and from the time ſhe had had to cool and reflect ſince ſhe laſt admitted me to her preſence, that ſhe would not have carried it ſo ſtrongly through as ſhe did.

As I entered the Dining-room, I congratulated her and myſelf upon her *ſudden* recovery. And would have taken her hand, with an air of reſpectful tenderneſs; But ſhe was reſolved to begin where ſhe left off.

She turned from me, drawing in her hand, with a repulſing and indignant aſpect—I meet you once more, ſaid ſhe, becauſe I cannot help it. What have you to ſay to me? Why am I to be thus detained againſt my will?

With the utmoſt ſolemnity of ſpeech and behaviour, I urged the Ceremony. I ſaw I had nothing elſe for it. I had a Letter in my pocket, I ſaid [feeling for it, altho' I had not taken it from the table where I left it in the ſame room] the contents of which, if attended to, would make us both happy. I had been loth to ſhew it to her before, becauſe I hoped to prevail upon her to be mine *ſooner* than the day mentioned in it.

I felt for it in all my pockets, watching her eye mean time, which I ſaw glance towards the table where it lay.

I was

I was uneaſy that I could not find it—At laſt, directed again by her ſly eye, I ſpied it on the table at the further end of the room.

With joy I fetched it. Be pleaſed to read that Letter, Madam; with an air of ſatisfied-aſſurance.

She took it, and caſt her eye over it, in ſuch a careleſs way, as made it evident, that ſhe had read it before: And then unthankfully toſſed it into the window-ſeat before her.

I urged her to bleſs me to-morrow, or Friday morning: At leaſt, that ſhe would not render vain her Uncle's journey, and kind endeavours to bring about a Reconciliation among us all.

Among us all! repeated ſhe, with an air equally diſdainful and incredulous. O Lovelace, thou art ſurely nearly allied to the grand deceiver, in thy endeavour to ſuit temptations to inclinations!—But what honour, what faith, what veracity, were it poſſible that I could enter into parley with thee on this ſubject, (which it is not) may I expect from ſuch a man as thou haſt ſhewn thyſelf to be?

I was touched to the quick. A Lady of your perfect character, Madam, who has feigned herſelf ſick, on purpoſe to avoid ſeeing the man who adored her, ſhould not—

I know what thou wouldſt ſay, interrupted ſhe—Twenty and twenty low things, that my ſoul would have been above being guilty of, and which I have deſpiſed myſelf for, have I been brought into by the infection of thy company, and by the neceſſity thou haſt laid me under, of appearing mean. But I thank God, deſtitute as I am, that I am not, however, ſunk ſo low, as to wiſh to be thine.

I, Madam, as the injurer *ought* to have patience. It is for the injured to reproach. But your *Uncle* is not in a plot againſt you, it is to be hoped. There are circumſtances in the Letter you have caſt your eyes over——

Again

Again ſhe interrupted me, Why, once more I aſk you, am I detained in this houſe?—Do not I ſee myſelf ſurrounded by wretches, who, tho' they wear the habit of my Sex, may yet, as far as I know, lie in wait for my perdition?

She would be very loth, I ſaid, that Mrs. Sinclair and her Nieces ſhould be called up to vindicate themſelves, and their houſe.

Would but they kill me, let them come, and welcome. I will bleſs the hand that will ſtrike the blow! Indeed I will.

'Tis idle very idle to talk of dying. Mere young-lady talk, when controuled by thoſe they hate. But let me beſeech you, deareſt creature——

Beſeech me nothing. Let me not be detained thus againſt my will!—Unhappy creature that I am, ſaid ſhe, in a kind of phrenſy, wringing her hands at the ſame time, and turning from me, her eyes lifted up! 'Thy curſe, O my cruel Father, ſeems to be now in 'the height of its operation!—My weakened mind is 'full of forebodings, that I am in the way of being a 'loſt creature as to both worlds! Bleſſed, bleſſed God, 'ſaid ſhe, falling on her knees, ſave me, O ſave me, 'from myſelf and from this man!'

I ſunk down on my knees by her, exceſſively affected—O that I could recall yeſterday!—Forgive me, my deareſt creature, forgive what is paſt, as it cannot now but by one way be retrieved. Forgive me only on this condition—That my future faith and honour—

She interrupted me, riſing—If you mean to beg of me, never to ſeek to avenge myſelf by Law, or by an appeal to my relations, to my Couſin Morden in particular, when he comes to England——

D—n the Law, riſing alſo [She ſtarted] and all thoſe to whom you talk of appealing!—I defy both the one and the other—All I beg, is YOUR forgiveneſs; and that you will, on my unfeigned contrition, reeſtabliſh me in your favour——

O no, no, no! lifting up her claſped hands, I never never *will*, never, never *can* forgive you!—And it is a puniſhment worſe than death to me, that I am obliged to meet you, or to ſee you.

This is the laſt time, my deareſt life, that you will ever ſee me in this poſture, on this occaſion: And again I kneeled to her. Let me hope, that you will be mine next Thurſday, your Uncle's Birth-day, if not before. Would to Heaven I had never been a villain! Your indignation is not, cannot be greater, than my remorſe—And I took hold of her gown for ſhe was going from me.

Be remorſe thy portion!—For thine own ſake, be remorſe thy portion!—I never, never will forgive thee!—I never, never will be thine!—Let me retire!—Why kneeleſt thou to the wretch whom thou haſt ſo vilely humbled?

Say but, deareſt creature, you will *conſider*—Say but you will take time to reflect upon what the honour of both our families requires of you. I will not riſe. I will not permit you to withdraw [ſtill holding her gown] till you tell me you will *conſider*.—Take this Letter. Weigh well *your* ſituation, and mine. Say you will withdraw to *conſider*; and then I will not preſume to with-hold you.

Compulſion ſhall do nothing with me. Tho' a ſlave, a priſoner, in circumſtance, I am no ſlave in my will!—Nothing will I promiſe thee!—With-held, compelled—Nothing will I promiſe thee!

Noble creature! But not implacable, I hope!—Promiſe me but to return in an hour!

Nothing will I promiſe thee!

Say but you will ſee me again this evening!

O that I could ſay—that it were in my *power* to ſay—I never will ſee thee more!—Would to Heaven I never were to ſee thee more!

Paſſionate Beauty!—ſtill holding her—

I ſpeak,

I ſpeak, tho' with vehemence, the deliberate wiſh of my heart.—O that I could avoid *looking down* upon thee, mean groveler, and abject as inſulting—Let me withdraw! My ſoul is in tumults? Let me withdraw!

I quitted my hold to claſp my hands together—Withdraw, O ſovereign of my fate?—Withdraw, if you *will* withdraw! My deſtiny is in your power!—It depends upon your breath!—Your ſcorn but augments my Love!—Your reſentment is but too well founded!—But, deareſt creature, return, return, with a reſolution to bleſs with pardon and peace your faithful adorer!

She flew from me. The Angel, as ſoon as ſhe found her wings, flew from me. I, the reptile kneeler, the deſpicable ſlave, no more the proud victor, aroſe; and, retiring, tried to comfort myſelf, that circumſtanced as ſhe is, deſtitute of friends and fortune; her Uncle moreover, who is to reconcile all ſo ſoon (as I thank my Stars ſhe ſtill believes) expected—

O that ſhe would forgive me!—Would ſhe but generouſly forgive me, and receive my vows at the altar, at the *inſtant* of her forgiving me, that I might not have time to relapſe into my old prejudices! By my Soul, Belford, this dear girl gives the lye to all our Rakiſh Maxims. There muſt be ſomething more than a *name* in virtue!—I now ſee that there is!—*Once ſubdued, always ſubdued*—'Tis an egregious falſhood!—But Oh, Jack, ſhe never *was* ſubdued. What have I obtained, but an increaſe of ſhame and confuſion!—While her glory has been eſtabliſhed by her ſufferings!

This one merit is, however, left me, that I have laid all her Sex under obligation to me, by putting this noble creature to trials, which, ſo glorioufly ſupported, have done honour to them all.

However—But no more will I add—What a force have evil habits!—I will take an Airing, and try to fly from myſelf—Do not thou upbraid me on my weak-

fits—On my contradictory purpoſes—On my irreſolution—And all will be well.

LETTER VII.

Mr. Lovelace, *To* John Belford, *Eſq.*

Wedneſday Night.

A Man is juſt now arrived from M. Hall, who tells me, that my Lord is in a very dangerous way. The Gout in his Stomach to an extreme degree, occaſioned by drinking a great quantity of Limonade.

A man of 8cool. a year to prefer his appetite to his health!—He deſerves to die!—But we have all of us our inordinate paſſions to gratify: And they generally bring their puniſhment along with them.—So witneſſes the Nephew, as well as the Uncle.

The fellow was ſent upon other buſineſs; but ſtretched his orders a little, to make his court to a ſucceſſor.

I am glad I was not at M. Hall, at the time my Lord took the grateful doſe. [It was certainly grateful to *him* at the time]: There are people in the world, who would have had the wickedneſs to ſay, that I had perſuaded him to drink it.

The man ſays, that his Lordſhip was ſo bad when he came away, that the family began to talk of ſending for me, in poſt haſte. As I know the old Peer has a good deal of caſh by him, of which he ſeldom keeps account, it behoves me to go down as ſoon as I can. But what ſhall I do with this dear creature the while? To-morrow over, I ſhall, perhaps, be able to anſwer my own queſtion. I am afraid ſhe will make me deſperate.

For here have I ſent to implore her company, and am denied with ſcorn.

***

I have been ſo happy as to receive, this moment, a third Letter from my dear correſpondent Miſs Howe. A little ſevere devil!—It would have broken the heart of

of my Beloved, had it fallen into her hands. I will incloſe a copy of it. Read it here.

My deareſt Miſs Harlowe, *Tueſday, June* 20.

AGAIN I venture to write to you (almoſt againſt inclination); and that by your former conveyance, little as I like it.

I know not how it is with you. It may be bad; and then it would be hard to upbraid you, for a ſilence you may not be able to help. But if not, what ſhall I ſay ſevere enough, that you have not anſwered either of my laſt Letters? The firſt (*a*) of which [and I think it imported you too much to be ſilent upon it] you owned the receipt of. The other which was delivered into your own hands (*b*), was ſo preſſing for the favour of a line from you, that I am amazed I could not be obliged. —And ſtill *more*, that I have not heard from you ſince.

The fellow made ſo ſtrange a Story of the condition he ſaw you in, and of your ſpeech to him, that I know not what to conclude from it: Only, that he is a ſimple, blundering, and yet conceited fellow, who, aiming, at deſcription, and the Ruſtic Wonderful, gives an air of bumkinly romance to all he tells. That this is his character, you will believe, when you are informed, that he deſcribed you in grief exceſſive (*c*) yet ſo improved in your perſon and features, and ſo *roſy*, that was his word, in your face, and ſo fluſh-coloured, and ſo plump in your arms, that one would conclude you were labouring under the operation of ſome malignant poiſon; and ſo much the rather, as he was introduced to you, when you were upon a couch, from which you offered not to riſe, or ſit up.

Upon my word, Miſs Harlowe, I am greatly diſtreſſed upon your account; for I muſt be ſo free as to ſay, that, in your ready return with your deceiver, you have not at all anſwered my expectations, nor acted up

(*a*) See Vol. V. p. 30. (*b*) Ibid. p. 247. (*c*) Ibid. p. 241 —— 245.

to your own character; For Mrs. Townſend tells me, from the women at Hamſtead, how chearfully you put yourſelf into his hands again: Yet, at the time, it was impoſſible you ſhould be married!—

Lord, my dear, what pity it is, that you took ſo much pains to get from the man!—But you know beſt!—Sometimes I think it could not be *you* to whom the Ruſtic delivered my Letter. But it muſt too: Yet, it is ſtrange I could not have one line by him:—Not one!—And you ſo ſoon well enough to go with the wretch back again!

I am not ſure, that the Letter I am now writing will come to your hands: So ſhall not ſay half that I have upon my mind to ſay. But if you think it *worth your while* to write to me, pray let me know, what fine Ladies, his relations, thoſe were, who viſited you at Hamſtead, and carried you back again ſo joyfully, to a place that I had ſo fully warned you—But I will ſay no more: At leaſt till I *know* more: For I can do nothing but wonder and ſtand amazed.

Notwithſtanding all the man's baſeneſs, 'tis plain, there was more than a lurking Love—Good Heaven!—But I have done!—Yet I know not how to have done neither!—Yet I muſt—I *will*.

Only account to me, my dear, for what I cannot at all account for: And inform me, whether you are really married, or not.—And then I ſhall know, Whether there *muſt* or muſt *not*, be a period ſhorter than that of one of our lives, to a friendſhip which has hitherto been the pride and boaſt of

Your Anna Howe.

Dorcas tells me, that ſhe has juſt now had a *ſearching* converſation, as ſhe calls it, with her Lady. She is willing, ſhe tells the wench, ſtill to place her confidence in her. Dorcas hopes ſhe has re-aſſured her; but wiſhes me not to depend upon it. Yet Captain Tomlinſon's Letter muſt aſſuredly weigh with her. I

ſent

ſent it in juſt now by Dorcas, deſiring her to re-peruſe it. And it was not returned me, as I feared it would be. And that's a good ſign, I think.

I ſay, I *think*, and I *think*; for this charming creature, entangled as I am in my own inventions, puzzles *me* ten thouſand times more than I *her*.

LETTER VIII.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq.*

Thurſday Noon, June 22.

LET me periſh if I know what to make either of myſelf or of this ſurpriſing creature—Now calm, now tempeſtuous—But I know thou loveſt not anticipation any more than I.

At my repeated requeſts, ſhe met me at Six this morning. She was ready dreſſed; for ſhe has not had her cloaths off ever ſince ſhe declared, that they never more ſhould be off in this houſe. And charmingly ſhe looked, with all the diſadvantages of a three hours violent Stomach-ach (for Dorcas told me that ſhe had been really ill) no Reſt, and Eyes red and ſwelled with weeping. Strange to me that thoſe charming fountains have not been long ago exhauſted! But ſhe is a Woman. And I believe Anatomiſts allow, *that women have more watry heads than men.*

Well, my deareſt creature, I hope you have now thoroughly conſidered of the contents of Captain Tomlinſon's Letter. But as we are thus early met, let me beſeech you to make this my happy day.

She looked not favourably upon me. A cloud hung upon her brow at her entrance: But as ſhe was going to anſwer me, a ſtill greater ſolemnity took poſſeſſion of her charming features.

Your air, and your countenance, my beloved creature, are not propitious to me. Let me beg of you, before you ſpeak, to forbear all further recriminations: For already I have ſuch a ſenſe of my vileneſs

to you, that I know not how to bear the reproaches of my own mind.

I have been endeavouring, ſaid ſhe, *ſince I am not permitted to avoid you*, to obtain a compoſure which I never more expected to ſee you in. How long I may enjoy it, I cannot tell. But I hope I ſhall be enabled to ſpeak to you without that vehemence which I expreſſed yeſterday, and could not help it (*a.*)

After a pauſe (for I was all attention) thus ſhe proceeded:

It is eaſy for me, Mr. Lovelace, to ſee, that further violences are intended me, if I comply not with your purpoſes, whatever they are. I will ſuppoſe them to be what you ſolemnly profeſs they are. But I have told you, as ſolemnly, my mind, that I never *will*, that I never *can* be yours; nor, if ſo, any man's upon earth. All vengeance, nevertheleſs, for the wrongs you have done me, I diſclaim. I want but to ſlide into ſome obſcure corner, to hide myſelf from you and from every one, who once loved me. The deſire lately ſo near my heart, of a Reconciliation with my friends, is much abated. They ſhall not receive me *now* if they would. Sunk in mine own eyes, I now think myſelf unworthy of their favour. In the anguiſh of my Soul, therefore, I conjure you, Lovelace [tears in her eyes] to leave me to my fate. In doing ſo, you will give me a pleaſure, the higheſt I now can know.

Whither, my deareſt life——

No matter whither. I will leave to Providence, when I am out of this houſe, the direction of my future ſteps. I am ſenſible enough of my deſtitute condition. I know, that I have not now a friend in the world.

(*a*) The Lady, in her Minutes, ſays, "I fear Dorcas is a falſe one. "May I not be able to prevail upon him to leave me at my liberty? "Better to try, than to truſt to her. If I cannot prevail, but muſt meet "him and my Uncle, I hope I ſhall have fortitude enough to re- "nounce him then. But I would fain avoid qualifying with the "wretch, or to give him an expectation which I intend not to anſwer. "If I am Miſtreſs of my own reſolutions, my Uncle himſelf ſhall not "prevail with me to bind my Soul in Covenant with ſo vile a man."

Even

Even Miſs Howe has given me up—or you are—But I would fain keep my temper!—By your means I have loſt them all—And you have been a barbarous enemy to me. You know you have.

She pauſed.

I could not ſpeak.

The evils I have ſuffered, proceeded ſhe [turning from me] however irreparable, are but *temporary* evils. Leave me to my hopes of being enabled to obtain the Divine forgiveneſs, for the offence I have been drawn in to give to my parents, and to virtue; that ſo I may avoid the evils that are *more than temporary*. This is now all I have to wiſh for. And what is it that I demand, that I have not a right to, and from which it is an illegal violence to with-hold me?

It was impoſſible for me, I told her plainly, to comply. I beſought her to give me her hand as this very day. I could not live without her. I communicated to her my Lord's illneſs, as a reaſon why I wiſhed not to ſtay for her Uncle's anniverſary. I beſought her to bleſs me with her conſent; and, after the Ceremony was paſſed, to accompany me down to Berks. And thus, my deareſt Life, ſaid I, will you be freed from a houſe, to which you have conceived ſo great an antipathy.

This, thou wilt own, was a Princely offer. And I was reſolved to be as good as my word. I thought I had killed my Conſcience, as I told thee, Belford, ſome time ago. But Conſcience, I find, tho' it may be temporarily ſtifled, cannot die; and when it dare not ſpeak, aloud, will whiſper. And at this inſtant I thought I felt the revived varleteſs (on but a ſlight retrograde motion) writhing round my pericardium like a ſerpent; and in the action of a dying one (collecting all its force into its head) fix its plaguy fangs into my heart.

She heſitated, and looked down, as if irreſolute. And this ſet my heart up at my mouth. And, believe me, I had inſtantly popt in upon me, in imagination, an old ſpectacled Parſon, with a White Surplice thrown

over a Black Habit [A fit emblem of the halcyon office, which, under a benign appearance, often introduces a life of ſtorms and tempeſts] whining and ſnuffling through his noſe the irrevocable Ceremony.

I hope now, my dear Life, ſaid I, ſnatching her hand, and preſſing it to my lips, that your ſilence bodes me good. Let me, my beloved creature, have but your *tacit* conſent; and this moment I will ſtep out and engage a miniſter—And then I promiſed how much my whole future life ſhould be devoted to her commands, and that I would make her the beſt and tendereſt of huſbands.

At laſt, turning to me, I have told you my mind, Mr. Lovelace, ſaid ſhe. Think you, that I could thus ſolemnly—There ſhe ſtopt—I am too much in your power, proceeded ſhe; Your priſoner, rather than a perſon free to chuſe for myſelf, or to ſay what I will *do* or *be*—But, as a teſtimony that you mean we well, let me inſtantly quit this houſe; and I will then give you ſuch an anſwer in writing, as beſt befits my unhappy circumſtances.

And imagineſt thou, faireſt, thought I, that this will go down with a Lovelace? Thou oughteſt to have known that Free-livers, like Miniſters of State, never part with a power put into their hands, without an equivalent of twice the value.

I pleaded, that if we joined hands *this morning* (if not, *to-morrow*; if not, on *Thurſday*, her Uncle's birth-day, and in his preſence); and afterwards, as I had propoſed, ſet out for Berks; we ſhould, of courſe, quit this houſe; and, on our return to town, ſhould have in readineſs the houſe I was in treaty for.

She anſwered me not, but with tears and ſighs; *Fond of believing what I hoped*, I imputed her ſilence to the modeſty of her Sex. The dear creature (thought I) ſolemnly as ſhe began with me, is ruminating, in a ſweet ſuſpence, how to put into fit words the gentle purpoſes of her condeſcending heart. But, looking in her averted,

averted face with a ſoothing gentleneſs, I plainly perceived, that it was reſentment, and not baſhfulneſs, that was ſtruggling in her boſom (*a*.)

At laſt, ſhe broke ſilence—I have no patience, ſaid ſhe, to find myſelf a ſlave, a priſoner, in a vile houſe—Tell me Sir, in ſo many words tell me, Whether it be, or be not, your intention to permit me to quit it?—To permit me the freedom which is my birthright as an Engliſh ſubject.

Will not the conſequence of your departure hence be that I ſhall loſe you for ever, Madam?—And can I bear the thoughts of that?

She flung from me—My ſoul diſdains to hold parley with thee, were her violent words—But I threw myſelf at her feet, and took hold of her reluctant hand, and began to imprecate, a vow, to promiſe—But thus the paſſionate Beauty, interrupting me, went on:

I am ſick of thee, MAN!—One continued ſtring of vows, oaths, and proteſtations, varied only by time and place, fills thy mouth!—Why detaineſt thou me! My heart riſes againſt thee, O thou *cruel implement of my Brother's cauſeleſs vengeance*—All I beg of thee is, that thou wilt remit me the *future* part of my Father's dreadful Curſe! The *temporary* part, baſe and ungrateful as thou art! thou haſt completed!

I was ſpeechleſs!—Well I might!—Her *Brother's* implement!—*James Harlowe's* implement!—Zounds, Jack! what words were theſe!

I let go her ſtruggling hand. She took two or three turns croſs the room, her whole haughty ſoul in her Air. Then approaching me, but in ſilence, turning from me, and again to me, in a milder voice—I ſee thy confuſion, Lovelace. Or is it thy remorſe?—I have but one requeſt to make thee—The requeſt ſo often repeated—That thou wilt this moment permit me to quit this

(*a*) This Lady, in her Minutes, owns the difficulty ſhe lay under to keep her temper in this conference. "But when I found, ſays ſhe, "that all my entreaties were ineffectual, and that he was reſolved "to detain me, I could no longer with-hold my impatience."

houſe. Adieu, then, let me ſay, for *ever* adieu! And mayſt thou enjoy that happineſs in this world, which thou haſt robbed me of; as thou haſt of every friend I have in it!

And ſaying this, away ſhe flung, leaving me in a confuſion ſo great, that I knew not what to think, ſay, or do.

But Dorcas ſoon rouſed me—Do you know, Sir, running in haſtily that my Lady is gone down ſtairs!

No, ſure!—And down I flew, and found her once more at the Street-door, contending with Polly Horton to get out.

She ruſhed by me into the Fore parlour, and flew to the window, and attempted once more to throw up the Saſh—Good people! Good people! cried ſhe.

I caught her in my arms, and lifted her from the window. But being afraid of hurting the charming creature (charming in her very rage) ſhe ſlid thro' my arms on the floor.—Let me die here! Let me die here! were her words; remaining jointleſs and immoveable, till Sally and Mrs. Sinclair hurried in.

She was viſibly terrified at the ſight of the old wretch; while I (ſincerely affected) appealed, Bear witneſs, Mrs. Sinclair!—Bear witneſs, Miſs Martin!—Miſs Horton!—Every one bear witneſs, that I offer not violence to this beloved creature!

She then found her feet—O houſe [looking towards the windows, and all round her, O houſe] contrived on purpoſe for my ruin! ſaid ſaid ſhe—But let not that woman come into my preſence—Nor that Miſs Horton neither, who would not have dared to controul me, had ſhe not been a baſe one!

Hoh, Sir! Hoh, Madam! vociferated the old dragon, her arms kemboed, and flouriſhing with one foot to the extent of her petticoats—What ado's here about nothing!—I never knew ſuch work in my life, between a Chicken of a Gentleman, and a Tiger of a Lady!—

She

She was viſibly affrighted: And up-ſtairs ſhe haſtened. A bad women is certainly, Jack, more terrible to her own Sex, than even a bad man.

I followed her up. She ruſhed by her own apartment into the Dining-room: No terror can make her forget her punctilio.

To recite what paſſed there of invective, exclamations, threatnings, even of her own life, on one ſide; of expoſtulations, ſupplications, and ſometimes menaces, on the other; would be too affecting; and, after my particularity in like ſcenes, theſe things may as well be imagined as expreſſed.

I will therefore only mention, that, at length, I extorted a conceſſion from her. She had reaſon (*a*) to think it would have been worſe for her on the ſpot, if ſhe had not made it. It was, *That ſhe would endeavour to make herſelf eaſy, till ſhe ſaw what next Thurſday, her Uncle's Birth-day, would produce.* But O that it were not a ſin, ſhe paſſionately exclaimed on making this poor conceſſion, to put an end to her own life, rather than yield to give me but *that* aſſurance!

This, however, ſhews me, that ſhe is aware, that the reluctantly-given aſſurance may be fairly conſtrued into a matrimonial expectation on my ſide. And if ſhe will *now*, even *now*, look forward, I think, from my heart, that I will put on her livery, and wear it for life.

What a ſituation am I in, with all my curſed inventions! I am puzzled, confounded, and aſhamed of myſelf, upon the whole. To take ſuch pains to be a villain!—But (for the *fiftieth* time) let me aſk thee, Who would have thought, that there had been ſuch a woman

(*a*) The Lady mentions, in her memorandum book, that ſhe had no other way, as ſhe apprehended, to ſave herſelf from inſtant diſhonour, but by making this conceſſion. Her only hope, now, ſhe ſays if ſhe cannot eſcape by Dorcas's connivance (whom, nevertheleſs, ſhe ſuſpects) is, to find a way to engage the protection of her Uncle, and even of the Civil Magiſtrate, on Thurſday next, if neceſſary. "He ſhall ſee, ſays ſhe, tame and timid as he has thought me, what "I dare to do, to avoid ſo hated a compulſion, and a man capable "of a baſeneſs ſo premeditately vile and inhuman."

in

in the world?—Nevertheleſs, ſhe had beſt take care, that ſhe carries not her obſtinacy much farther. She knows not what Revenge for ſlighted Love will make me do.

The buſy ſcenes I have juſt paſſed thro', have given emotions to my heart, which will not be quieted one while. My heart, I ſee (on re-peruſing what I have written,) has communicated its tremors to my fingers; and in ſome places the characters are ſo indiſtinct and unformed, that thou'lt hardly be able to make them out. But if one *half* of them only is intelligible, that will be enough to expoſe me to thy contempt, for the wretched hand I have made of my plots and contrivances—But ſurely, Jack, I have gained ſome ground by this promiſe.

And now, one word to the aſſurances thou ſendeſt me, that thou haſt not betrayed my Secrets in relation to this charming creature. Thou mighteſt have ſpared them, Belford. My ſuſpicions held no longer than while I wrote about them (*a*). For well I knew, when I allowed myſelf time to think, that thou hadſt no *principles* no *virtue*, to be miſled by. A great deal of ſtrong Envy, and a little of weak Pity, I knew to be thy motives. Thou couldſt not provoke my anger, and my compaſſion thou ever hadſt; and art now more eſpecially entitled to it; becauſe thou art a *pitiful* fellow.

All thy new expoſtulations in my Beloved's behalf, I will anſwer when I ſee thee.

LETTER IX.

Mr. Lovelace, *To* John Belford, *Eſq.*

Thurſday night.

Confoundedly out of humour with this perverſe woman!—Nor wilt thou blame me, if thou art my friend. She regards the conceſſion ſhe made, as a

(*a*) See Vol. V. p. 329.

con-

conceſſion extorted from her: And we are but juſt where we were before ſhe made it.

With great difficulty I prevailed upon her to favour me with her company for one half hour this evening. The neceſſity I was under to go down to M. Hall, was the ſubject I wanted to talk upon.

I told her, that as ſhe had been ſo good as to promiſe, that ſhe would endeavour to make herſelf eaſy till ſhe ſaw the Thurſday in next week over, I hoped that ſhe would not ſcruple to oblige me with her word, that I ſhould find her here at my return from M. Hall.

Indeed ſhe would make me no ſuch promiſe. Nothing of *this houſe* was mentioned to me, ſaid ſhe: You know it was not. And do you think that I would have given *my conſent to my impriſonment in it?*

I was plaguily nettled, and diſappointed too. If I go not down to M. Hall, Madam, you'll have no ſcruple to ſtay here, I ſuppoſe, till Thurſday is over?

If I cannot help myſelf I muſt—But I inſiſt upon being permitted to go out of this houſe, whether *you* leave it or not.

Well, Madam, then I will comply with your commands. And I will go out this very evening in queſt of lodgings that you ſhall have no objections to.

I will have no lodgings of *your* providing, Sir,—I will go to Mrs. Moore's, at Hamſtead.

Mrs. Moore's, Madam!—I have no objection to Mrs. Moore's—But will you give me your promiſe, to admit me *there* to your preſence?

As I do *here*—When I cannot help it.

Very well, Madam—Will you be ſo good, as to let me know, what you intend by your promiſe to *make yourſelf eaſy.*——

To *endeavour*, Sir, to make myſelf eaſy—were the words——

—*Till you ſaw what next Thurſday would produce?*

Aſk me no queſtions that may enſnare me. I am too ſincere for the Company I am in.

Let

Let me aſk you, Madam, what meant you, when you ſaid, "that, were it not a ſin, you would die be-"fore you gave me that aſſurance?"

She was indignantly ſilent.

You thought, Madam, you had given me room to hope your pardon by it?

When I think I ought to anſwer you with patience, I will ſpeak.

Do you think yourſelf in my power, Madam?

If I were not—And there ſhe ſtopt——

Deareſt creature, ſpeak out—I beſeech you, deareſt creature, ſpeak out——

She was ſilent; her charming face all in a glow.

Have you, Madam, any reliance upon my honour?

Still ſilent.

You hate me, Madam! You deſpiſe me more than you do the moſt odious of God's creatures!

You ought to deſpiſe *me*, if I did not.

You ſay, Madam, you are in a *bad* houſe. You have *no reliance* upon my honour—You believe you *cannot avoid me*——

She aroſe. I beſeech you, let me withdraw.

I ſnatched her hand, riſing, and preſſed it firſt to my lips, and then to my heart, in wild diſorder. She might have felt the bounding miſchief ready to burſt its bars—You *ſhall* go—To your own apartment, if you pleaſe—But, by the great God of heaven, I will accompany you thither.

She trembled—Pray, pray, Mr. Lovelace, don't terrify me ſo!

Be ſeated, Madam! I beſeech you, be ſeated!——

I will ſit down——

Do then—All my ſoul in my eyes, and my heart's blood throbbing at my fingers ends.

I will—I will—You hurt me—Pray, Mr. Lovelace, don't—don't frighten me ſo—And down ſhe ſat, trembling; my hand ſtill graſping her's.

I hung

I hung over her throbbing boſom, and putting my other arm round her waiſt—And you ſay, you hate me, Madam—And you ſay, you deſpiſe me—And you ſay, you promiſe me nothing——

Yes, yes, I *did* promiſe you—Let me not be held down thus—You ſee I ſat down when you bid me—Why [ſtruggling] need you hold me down thus?—I did promiſe *to endeavour to be eaſy till Thurſday was over!* But you won't let me!—How can I be eaſy?—Pray, let me not be thus terrified.

And what, Madam, *meant* you by your promiſe? Did you mean any thing in my favour?—You deſigned that I ſhould, at that time, *think* you did. Did you mean any thing in my favour, Madam?—Did you intend, that I ſhould *think* you did?

Let go my hand, Sir—Take away your arm from about me [ſtruggling, yet trembling]—*Why do you gaze upon me ſo?*

Anſwer me, Madam—Did you mean any thing in my favour by your promiſe?

Let me not be thus conſtrained to anſwer.

Then pauſing, and gaining more ſpirit, Let me go, ſaid ſhe: I am but a woman—but a *weak* woman.

But my life is in my own power, tho' my perſon is not—I will not be thus conſtrained.

You ſhall not, Madam, quitting her hand, bowing; but my heart at my mouth, and hoping farther provocation.

She aroſe, and was hurrying away.

I purſue you not, Madam—I will try your generoſity. Stop—Return—This moment ſtop, return, if Madam, you would not make me deſperate.

She ſtopt at the door; burſt into tears—O Lovelace!—How, how, have I deſerved——

Be *pleaſed*, deareſt angel, to return.

She came back—But with declared reluctance; and imputing her compliance to terror.

Terror,

Terror, Jack, as I have heretofore found out, tho' I have ſo little benefited by the diſcovery, muſt be my reſort, if ſhe make it neceſſary—Nothing elſe will do with the inflexible Charmer.

She ſeated herſelf over-againſt me; extremely diſcompoſed—But indignation had a viſible predominance in her features.

I was going towards her, with a countenance intendedly changed to love and ſoftneſs: Sweeteſt, deareſt Angel, were my words, in the tendereſt accent:—But, riſing up, ſhe inſiſted, upon my being ſeated at a diſtance from her.

I obeyed and begged her hand over the table, to my extended hand; to ſee, as I ſaid, if in any-thing ſhe would oblige me But nothing gentle, ſoft, or affectionate, would do. She refuſed me her hand!—Was ſhe wiſe, Jack, to confirm to me, that nothing but Terror would do?

Let me only know, Madam, if your promiſe to *endeavour* to wait with patience the event of next Thurſday, meant me favour?

Do you expect any voluntary favour from one to whom you give not a free choice?

Do you intend, Madam, to honour me with your hand, in your Uncle's preſence, or do you not?

My heart and my hand ſhall never be ſeparated. Why, think you, did I ſtand in oppoſition to the will of my beſt, my natural friends.

I know what you mean, Madam—Am I then as hateful to you as the vile Solmes?

Aſk me not ſuch a queſtion, Mr. Lovelace.

I *muſt* be anſwered. Am I as hateful to you as the vile Solmes?

Why do you call Mr. Solmes vile.

Don't *you* think him ſo, Madam?

Why ſhould I? Did Mr. Solmes ever do vilely by me?

Deareſt creature! don't diſtract me by hateful compariſons! And perhaps by a more hateful preference.

Don't

Don't *you* Sir, put queſtions to me, that you know I will anſwer truly, tho' my anſwer were ever ſo much to enrage you.

My heart, Madam, my ſoul is all yours at preſent. But you *muſt* give me hope, that your promiſe, in your own conſtruction, binds you, no *new cauſe* to the contrary, to be mine on Thurſday. How elſe can I leave you?

Let me go to Hamſtead; and truſt to my favour.

May I truſt to it?—Say, only *May* I truſt to it?

How will you truſt to it, if you extort an anſwer to this queſtion?

Say only, deareſt creature, ſay only, *may* I truſt to your favour, if you go to Hamſtead?

How dare you, Sir, if I *muſt* ſpeak out, expect a promiſe of favour from me?—What a mean creature muſt you think me, after the ungrateful baſeneſs to me, were I to give you ſuch a promiſe?

Then ſtanding up, Thou haſt made me, O vileſt of men! [her hands claſped, and a face crimſoned over with indignation] an inmate of the vileſt of houſes—Nevertheleſs, while I am in it, I ſhall have a heart incapable of any-thing but abhorrence of *that* and of *thee!*

And round her looked the Angel, and upon me, with fear in her ſweet aſpect of the conſequence of her free declaration—But what a Devil muſt I have been, I who love Bravery in a Man, had I not been more ſtruck with admiration of her fortitude at the inſtant, than ſtimulated by revenge?

Nobleſt of creatures!—And do you think I can leave you, and my intereſt in ſuch an excellence, precarious? No promiſe!—No hope!—If you make me not deſperate may lightning blaſt me, If I do you not all the juſtice 'tis in my power to do you!

If you have any intention to oblige me, leave me at my own liberty, and let me not be detained in this abominable houſe. To be conſtrained as I have been conſtrained! To be ſtopt by your vile agents! To be brought

up

up by force, and be bruiſed in my own defence a-gainſt ſuch illegal violence!—I dare to die, Lovelace—And ſhe who fears not death, is not to be intimidated into a meanneſs unworthy of her heart and principles!

Wonderful creature! But why, Madam, did you lead me to hope for ſomething favourable for next Thurſday?—Once more, make me not deſperate—With all your magnanimity, glorious creature! [I was more than half frantic, Belford] You *may*, you *may*—But do not, do not make me brutally threaten you—Do not, do not make me deſperate!

My aſpect, I believe, threatened ſtill more than my words. I was riſing—She aroſe—Mr. Lovelace, be pacified—You are even more dreadful than the Love-lace I have long dreaded—Let me retire—I aſk your *leave* to retire—You really frighten me—Yet I give you no hope—From my heart I ab—

Say not, Madam, you *abhor* me. You muſt, for your own ſake, conceal your hatred—At leaſt not avow it. I ſeized her hand.

Let me retire—Let me retire, ſaid ſhe—in a manner out of breath.

I will only ſay, Madam, that I refer myſelf to your generoſity. My heart is not to be truſted at this inſtant. As a mark of my ſubmiſſion to your will, you ſhall, *if you pleaſe*, withdraw—But I will not go to M. Hall—Live or die my Lord M. I will not go to M. Hall—But will attend the effect of your promiſe. Remember, Madam, you have promiſed *to endeavour to make yourſelf eaſy, till you ſee the event of next Thurſday*—Next Thurſday, remember, your Uncle comes up, to ſee us married—*That's the event*—You think ill of your Lovelace—Do not, Madam, ſuffer your own morals to be degraded by the *infection*, as you called it, of his example.

Away flew the Charmer with this half-permiſſion—And no doubt thought that ſhe had an eſcape—nor without reaſon.

I knew

I knew not for half an hour what to do with myſelf. Vexed at the heart, nevertheleſs (now ſhe was from me, and when I reflected upon her hatred of me, and her defiances) that I ſuffered myſelf to be ſo over-awed, checked, reſtrained——

And now I have written thus far (have of courſe recollected the whole of our converſation) I am more and more incenſed againſt myſelf.

But I will go down to theſe women—and perhaps ſuffer myſelf to be laughed at by them.

Devil fetch them, they pretend to know their own Sex. Sally was a women well educated—Polly alſo—Both have read—both have ſenſe—Of parentage not mean—Once modeſt both—Still they ſay had been modeſt, but for me—Not entirely indelicate *now*; tho' too little nice for my *perſonal* intimacy, loth as they both are to have me think ſo—The old one, too, a woman of family, tho' thus (from bad inclination as well as at firſt from low circumſtances,) miſerably ſunk:—And hence they all pretend to remember what *once* they were; and vouch for the inclinations and hypocriſy of the whole Sex, and wiſh for nothing ſo ardently, as that I will leave the perverſe Lady to their management, while I am gone to Berkſhire; undertaking abſolutely for her humility and paſſiveneſs on my return; and continually boaſting of the many perverſe creatures whom they have obliged to draw in their traces.

* * * * *

I AM juſt come from theſe Sorcereſſes.

I was forced to take the Mother down; for ſhe began with her Hoh, Sir! with me; and to catechiſe and upbraid me, with as much inſolence as if I owed her money.

I made her fly the Pit, at laſt. Strange wiſhes wiſhed we againſt each other, at her quitting it—— What were they?—I'll tell thee——She wiſhed me married, and to be jealous of my Wife; and my Heir-Apparent the child of another man. I was even with

with her with a vengeance. And yet thou wilt think that could not well be.—*As how?*—As how, Jack!—Why, I wiſhed her Conſcience come to life! And I know by the gripes *mine* gives me every half-hour, that ſhe would then have a curſed time of it.

Sally and Polly gave themſelves high airs too. Their firſt favours were thrown at me [Women to boaſt of thoſe favours which they were as willing to impart, firſt forms all the difficulty with them! as I to receive!]: I was upbraided with ingratitude, *Daſtardice* and all my difficulties with my Angel charged upon myſelf, for want of following my blows; and for leaving the proud Lady miſtreſs of her own will, and nothing to *reproach herſelf with*. And all agreed, that the arts uſed againſt her on a certain occaſion, had too high an operation for them or me to judge what her will *would have been* in the arduous trial. And then they blamed one another; as I curſed them all.

They concluded, that I ſhould certainly marry, and be a *loſt man*. And Sally, on this occaſion, with an affected and malicious laugh, ſnapt her fingers at me, and pointing two of each hand forkedly at me, bid me remember the lines I once ſhewed her, of my favourite *Jack* Dryden, as ſhe always familiarly calls that celebrated Poet:

We women to new joys unſeen may move:
There are no prints left in the paths of Love.
All goods beſides by public marks are known:
But thoſe men moſt deſire to keep, have none.

This infernal implement had the confidence further to hint, that when a Wife, ſome other man would not find half the difficulty with my angel that I had found. Confidence indeed! But yet, I muſt ſay, that this dear creature is the only woman in the world of whom I ſhould not be jealous. And yet, if a man gives himſelf up to the company of theſe devils, they never let him reſt, till he either ſuſpects or hate his wife.

But a word or two of other matters, if poſſible.

Methinks I long to know how cauſes go at M. Hall I have another private intimation, that the old Peer is in the greateſt danger.

I muſt go down. Yet what to do with this Lady the mean while! Theſe curſed women are full of cruelty and enterprize. She will never be eaſy with them in my abſence. They will have provocation and pretence therefore. But woe be to them, if ——

Yet what will vengeance do, after an inſult committed? The two Nymphs will have jealous rage to goad them on And what will with-hold a jealous and already-ruined woman?

To let her go elſewhere; that cannot be done. I am ſtill reſolved to be honeſt, if ſhe'll give me hope: If yet ſhe'll *let me* be honeſt. But I'll ſee how ſhe'll be, after the contention ſhe will certainly have between her reſentment, and the terror ſhe had reaſon for from our laſt converſation So let this ſubject reſt till the morning. And to the old Peer once more.

I ſhall have a good deal of trouble, I reckon, tho' no ſordid man, to be decent on the expected occaſion. Then how to act (I who am no hypocrite) in the days of condolement! What farces have I to go through; and to be a principal actor in them! I'll try to think of my own latter end; a grey beard, and a graceleſs heir; in order to make me ſerious.

Thou, Belford, knoweſt a good deal of this ſort of grimace; and canſt help a gay heart to a little of the diſmal. But then every feature of thy face is cut out for it. My heart may be touched, perhaps, ſooner than thine; for, believe me or not, I have a very tender one. But then, no man looking in my face, be the occaſion for grief ever ſo great, will believe *that* heart to be deeply diſtreſſed.

All is placid, eaſy ſerene, in my countenance. Sorrow cannot ſit half an hour together upon it. Nay, I believe, that Lord M.'s recovery, ſhould it happen, would

would not affect me above a quarter of an hour. Only the new ſcenery (and the pleaſure of aping an Heraclitus to the family, while I am a Democritus among my private friends) or I want nothing that the old Peer can leave me. Wherefore then ſhould grief ſadden and diſtort ſuch blythe, ſuch jocund, features as mine?

But as for thine, were there murder committed in the ſtreet, and thou wert but paſſing by, the murderer even in ſight, the purſuers would quit *him*, and lay hold of *thee*: And thy very looks would hang, as well as apprehend thee.

But one word to buſineſs, Jack. Whom dealeſt thou with for thy blacks?—Wert thou well uſed?—I ſhall want a plaguy parcel of them. For I intend to make every ſoul of the family mourn—*Outſide*, if not *In*.

LETTER X.

Mr. Lovelace, *To* John Belford, *Eſq.*

June 23, *Friday Morning.*

I Went out early this morning, on a deſign that I know not yet whether I ſhall or ſhall not purſue; and on my return found Simon Parſons, my Lord's Berkſhire Bailiff (juſt before arrived) waiting for me with a meſſage in form, ſent by all the family, to preſs me to go down, and that at my Lord's particular deſire; who wants to ſee me before he dies.

Simon has brought my Lord's chariot-and-ſix [perhaps *my own* by this time] to carry me down. I have ordered it to be in readineſs by four to-morrow morning. The cattle ſhall ſmoke for the delay; and by the reſt they'll have in the interim, will be better able to bear it.

I am ſtill reſolved upon Matrimony, if my fair Perverſe will accept of me. But, if ſhe will not—— why then I muſt give an uninterrupted hearing, not to my Conſcience, but to theſe Women below.

Dorcas

Dorcas had acquainted her Lady with Simon's arrival and errand. My beloved had deſired to ſee him. But my coming in prevented his attendance on her, juſt as Dorcas was inſtructing him what queſtions he ſhould *not* anſwer to, that might be aſked of him.

I am to be admitted to her preſence immediately, at my repeated requeſt. Surely the acquiſition in view will help me to make up all with her. She is juſt gone up to the Dining-room.

* * * *

NOTHING will do, Jack?—I can procure no favour from her, tho' ſhe has obtained from me the point which ſhe had ſet her heart upon.

I will give thee a brief account of what paſſed between us.

I firſt propoſed inſtant Marriage; and this in the moſt fervent manner: But was denied as fervently.

Would ſhe be pleaſed to aſſure me, that ſhe would ſtay here only till Tueſday morning? I would but juſt go down and ſee how my Lord was—To know whether he had any-thing particular to ſay, or enjoin me, while yet he was ſenſible, as he was very earneſt to ſee me—Perhaps I might be up on Sunday—Concede in ſomething!—I beſeech you, Madam, ſhew me ſome little conſideration.

Why, Mr. Lovelace, muſt I be determined by your motions?—Think you, that I will voluntarily give a ſanction to the impriſonment of my perſon? Of what importance to me ought to be your ſtay or your return.

Give a ſanction to the impriſonment of your perſon! Do you think, Madam, that I fear the Law?

I might have ſpared this fooliſh queſtion of defiance: But my pride would not let me. I thought ſhe threatened me, Jack.

I *don't* think you fear the Law, Sir.—You are too *brave* to have any regard either to Moral or Divine Sanctions.

'Tis well, Madam? But aſk me any thing I can do to oblige *you*; and I *will* oblige you, tho' in nothing will you oblige *me*.

Then I aſk you, then I requeſt of you, to let me go to Hamſtead.

I pauſed—And at laſt—By my ſoul you ſhall—This very moment I will wait upon you, and ſee you fixed there, if you'll promiſe me your hand on Thurſday, in preſence of your Uncle.

I want not *you* to ſee me fixed. I will promiſe nothing.

Take care, Madam, that you don't let me ſee, that I can have no reliance upon your future favour.

I have been uſed to be threatened by you, Sir—But I will accept of your company to Hamſtead—I will be ready to go in a quarter of an hour—My cloaths may be ſent after me.

You know the condition, Madam—Next Thurſday.

You dare not truſt——

My infinite demerits tell me, that I *ought* not—Nevertheleſs I *will* confide in your generoſity—To-morrow morning (no *new cauſe* ariſing to give reaſon to the contrary) as early as you pleaſe you may go to Hamſtead.

This ſeemed to oblige her. But yet ſhe looked with a face of doubt.

I will go down to the women, Belford. And having no better judges at hand, will hear what they ſay upon my critical ſituation with this proud Beauty, who has ſo inſolently rejected a Lovelace kneeling at her feet, tho' making an earneſt tender of himſelf for a huſband, in ſpite of all his prejudices to the State of Shackles.

LETTER XI.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq.*

JUST come from the women.

'Have I gone ſo far, and am I afraid to go 'farther?—Have I not already, as it is evident by her beha-

'behaviour, ſinned beyond forgiveneſs? —A Woman's 'tears uſed to be to me but as water ſprinkled on a 'glowing fire, which gives it a fiercer and brighter 'blaze: What defence has this Lady but her Tears, 'and her Eloquence? She was before taken at *no weak* 'advantage. She was *inſenſible* in her moments of 'trial. *Had* ſhe been ſenſible, ſhe *muſt* have been ſen-'ſible. So they ſay. The methods taken with her have 'augmented her glory and her pride. She has now 'a Tale to tell, that ſhe *may* tell with honour to her-'ſelf. No accomplice-inclination. She can look me 'into confuſion, without being conſcious of ſo much 'as a *thought*, which ſhe need to be aſhamed of.'

This, Jack, is the ſubſtance of the women's rea-ſonings with me.

To which let me add, that the dear creature now ſees the neceſſity I am in to leave her. Detecting me is in her head. My contrivances are of ſuch a na-ture, that I muſt appear to be the moſt odious of men, if I am detected on this ſide Matrimony. And yet I have promiſed, as thou ſeeſt, that ſhe ſhall ſet out to Hamſtead as ſoon as ſhe pleaſes in the morning, and that without condition on her ſide.

Doſt thou aſk, What I meant by this promiſe?

No *new cauſe* ariſing, was the proviſo on my ſide, thou'lt remember. But there *will be* a new cauſe.

Suppoſe Dorcas ſhould drop the promiſſory note given her by her Lady? Servants, eſpecially thoſe who cannot read or write, are the moſt careleſs people in the world of written papers. Suppoſe I take it up?— at a time, too, that I was determined that the dear creature ſhould be her own miſtreſs?—Will not this detection be a *new cauſe*?—A cauſe that will carry with it againſt her the appearance of ingratitude!

That ſhe deſigned it a *Secret to me*, argues a *fear of detection*, and indirectly a *ſenſe of guilt*. I wanted a pretence. Can I have a better?—If I am in a violent paſſion upon the detection, is not paſſion an univerſally

allowed extenuator of violence? Is not every man and woman obliged to excuſe that fault in another, which at times they find attended with ſuch ungovernable effects in themſelves?

The Mother and Siſterhood, ſuppoſe, brought to ſit in judgment upon the vile corrupted—The leaſt benefit that muſt accrue from the accidental diſcovery, if not a pretence for *perpetration* [which, however may be the caſe] an excuſe for renewing my orders for her detention till my return from M. Hall [the fault her own]; and for keeping a ſtricter watch over her than before; with direction to ſend me any Letters that may be written *by* her or *to* her.—And when I return, the devil's in it if I find not a way to make her chuſe lodgings for herſelf (ſince theſe are ſo hateful to her) that ſhall anſwer all my purpoſes; and yet I no more appear to direct her choice, than I did before in theſe.

Thou wilt curſe me when thou comeſt to this place. I know thou wilt. But thinkeſt thou, that after ſuch a ſeries of contrivance, I will loſe this inimitable woman for want of a little more? A Rake's a Rake, Jack!—And what Rake is with-held by *Principle* from the perpetration of any evil his heart is ſet upon, and in which he thinks he can ſucceed?—Beſides, am I not in earneſt as to marriage?—Will not the generality of the world acquit me, if I *do* marry? And what is that injury which a *Church-Rite* will not at any time repair? Is not *the Cataſtrophe of every Story that ends in Wedlock accounted happy*, be the difficulties in the progreſs of it ever ſo great.

But here, how am I engroſſed by this Lady, while poor Lord M. as Simon tells me, lies groaning in the moſt dreadful agonies!—What muſt he ſuffer!—Heaven relieve him!—I have a too compaſſionate heart. And ſo would the dear creature have found, could I have thought that the worſt of *her* ſufferings is equal to the lighteſt of *his*. I mean as to fact; for as to that part of hers, which ariſes from extreme ſenſibility,

lity, I know nothing of that; and cannot therefore be anſwerable for it.

LETTER XII.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq.*

JUST come from my charmer. She will not ſuffer me to ſay half the obliging, the tender things, which my honeſt heart is ready to overflow with. A confounded ſituation That, when a man finds himſelf in humour to be eloquent, and pathetic at the ſame time, yet cannot engage the miſtreſs of his fate to lend an ear to his fine ſpeeches.

I can account now, how it comes about, that Lovers, when their miſtreſſes are cruel, run into ſolitude, and diſburthen their minds to *Stocks and Stones:* For am I not forced to make my complaints to *Thee?*

She claimed the performance of my promiſe, the moment ſhe ſaw me, of *permitting* her [haughtily ſhe ſpoke the word] to go to Hamſtead, as ſoon as I was gone to Berks.

Moſt chearfully I renewed it.

She deſired me to give orders in her hearing.

I ſent for Dorcas and Will. They came.—Do you both take notice [But, perhaps, Sir, I may take *you* with me] that your Lady is to be obeyed in all her commands. She purpoſes to return to Hamſtead as ſoon as I am gone—My dear, will you not have a ſervant to attend you?

I ſhall want no ſervant there.

Will you take Dorcas?

If I ſhould want Dorcas, I can ſend for her.

Dorcas could not but ſay, She ſhould be very proud—

Well, well, that may be at my return, if your Lady permit—Shall I, my dear, call up Mrs. Sinclair, and give her orders, to the ſame effect, in your hearing?

I deſire not to ſee Mrs. Sinclair; nor any that belong to her.

As you pleaſe, Madam.

And then (the ſervants being withdrawn) I urged her again for the aſſurance, that ſhe would meet me at the Altar on Thurſday next. But to no purpoſe—May ſhe not thank herſelf for all that may follow?

One favour, however, I would not be denied; to be admitted to paſs the evening with her.

All ſweetneſs and obſequiouſneſs will I be on this occaſion. My whole ſoul ſhall be poured out to move her to forgive me. If ſhe will not, and if the promiſſory-note ſhould fall in my way, my revenge will doubtleſs take total poſſeſſion of me.

All the houſe in my intereſt, and every one in it not only engaging to intimidate and aſſiſt, as occaſion ſhall offer, but ſtaking all their experience upon my ſucceſs, if it be not my own fault, what muſt be the conſequence?

This, Jack, however, ſhall be her laſt trial; and if ſhe behave as nobly *in* and *after* this *ſecond* attempt [*All her ſenſes about her*] as ſhe has done after the *firſt*, ſhe will come out an angel upon full proof, in ſpite of man, woman, and devil: Then ſhall there be an end of all her ſufferings. I will then renounce that vanquiſhed devil, and reform. And if any vile machination ſtart up, preſuming to miſlead me, I will ſooner ſtab it in my heart, as it riſes, than give way to it.

A few hours will now decide all But whatever be the event, I ſhall be too buſy to write again, till I get to M. Hall.

Mean time I am in ſtrange agitations. I muſt ſuppreſs them if poſſible, before I venture into her preſence—My heart bounces my boſom from the table. I will lay down my pen, and wholly reſign to its impulſes.

LETTER XIII.

Mr. Lovelace, *To* John Belford, *Eſq.*

Friday Night, or rather Sat. Morn. 1 *o'Clock.*

I Thought I ſhould not have had either time or inclination to write another line before I got to M. Hall. But

But have the firſt; muſt find the laſt; ſince I can neither ſleep, nor do any thing but write, if I can do that. I am moſt *confoundedly* out of humour. The reaſon let it follow; if it will follow—Nor preparation for it, from me.

I tried by Gentleneſs and Love to ſoften—What?—Marble. A heart incapable either of Love or Gentleneſs. Her paſt injuries for ever in her head. Ready to receive a favour; the permiſſion to go to Hamſtead: but neither to deſerve it, nor return any. So my Scheme of the gentle kind was ſoon given over.

I then wanted to provoke her: Like a Coward Boy, who waits for the firſt blow before he can perſuade himſelf to fight, I half challenged her to challenge or defy me: She ſeemed aware of her danger; and would not directly brave my reſentment: But kept ſuch a middle courſe, that I neither could find a pretence to offend, nor reaſon to hope: Yet ſhe believed my tale, that her Uncle would come to Kentiſh Town, and ſeemed not to apprehend, that Tomlinſon was an impoſtor.

She was very uneaſy, upon the whole, in my company: Wanted often to break from me: Yet ſo held me to my promiſe of permitting her to go to Hamſtead, that I knew not how to get off it; altho' it was impoſſible, in my precarious ſituation with her, to think of performing it.

In this ſituation; the women ready to aſſiſt; and, if I proceeded not, as ready to ridicule me; what had I left me, but to purſue the concerted ſcheme, and to ſeek a pretence to quarrel with her, in order to revoke my promiſed permiſſion, and to convince her that I would not be upbraided as the moſt brutal of Raviſhers for nothing?

I had agreed with the women, that if I could not find a pretence in her preſence to begin my operations, the Note ſhould lie in my way, and I was to pick it up, ſoon after her retiring from me. But I began to doubt

at near ten o'clock (ſo earneſt was ſhe to leave me, ſuſpecting my over-warm behaviour to her, and eager graſping of her hand two or three times, with eye-ſtrings, as I felt, on the ſtrain, while her eyes ſhewed uneaſineſs and apprehenſion) that if ſhe actually retired for the night, it might be a chance whether it would be eaſy to come at her again. Loth, therefore to run ſuch a riſque, I ſtept out a little after Ten, with intent to alter the preconcerted diſpoſition a little; ſaying I would attend her again inſtantly. But as I returned I met her at the door, intending to withdraw for the night. I could not perſuade her to go back: Nor had I preſence of mind (ſo full of complaiſance as I was to her juſt-before) to ſtay her by force: ſo ſhe ſlid thro' my hands into her own apartment. I had nothing to do, therefore, but to let my former concert take place.

I ſhould have premiſed (but care not for order of time, connection, or any thing elſe) that, between Eight and Nine in the evening, another ſervant of Lord M. on horſeback came, to deſire me to carry down with me Dr. S. the old Peer having been once (*in extremis*, as they judge he is now) relieved and reprieved by him. I ſent and engaged the Doctor to accompany me down: and am to call upon him by Four this morning: Or the devil ſhould have both my Lord and the Doctor, if I'd ſtir till I got all made up.

Poke thy damn'd noſe forward into the event, if thou wilt—Curſe me if thou ſhalt have it till its proper time and place. And too ſoon then.

She had hardly got into her chamber, but I found a little paper, as I was going into mine, which I took up; and opening it (for it was carefully pinned in another paper) what ſhould it be but a Promiſſory Note, given as a bribe, with a further promiſe of a Diamond Ring, to induce Dorcas to favour her miſtreſs's eſcape?

How my temper changed in a moment!—Ring, ring, ring, ring, I my bell, with a violence enough to break the ſtring, and as if the houſe were on fire.

Every

Every devil frighted into active life: The whole houſe in an uproar: Up runs Will.—Sir—Sir—Sir!—Eyes goggling, mouth diſtended—Bid the damn'd toad Dorcas come hither (as I ſtood at the ſtair-head) in a horrible rage, and out of breath, cried I.

In ſight came the trembling devil—but ſtanding aloof, from the report made her by Will. of the paſſion I was in, as well as from what ſhe had heard.

Flaſh came out my ſword immediately; for I had it ready on—Curſed, confounded, villainous, Bribery and Corruption——

Up runs ſhe to her Lady's door, ſcreaming out for ſafety and protection.

Good your Honour, interpoſed Will. for God's ſake!—O Lord, O Lord!—receiving a good cuff.——

Take that, varlet, for ſaving the ungrateful *wretch* from my vengeance——

Wretch! I *intended* to ſay; but if it were ſome other word of like ending, paſſion muſt be my excuſe.

Up ran two or three of the Siſterhood, What's the matter! What's the matter!

The matter! (for ſtill my Beloved opened not the door; on the contrary, drew another bolt) This *abominable* Dorcas!—Call her Aunt up!—Let her ſee what a traitreſs ſhe has placed about me!—And let her bring the toad to anſwer for herſelf)—has taken a bribe, a proviſion for life, to betray her truſt; by that means to perpetuate a quarrel between a man and his wife, and fruſtrate for ever all hopes of reconciliation between us!

Let me periſh, Belford, if I have patience to proceed with the farce!

* * * * * *

If I muſt reſume, I muſt——

Up came the Aunt puffing and blowing—As ſhe hoped for mercy, *ſhe* was not privy to it! She never knew ſuch a plotting perverſe Lady in her life!—Well might ſervants be at the paſs they were, when ſuch Ladies as Mrs. Lovelace made no conſcience of cor-

rupting them. For *her* part ſhe deſired no mercy for the wretch; No Niece of hers, if ſhe were not faithful to her truſt!—But what was the proof?——

She was ſhewn the paper——

But too evident!—Curſed, curſed Toad, Devil, Jade, paſſed from each mouth:—And the vileneſs of the corrupted, and the unworthineſs of the *corruptreſs*, were inveighed againſt.

Up we all went, paſſing the Lady's door into the Dining-room, to proceed to trial.——

Stamp, ſtamp, ſtamp up, each on her heels; Rave, rave, rave, every tongue——

Bring up the creature before us all this inſtant!——

And would ſhe have got out of the houſe, ſay you?—

Theſe the noiſes and the ſpeeches, as we clattered by the door of the fair bribreſs.

Up was brought Dorcas (whimpering) between two, both bawling out—You muſt go—You ſhall go—'Tis fit you ſhould anſwer for yourſelf—You are a diſcredit to all worthy ſervants—as they pulled and puſhed her up ſtairs.—She whining, I cannot ſee his Honour—I cannot look ſo good and ſo generous a gentleman in the face—O how ſhall I bear my Aunt's ravings?——

Come up, and be d—n'd—Bring her forward, her imperial judge—What a plague, it is the *detection*, not the *crime*, that confounds you. You could be quiet enough for days together, as I ſee by the date, under the vil'ainy. Tell me, ungrateful devil, tell me who made the firſt advances?

Ay, diſgrace to my family and blood, cried the old one—Tell his Honour—Tell the truth!—Who made the firſt advances?——

Ay, curſed creature, cried Sally, who made the firſt advances?

I have betrayed one truſt already!—O let me not betray another!—My Lady is a good Lady!—O let not *her* ſuffer!——

Till

Tell all yon know. Tell the whole truth, Dorcas, cried Polly Horton.—His Honour loves his Lady too well, to make her ſuffer *much*: little as ſhe requites his Love!——

Every-body ſees that, cried Sally—Too well, indeed, *for* his Honour, I was going to ſay.

Till now, I thought ſhe deſerved my Love—But to bribe a ſervant thus, who ſhe ſuppoſed had orders to watch her ſteps, for fear of another Elopement; and to impute that precaution to me as a crime!—Yet I muſt love her—Ladies, forgive my weakneſs!——

Curſe upon my grimaces!—If I have patience to repeat them!—But thou ſhalt have it all—Thou canſt not deſpiſe me more than I deſpiſe myſelf!

* * *

But ſuppoſe, Sir, ſaid Sally, you have my Lady and the Wench face to face! You ſee ſhe cares not to confeſs.

O my *careleſſneſs!* cried Dorcas—Don't let my poor Lady ſuffer!—Indeed, if you all knew what I know, you would ſay, her Ladyſhip has been cruelly treated—

See, ſee, ſee, ſee!—repeatedly, every one at once—Only ſorry for the *detection*, as your honour ſaid—not for the *fault*.

Curſed creature, and deviliſh creature, from every mouth.

Your Lady *won't*, ſhe *dare* not come out to ſave you cried Sally; tho' it is more his Honour's mercy, than your deſert, if he does not cut your vile throat this inſtant.

Say, repeated Polly, was it your Lady, that made the firſt advances, or was it you, you creature——

If the Lady had ſo much honour, bawled the Mother, excuſe me, *So*—Excuſe me, Sir, [Confound the old wretch! ſhe had like to have ſaid *Son!*]—If the Lady has ſo much honour, as we have ſuppoſed, ſhe will appear to vindicate a poor ſervant, miſled, as ſhe has been, by ſuch large promiſes!—But I hope, Sir, you will do them *both* juſtice: I *hope* you will!—Good lack!—

Good lack! clapping her hands together, to grant her every-thing ſhe could aſk—To indulge her in her unworthy hatred to my poor innocent houſe!—To let her go to Hamſtead, tho' your Honour told us, you could get no condeſcenſion from her; no, not the leaſt—O Sir—O Sir—I hope—I hope—If your Lady will not come out—I hope you will find a way to hear this cauſe in her preſence. I value not my doors on ſuch an occaſion as this. Juſtice I ever loved. I deſire you will come at the bottom of it in *clearance* to me. I'll be ſworn I had no privity in this black corruption.

Juſt then, we heard the Lady's door, unbar, unlock, unbolt——

Now, Sir!

Now, Mr. Lovelace!

Now, Sir! from every encouraging mouth!——

But, O Jack! Jack! Jack! I can write no more!

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If you muſt have it all, you muſt!

Now, Belford, ſee us all ſitting in judgment, reſolved to puniſh the fair bribreſs—I, and the Mother, the hitherto *dreaded* Mother, the Nieces Sally, Polly, the traitreſs Dorcas, and Mabell, a guard, as it were, over Dorcas, that ſhe might not run away, and hide herſelf:—All pre-determined, and of *neceſſity* pre-determined, from the journey I was going to take, and my precarious ſituation with her—And hear her *unbolt*, *unlock*, *unbar*, the door; then, as it proved afterwards, put the key into the lock on the outſide, lock the door, and put it in her pocket—Will. I knew, below, who would give me notice, if, while we were all above, ſhe ſhould miſtake her way, and go down ſtairs, inſtead of coming into the Dining-room: The Street doors alſo doubly ſecured, and every ſhutter to the windows round the houſe faſtened, that no noiſe or ſcreaming ſhould be heard [Such was the brutal preparation]—And then *hear* her ſtep towards us, and inſtantly *ſee* her enter among us, confiding in her own innocence; and with a majeſty

in

in her perſon and manner, that is *natural* to her; but which then ſhone out in all its glory!—Every tongue ſilent, every eye awed, every heart quaking, mine, in a particular manner ſunk, throbleſs, and twice below its uſual region, to once at my throat:—A ſhameful recreant!—She ſilent too, looking round her, firſt on Me; then on the Mother, as no longer fearing her; then on Sally, Polly, and the culprit Dorcas!—Such the glorious power of innocence exerted at that awful moment!

She would have ſpoken, but could not, looking down my guilt into confuſion. A mouſe might have been heard paſſing over the floor: Her own light feet and ruſtling ſilks could not have prevented it; for ſhe ſeemed to tread air, and to be all ſoul. She paſſed backwards and forwards, now towards me, now towards the door ſeveral times, before ſpeech could get the better of indignation; and at laſt, after twice or thrice hemming to recover her articulate voice—'O 'thou contemptible and abandoned Lovelace, thinkeſt 'thou that I ſee not thro' this poor villainous plot of 'thine, and of theſe thy wicked accomplices?

'Thou, woman [looking at the Mother] once my 'terror! always my diſlike! but now my deteſtation! 'ſhouldſt once more (for thine perhaps was the pre-'paration) have provided for me intoxicating potions, 'to rob me of my ſenſes——

'And then, Thus, wretch, [*turning to me*] mighteſt 'more ſecurely have depended upon ſuch a low con-'trivance as this!

'And ye, vile women, who perhaps have been the 'ruin, body and ſoul, of hundreds of innocents (you 'ſhew me *how*, in full aſſembly) know, that I am not 'married—Ruined as I am, by your help, I bleſs 'God, I am *not* married, to this miſcreant—And I 'have friends that will demand my honour at your 'hands!—And to whoſe authority I will apply; for 'none has this man over me. Look to it then, what 'further inſults you offer me, or incite him to offer me.

'I am

'I am a perſon, tho' thus vilely betrayed, of rank and 'fortune. I never will be his; and, to your utter 'ruin, will find friends to purſue to you: And now I 'have this full proof of your deteſtable wickedneſs, 'and have heard your baſe incitements, will have no 'mercy upon you!'

They could not laugh at the poor figure I made.—Lord! how every devil, conſcience-ſhaken, trembled!—

What a dejection muſt ever fall to the lot of guilt, were it given to innocence always thus to exert itſelf!—

'And as for thee, thou vile Dorcas! Thou *double* 'deceiver!—whining out thy pretended Love for me! '—Begone, wretch!—Nobody will hurt thee!—Be-'gone, I ſay!—Thou haſt too well acted thy part to 'be blamed by *any* here but myſelf—Thou art ſafe: 'Thy guilt is thy ſecurity in ſuch a houſe as this!—'Thy ſhameful, thy poor part, thou haſt as well acted, 'as the low farce could give thee to act!—As well 'as they each of them (thy ſuperiors, tho' not thy 'betters) thou feeſt, can act theirs.—Steal away into 'darkneſs! No enquiry after this will be made, whoſe 'the firſt advances, thine or mine.'

And, as I hope to live, the wench, confoundedly frightened, ſlunk away; ſo did her ſentinel Mabell; tho' I, endeavouring to rally, cried out for Dorcas to ſtay—But I believe the devil could not have ſtopt her, when an angel bid her begone.

Madam, ſaid I, let me tell you; and was advancing towards her, with a fierce aſpect, moſt curſedly vexed, and aſhamed too——

But ſhe turned to me; 'Stop where thou art, O 'vileſt and moſt abandoned of men!—Stop where 'thou art!—Nor, with that determined face, offer to 'touch me, if I thou wouldſt not that I ſhould be a 'corpſe at thy feet!'

To my aſtoniſhment, ſhe held forth a penknife in her hand, the point to her own boſom, graſping reſolutely the whole handle, ſo that there was no offering to take it from her.

'I offer

'I offer not miſchief to any-body but myſelf. You, 'Sir, and ye women, are ſafe from every violence of 'mine. The LAW ſhall be all my reſource: The 'LAW,' and ſhe ſpoke the word with emphaſis, The LAW! that to ſuch people carries natural terror with it, and now ſtruck a panic into them

No wonder, ſince thoſe who will damn themſelves to procure eaſe and plenty in this world, will tremble at every thing that ſeems to threaten their methods of obtaining that eaſe and plenty.——

'The LAW only ſhall be my refuge!'——

The infamous Mother whiſpered me, that it were better to *make terms* with this *ſtrange* Lady, and let her go.

Sally, notwithſtanding all her impudent bravery at other times, ſaid, *If* Mr. Lovelace had told *them* what was *not true* of her being his wife——

And Polly Horton, That ſhe muſt *needs* ſay, the Lady, if ſhe were *not* my wife, had been very much injured; that was all.

That is a not now a matter to be diſputed, cried I: You and I know, Madam——

'We do,—ſaid ſhe; and I thank God, I am *not* 'thine—*Once more* I thank God for it—I have no 'doubt of the further baſeneſs that thou haſt intended 'me, by this vile and low trick: But I have my 'SENSES, Lovelace: And from my heart I deſpiſe 'thee, thou very poor Lovelace!—How canſt thou ſtand in my preſence!—Thou, that.'——

Madam, Madam, Madam—Theſe are inſults not to be borne—And was approaching her.

She withdrew to the door, and ſet her back againſt it, holding the pointed knife to her heaving boſom; while the women held me, beſeeching me not to provoke the violent Lady—For their *houſe* ſake, and be curs'd to them, they beſought me—and all three hung upon me—While the truly heroic Lady braved me, at that diſtance:

'Approach

'Approach me, Lovelace, with reſentment, if thou 'wilt. I dare die. It is in defence of my Honour. 'God will be merciful to my poor ſoul! I expect no 'mercy from thee! I have gained this diſtance, and 'two ſteps nearer me, and thou ſhalt ſee what I dare 'do!'——

Leave me, women, to myſelf, and to my angel!—They retired at a diſtance—O my beloved creature, how you terrify me!—Holding out my arms, and kneeling on one knee—Not a ſtep, not a ſtep farther, except to receive my death at that injured hand which is thus held up againſt a life far dearer to me than my own! I am a villain! the blackeſt of villains!—Say you will ſheath your knife in the injurer's, not the injured's heart, and then will I indeed approach you, but not elſe.

The mother twang'd her damn'd noſe; and Sally and Polly pulled out their handkerchiefs, and turned from us. They never in their lives, they told me afterwards, beheld ſuch a ſcene——

Innocence ſo triumphant: Villainy ſo debaſed, they muſt mean!

Unawares to myſelf, I had moved onward to my Angel—'And doſt thou, doſt thou, *ſtill* diſclaiming, '*ſtill* advancing—Doſt thou, doſt thou, *ſtill* inſidiouſly 'move towards me?' [And her hand was extended] 'I dare—I dare—Not raſhly neither—My heart from '*principle* abhors the act, which *thou* makeſt *neceſſary*? '—God, in thy mercy! [liſting up her eyes and 'hands] God, in thy mercy!'

I threw myſelf to the farther end of the room. An ejaculation, a ſilent ejaculation, employing her thoughts that moment; Polly ſays the whites of her lovely eyes were only viſible: And, in the inſtant that ſhe extended her hand, *aſſuredly* to ſtrike the fatal blow [How the very recital terrifies me!] ſhe caſt her eye towards me, and ſaw me at the utmoſt diſtance the room would allow, and heard my broken voice—My voice was utterly broken; nor knew I what I ſaid, or whether to the purpoſe

poſe or not—And her charming cheeks, that were all in a glow before, turned pale, as if terrified at her own purpoſe; and lifting up her eyes—'Thank God!—'Thank God! ſaid the Angel—Delivered *for the pre-'ſent*; for the *preſent* delivered—from myſelf—Keep 'Sir, keep that diſtance,' [looking down towards me, who was proſtrate on the floor, my heart pierced, as with an hundred daggers;] 'That diſtance has ſaved a 'life; to what reſerved, the Almighty only knows!'—

To *be* happy, Madam; and to *make* happy!—And O let me but hope for your favour for to-morrow—I will put off my journey till then—And may God—

Swear not, Sir!—With an awful and piercing aſpect—You have too-too often ſworn!—God's eye is upon us!—His more *immediate* eye; and looked wildly.—But the women looked up to the cieling, as if *afraid* of God's eye, and trembled. And well they might; and *I* too, who ſo very lately had each of us the devil in our hearts.

If not To-morrow, Madam, ſay but next Thurſday, your Uncle's Birth-day; ſay but next Thurſday!

'This I ſay, of This you may aſſure yourſelf, I 'never, never *will* be yours.—And let me hope, that I 'may be entitled to the performance of your promiſe, 'to be permitted to leave this *innocent* houſe, as one 'called it (but long have my ears been accuſtomed to 'ſuch inverſions of words) as ſoon as the day breaks.'

Did my perdition depend upon it, that you cannot, Madam, but upon terms. And I hope you will not terriſy me—ſtill dreading the accurſed knife.

'Nothing leſs than an attempt upon my Honour 'ſhall make me deſperate. I have no view but to de-'fend my Honour: With ſuch a view only I entered 'into treaty with your infamous agent below. The 'reſolution you have ſeen, I truſt, God will give me 'again, upon the ſame occaſion. But for a *leſs*, I wiſh 'not for it.—Only take notice, women, that I am no 'wife of *this man*: Baſely as he has uſed me, I am not-

'not his wife. He has no authority over me. If he 'go away by-and-by, and you act by his authority to 'detain me, look to it.'

Then, taking one of the lights, she turned from us; and away she went, unmolested.—Not a soul was *able* to molest her.

Mabell saw her, tremblingly, and in a hurry, take the key of her chamber-door out of her pocket, and unlock it; and, as soon as she entered, heard her double-lock, bar, and bolt it.

By her taking out her key, when she came out of her chamber to us, she no doubt suspected my design: Which was, to have carried her in my arms thither, if she made such force necessary, after I had intimidated her; and to have been her companion for that night.

She was to have had several bedchamber-women to assist to undress her upon occasion: But from the moment she entered the Dining-room with so much intrepidity, it was absolutely impossible to think of prosecuting my villainous designs against her.

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This, This, Belford, was the hand I made of a contrivance from which I expected so much!—And now I am ten times worse off than before.

Thou never sawest people in thy life look so like fools upon one another, as the Mother, her Partners, and I, did, for a few minutes. And at last, the two deviliſh Nymphs broke out into insulting ridicule upon me; while the old wretch was concerned for her house, the reputation of her house. I cursed them all together; and, retiring to my chamber, locked myself in.

And now it is time to set out: All I have gained, detection, disgrace, fresh guilt by repeated perjuries, and to be despised by her I *doat upon*; and, what is still worse to a proud heart, by *myself*.

Success, success in projects, is every-thing. What an admirable contriver did I think myself till now! Even for *this* scheme among the rest! But how pitifully

ſully fooliſh does it now appear to me!—Scratch out, eraſe, never to be read, every part of my preceding Letters, where I have boaſtingly mentioned it. And never preſume to rally me upon the curſed ſubject: For I cannot bear it.

But for the Lady, by my Soul, I love her. I admire her, more than ever! I *muſt* have her. I *will* have her ſtill—*With* honour or *without*, as I have often vowed. My curſed fright at her accidental bloody noſe, ſo lately, put her upon improving upon me thus. Had ſhe threatened ME, I ſhould ſoon have been maſter of *one* arm, and *in both!* But for ſo ſincere a Virtue to threaten *herſelf*, and not to offer to intimidate *any other*, and with ſo much preſence of mind, as to diſtinguiſh, in the very paſſionate intention, the neceſſity of the act, defence of her *Honour*, and ſo *fairly* to diſavow *leſſer* occaſions: ſhewed ſuch a deliberation, ſuch a choice, ſuch a principle; and then keeping me ſo watchfully at a diſtance, that I could not ſeize her hand, ſo ſoon as ſhe could have given the fatal blow; how impoſſible not to be ſubdued by ſo *true* and ſo *diſcreet* a magnanimity!

But ſhe is not *gone*. She ſhall not go. I will preſs her with Letters for the Thurſday. She ſhall yet be mine, legally mine. For, as to Cohabitation, there is no ſuch thing to be thought of.

The Captain ſhall give her away, as proxy for her Uncle. My Lord will die. My fortune will help my *will*, and ſet me above every thing and every body.

But here is the curſe—She deſpiſes me, Jack!—What man, as I have heretofore ſaid, can bear to be deſpiſed—eſpecially by his wife!—O Lord! O Lord! What a hand, what a curſed hand, have I made of this plot!—And here ends

The Hiſtory of the Lady and the Penknife!—The devil take the Penknife!—It goes againſt me to ſay,

God bleſs the Lady!

Near 5, Sat. Morn.

LET-

LETTER XIV.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE,

Superſcribed to Mrs. LOVELACE.

M. Hall, Sat. Night, June 24.

My deareſt Life,

IF you do not impute to Love, and to Terror raiſed by Love, the poor figure I made before you laſt night, you will not do me juſtice. I thought I would try to the very laſt moment, if, by complying with you in *every-thing*, I could prevail upon you to promiſe to be mine on Thurſday next, ſince your refuſed me an earlier day. Could I have been ſo happy, you had not been hindered going to Hamſtead, or whereever elſe you pleaſed. But when I could not prevail upon you to give me this aſſurance, what room had I (my demerit ſo great) to ſuppoſe, that your going thither would not be to loſe you for ever?

I will own to you, Madam, that yeſterday afternoon I picked up the paper dropt by Dorcas; who has confeſſed that ſhe would have aſſiſted you in getting away, if ſhe had had an opportunity ſo to do; and undoubtedly dropped it by *accident*. And could I have prevailed upon you as to Thurſday next, I would have made no uſe of it; ſecure as I ſhould then have been in your word given, to be mine. But when I found you inflexible, I was reſolved to try, if by reſenting Dorcas's treachery, I could not make *your* pardon of *me* the condition of *mine* to *her*: And if not, to make a handle of it to revoke my conſent to your going away from Mrs. Sinclair's; ſince the conſequence of that muſt have been ſo fatal to me.

So far, indeed, was my proceeding *low* and *artful*: And when I was challenged with it, as ſuch, in ſo high and noble a manner, I could not avoid taking ſhame to myſelf upon it.

But

But you muſt permit me, Madam, to hope, that you will not puniſh me too heavily for ſo poor a contrivance, ſince no diſhonour was meant you: and ſince, in the moment of its Execution, you had as great an inſtance of my incapacity to defend a wrong, a low meaſure, and, at the ſame time, in your power over me, as mortal man could give—In a word, ſince you muſt have ſeen, that I was abſolutely under the controul both of Conſcience and of Love.

I will not offer to defend myſelf, for *wiſhing you to remain where you are*, till either you give me your word to meet me at the Altar on Thurſday; or till I have the honour of attending you, preparative to the Solemnity which will make that day the happieſt of my life.

I am but too ſenſible, that this kind of treatment may appear to you with the face of an arbitrary and illegal impoſition: But as the conſequences, not only to *ourſelves*, but to *both our families*, may be fatal, if you cannot be moved in my favour; let me beſeech you to forgive this act of compulſion, on the ſcore of the neceſſity you your dear ſelf have laid me under to be guilty of it; and to permit the Solemnity of next Thurſday to include an act of oblivion of all paſt offences.

The orders I have given to the people of the houſe are: 'That you ſhall be obeyed in every particular that 'is conſiſtent with my expectations of finding you 'there on my return to town on Wedneſday next: 'That Mrs. Sinclair and her Nieces, having incurred 'your juſt diſpleaſure, ſhall not, without your orders, 'come into your preſence: That neither ſhall Dorcas, till ſhe has fully cleared her conduct to your ſatisfaction, be permitted to attend you: But Mabell, 'in her place; of whom you ſeemed ſome time ago 'to expreſs ſome liking. Will. I have left behind me 'to attend your commands. If he be either negligent 'or impertinent, *your* diſmiſſion ſhall be a diſmiſſion 'of him from my ſervice for ever. But, as to Letters 'which may be ſent you, or any which you may have

'to

'to ſend, I muſt humbly intreat, that none ſuch paſs 'from or to you, for the few days that I ſhall be abſent.' But I do aſſure you, Madam, that the ſeals of both ſorts ſhall be ſacred: And the Letters, if ſuch be ſent, ſhall be given into your own hands the moment the Ceremony is performed, or before, if you require it.

Mean time I will enquire, and ſend you word, how Miſs Howe does; and to what, if I can be informed, her long ſilence is owing.

Dr. Perkins I found here, attending my Lord, when I arrived with Dr. S. He acquaints me that your Father, Mother, Uncles, and the ſtill *leſs* worthy perſons of your family, are well; and intend to be all at your Uncle Harlowe's next week; I preſume, with intent to keep his anniverſary. This can make no alteration, but a happy one, as to *perſons*, on Thurſday; becauſe Mr. Tomlinſon aſſured me, that if any thing fell out to hinder your Uncle's coming up in perſon (which, however, he did not then expect) he would be ſatisfied if his friend the Captain were proxy for him. I ſhall ſend a man and horſe to-morrow to the Captain, to be at greater certainty.

I ſend this by a ſpecial meſſenger, who will wait your pleaſure in relation to the impatiently-wiſhed for Thurſday: Which I humbly hope will be ſignified by a Line.

My Lord, tho' hardly ſenſible, and unmindful of every thing but of your felicity, deſires his moſt affectionate compliments to you. He has in readineſs to preſent to you a very valuable ſet of jewels, which he hopes will be acceptable, whether he lives to ſee you adorn them or not.

Lady Sarah and lady Betty have alſo their tokens of reſpect ready to court your acceptance: But may Heaven incline you to give the opportunity of receiving their perſonal compliments, and thoſe of my Couſins Montague, before the next week be out!

His

His Lordſhip is exceeding ill. Dr. S. has no hopes of him. The only conſolation I can have for the death of a relation who loves me ſo well, if he *do* die, muſt ariſe from the additional Power it will put into my hands of ſhewing how much I am,

My deareſt Life,

Your ever-affectionate and faithful

LOVELACE.

LETTER XV.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Superſcribed, To Mrs. LOVELACE.

M. Hall, Sunday Night, June 25.

My deareſt Love,

I Cannot find words to expreſs how much I am mortified at the return of my meſſenger without a line from you.

Thurſday is ſo near, that I will ſend meſſenger after meſſenger every Four hours, till I have a favourable anſwer; the one to meet the other, till its eve arrives, to know if I may venture to appear in your preſence with the hope of having my wiſhes anſwered on that day.

Your Love, Madam, I neither expect, nor aſk for; nor will, till my future behaviour gives you cauſe to think I deſerve it. All I at preſent preſume to wiſh, is, To have it in my power to do you all the juſtice I can now do you: And to your generoſity will I leave it, to reward me as I ſhall merit, with your affection.

At preſent, revolving my poor behaviour of Friday night before you, I think I ſhould ſooner chuſe to go to my laſt Audit, unprepared for it as I am, than to appear in your preſence, unleſs you give me ſome hope, that I ſhall be received as your elected huſband, rather than (however deſerved) as a deteſted criminal.

Let

Let me therefore propoſe an expedient, in order to ſpare my own confuſion; and to ſpare you the neceſſity for that Soul-harrowing recrimination, which I cannot ſtand, and which muſt be diſagreeable to yourſelf—To name the Church, and I will have every-thing in readineſs; ſo that our next interview will be, in a manner, at the very Altar; and then you will have the kind Huſband to forgive for the faults of the ingrateful Lover. If your reſentment be ſtill too high to write more, let it only be in your own dear hand, theſe words, *St. Martin's Church, Thurſday*—or theſe, *St. Giles's Church, Thurſday*; nor will I inſiſt upon any inſcription or ſubſcription, or ſo much as the intials of your name. This ſhall be all the favour I will expect, till the dear hand itſelf is given to mine, in preſence of that Being whom I invoke as a witneſs of the inviolable faith and honour of *Your adoring*

LOVELACE.

LETTER XVI.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Superſcribed, to Mrs. LOVELACE.

M. Hall, Monday, June 26.

ONCE more, my deareſt Love, do I conjure you to ſend me the Four requeſted words. There is no time to be loſt. And I would not have next Thurſday go over, without being entitled to call you mine, for the world; and that as well for your ſake as my own. Hitherto all that has paſſed is between you and me only; but, after Thurſday, if my wiſhes are unanſwered, the whole will be before the world.

My Lord is extremely ill, and endures not to have me out of his ſight for one half-hour. But this ſhall not have the leaſt weight with me, if you be pleaſed to hold out the olive-branch to me in the Four requeſted words.

I have the following intelligence from Captain Tomlinſon. "All

'All your family are at your Uncle Harlowe's. 'Your Uncle finds he cannot go up; and names 'Captain Tomlinſon for his Proxy. He propoſes to 'keep all your family with him, till the Captain 'aſſures him that the Ceremony is over.

'Already he has begun, with hope of ſucceſs, to 'try to reconcile your Mother to you.

'My Lord M. but juſt now has told me, how 'happy he ſhould think himſelf to have an opportunity, 'before he dies, to ſalute you as his Niece. I have 'put him in hopes, that he ſhall ſee you; and have 'told him, that I will go to town on Wedneſday, in 'order to prevail upon you to accompany me down 'on Thurſday or Friday. I have ordered a Sett to be 'in readineſs to carry me up; and, were not my Lord 'ſo very ill, my Couſin Montague tells me, ſhe 'would offer *her* attendance on you. If you pleaſe, 'therefore, we can ſet out for this place the moment 'the Solemnity is performed.'

Do not, deareſt creature, diſſipate all thoſe promiſing appearances, and by refuſing to ſave your own and your family's reputation in the eye of the world, uſe yourſelf worſe than the ungratefulleſt wretch on earth has uſed you. For if we are married, all the diſgrace you imagine you have ſuffered while a ſingle Lady, will be my own; and only known to ourſelves.

Once more then, conſider well the ſituation we are both in; and remember, my deareſt life, that Thurſday will be ſoon here; and that you have no time to loſe.

In a Letter ſent by the meſſenger whom I diſpatch with this, I have deſired, that my friend, Mr. Belford, who is your very great admirer, and who knows all the ſecrets of my heart, will wait upon you, to know what I am to depend upon, as to the choſen day.

Surely, my dear, you never could, at any time, ſuffer half ſo much from cruel ſuſpenſe, as I do.

If I have not an anſwer to this, either from your own goodneſs, or through Mr. Belford's interceſſion, it will be too late for me to ſet out: And Captain Tomlinſon will be diſappointed, who goes to town on purpoſe to attend your pleaſure.

One motive for the gentle reſtraint I have preſumed to lay you under, is, to prevent the miſchiefs that might enſue (as probably to the *more* innocent, as to the *leſs*) were you to write to any body while your paſſions were ſo much raiſed and inflamed againſt me. Having appriſed you of my direction to the women in town on this head, I wonder you ſhould have endeavoured to ſend a letter to Miſs Howe, although in a Cover directed to that young Lady's (*a*) ſervant; as you muſt think it would be likely to fall into my hands.

The juſt ſenſe of what I have deſerved the contents *ſhould be*, leaves me no room to doubt what they *are*. Nevertheleſs, I return it you incloſed, with the Seal, as you will ſee, unbroken.

Relieve, I beſeech you, deareſt Madam, by the Four requeſted words, or by Mr. Belford, the anxiety of

Your ever-affectionate and obliged

LOVELACE.

Remember, there will not, there *cannot* be time for further writing, and for coming-up by Thurſday, *your Uncle's Birth-day*.

LETTER XVII.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq.*

Monday, June 26.

THOU wilt ſee the ſituation I am in with Miſs Harlowe by the incloſed copies of Three Letters;

(*a*) The Lady had made an attempt to ſend away a Letter.

to

to Two of which I am ſo much ſcorned as not to have one word given me in anſwer; and of the Third (now ſent by the meſſenger who brings thee this) I am afraid as little notice will be taken—And if ſo, her Day of Grace is abſolutely over.

One would imagine (ſo long uſed to conſtraint too as ſhe has been) that ſhe might have been ſatisfied with the Triumph ſhe had over us all on Friday night: A Triumph that to this hour has ſunk my pride and my vanity ſo much, that I almoſt hate the words, *Plot*, *Contrivance*, *Scheme*; and ſhall miſtruſt myſelf in future, for every one that riſes to my inventive head.

But ſeeſt thou not, that I am under a neceſſity to continue her at Sinclair's, and to prohibit all her correſpondences?

Now, Belford, as I really, in my preſent mood, think of nothing leſs than marrying her, if ſhe let not Thurſday ſlip; I would have thee attend her, in purſuance of the intimation I have given her in my Letter of this date; and vow for me, ſwear for me, bind thy ſoul to her for my Honour, and uſe what arguments thy friendly heart can ſuggeſt, in order to procure me an anſwer from her; which, as thou wilt ſee, ſhe may give in Four words only. And then I purpoſe to leave Lord M. (dangerouſly ill as he is) and meet her at her appointed Church, in order to ſolemnize: If ſhe will ſign but *Cl. H.* to *thy* writing the Four words, that ſhall do: for I would not come up to be made a fool of in the face of all my family and friends.

If ſhe ſhould let the day go off;—I ſhall be deſperate. I am entangled in my own devices, and cannot bear that ſhe ſhould detect me.

O that I had been honeſt!—What a devil are all my plots come to! What do they end in, but one grand plot upon myſelf, and a title to eternal infamy and diſgrace! But, depending on thy friendly offices, I will ſay no more of this.—Let her ſend me but one

line!—But *one* line!—To treat me as *unworthy* of her notice; yet be altogether in my power—I cannot—I will not bear that.

My Lord, as I ſaid, is extremely ill. The doctors give him over. He gives himſelf over. Thoſe who would not have him die, are afraid he will die. But as to myſelf, I am doubtful: For theſe long and violent ſtruggles between the Conſtitution and the Diſeaſe (tho' the latter has three phyſicians and an apothecary to help it forward, and all three, as to their preſcriptions, of different opinions too) indicate a plaguy tough habit, and ſavour more of recovery than death: And the more ſo, as he has no ſharp or acute mental organs to whet out his bodily ones, and to raiſe his fever above the ſymptomatic helpful one.

Thou wilt ſee in the encloſed what pains I am at to diſpatch meſſengers; who are conſtantly on the road to meet each other, and one of them to link in the chain with a fourth, whoſe ſtation is in London, and five miles onward, or till met. But, in truth I have ſome other matters for them to perform at the ſame time, with my Lord's banker and his lawyer; which will enable me, if his Lordſhip is ſo good as to die this bout, to be an over match for ſome of my other relations. I don't mean Charlotte and Patty: for they are noble girls; but others, who have been ſcratching and clawing under-ground like ſo many moles in my abſence; and whoſe workings I have diſcovered ſince I have been down, by the little heaps of dirt they have thrown up.

A ſpeedy account of thy commiſſion, of dear Jack! The letter travels all night.

LETTER XVIII.

Mr. BELFORD, *To* ROBERT LOVELACE, *Eſq.*

London, June 27. Tueſday.

YOU muſt excuſe me, Lovelace, from engaging in the office you would have me undertake, till I can

I can be better aſſured you really intend honourably at laſt by this much-injured Lady.

I believe you know your friend Belford too well, to think he would be eaſy with you, or with any man alive, who ſhould ſeek to make him promiſe for him what he never intended to perform. And let me tell thee, that I have not much confidence in the Honour of a man, who by *imitation of hands* (I will only call it) has ſhewn ſo little regard to the Honour of his own relations.

Only that thou haſt ſuch jeſuitical qualifyings, or I ſhould think thee at leaſt touched with remorſe, and brought within view of being aſhamed of thy curſed inventions by the ill ſucceſs of thy laſt: Which I heartily congratulate thee upon.

O the divine Lady!—But I will not aggravate?

Nevertheleſs, when thou writeſt, that, in thy *preſent mood*, thou thinkeſt of marrying, and yet canſt ſo *eaſily* change thy *mood*: When I know thy heart is againſt the State:—That the Four words thou courteſt from the Lady are as much to thy purpoſe, as if ſhe wrote Forty; ſince it will ſhew ſhe can forgive the higheſt injury that can be offered to woman: And when I recollect how eaſily thou canſt find excuſes to poſtpone, thou muſt be more explicit a good deal, as to thy real intentions, and future honour, than thou art: For I cannot truſt to temporary remorſe; which brought on by Diſappointment too, and not by Principle; and the like of which thou haſt ſo often got over.

If thou canſt convince me time enough for the Day, that thou meaneſt to do honourbly by her, in *her own* ſenſe of the word; or, if not time enough, wilt fix ſome other day (which thou oughteſt to leave to her option, and not bind her down for the Thurſday; and the rather, as thy pretence for ſo doing is founded on an abſolute fiction); I will then moſt chearfully undertake thy cauſe; by *perſon*, if ſhe will admit me

to her preſence; if ſhe will not, by *pen*. But, in this caſe, thou muſt allow me to be guarantee for thy faith. And, if ſo, as much as I value thee, and reſpect thy ſkill in all the qualifications of a gentleman, thou mayſt depend upon it, that I will act up to the character of a guarantee, with more honour than the Princes of our day uſually do——to their ſhame be it ſpoken.

Mean time, let me tell thee, that my heart bleeds for the wrongs this angelic Lady has received: And if thou doſt *not* marry her, if ſhe will *have* thee; and, when married, make her the beſt and tendereſt of Huſbands, I would rather be a dog, a monkey, a bear, a viper, or a toad, than thee.

Command me with honour, and thou ſhalt find none readier to oblige thee, than

Thy ſincere Friend,
JOHN BELFORD.

LETTER XIX.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq.*

M. Hall, June 27. Tueſday night, near 12.

YOURS reached me this moment, by an extraordinary puſh in the meſſengers.

What a man of honour, thou, of a ſudden!——

And ſo, in the imaginary ſhape of a guarantee, thou threateneſt me!

Had I *not* been in earneſt as to the Lady, I ſhould not have offered to employ thee in the affair. But, let me ſay, that *hadſt* thou undertaken the taſk, and I had afterwards thought fit to change my mind, I ſhould have contented myſelf to tell thee, that That *was* my mind when thou engagedſt for me, and to have given thee the reaſons for the change, and then left thee to thy own diſcretion: For never knew I what fear of man was—nor fear of woman neither, till I became acquainted with Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe; nay,

nay, what is *moſt* ſurpriſing, till I came to have her in my power.

And ſo thou wilt not wait upon the Charmer of my heart, but upon terms and conditions!—Let it alone, and be curs'd; I care not.—But ſo much Credit did I give to the value thou expreſſedſt for *her*, that I thought the office would have been acceptable to *thee*, as ſerviceable to me; for what was it, but to endeavour to perſuade her to conſent to the reparation of her own honour? For what have I done but diſgraced myſelf, and been a thief to my own joys?—And if there be an union of hearts, and an intention to ſolemnize, what is there wanting but the fooliſh Ceremony?—And that I ſtill offer. But if ſhe will keep back her hand; if ſhe will make me hold out mine in vain—How can I help it?

I write her one more Letter, and if, after ſhe has received that, ſhe keeps ſullen ſilence, ſhe muſt thank herſelf for what is to follow.

But, after all, my heart is wholly hers. I love her beyond expreſſion; and cannot help it. I hope therefore ſhe will receive this laſt tender as I wiſh. I hope ſhe intends not, like a true woman, to plague, and vex, and teaze me, now ſhe has found her power. If ſhe will take me to mercy now theſe remorſes are upon me (tho' I ſcorn to condition with *thee* for my ſincerity) all her trials, as I have heretofore declared, ſhall be over; and ſhe ſhall be as happy as I can make her: For, ruminating upon all that has paſſed between us, from the firſt hour of our acquaintance till the preſent, I muſt pronounce, That ſhe is Virtue itſelf, and once more I ſay, has no Equal.

As to what you hint, of leaving to her choice another day, do you conſider, that it will be impoſſible, that my contrivances and ſtratagems ſhould be much longer concealed?—This makes me preſs *that* Day, tho' ſo near; and the more, as I have made ſo much ado about her Uncle's Anniverſary. If ſhe ſend me

the *Four words*, I will ſpare no fatigue to be in time, if not for the Canonical hour at Chuch, for ſome other hour of the day in her own apartment, or any other: For money will do every thing: And *that* I have never ſpared in this affair.

To ſhew thee, that I am not at enmity with thee, I incloſe the copies of two Letters—One to her: It is the *fourth*, and muſt be the *laſt* on the ſubject—— The other to Captain Tomlinſon; calculated, as thou wilt ſee, for him to ſhew her.

And now, Jack, interfere, in this caſe or not, thou knoweſt the mind of

R. Lovelace.

LETTER XX.

Mr. Lovelace, *to Miſs* Clarissa Harlowe.

Superſcribed, To Mrs. Lovelace.

M. Hall, Wed. Morn. One o'Clock, June 28.

NOT one line, my deareſt life, not one word, in anſwer to three Letters I have written! The time is now ſo ſhort, that this *muſt* be the laſt Letter that can reach you on this ſide of the important hour that might make us legally one.

My friend Mr. Belford is apprehenſive, that he cannot wait upon you in time, by reaſon of ſome urgent affairs of his own.

I the leſs regret the diſappointment, becauſe I have procured a *more* acceptable perſon, as I hope to attend you; Captain Tomlinſon I mean: To whom I had applied for this purpoſe, before I had Mr. Belford's anſwer.

I was the more ſolicitous to obtain this favour from him, becauſe of the office he is to take upon him, as I humbly preſume to hope, to-morrow. That office obliged him to be in town as this day: And I acquainted him with my unhappy ſituation with you; and

and deſired, that he would ſhew me on this occaſion, that I had as much of his favour and friendſhip, as your Uncle had; ſince the whole treaty muſt be broken off, if he could not prevail upon you in my behalf.

He will diſpatch the meſſenger directly; whom I propoſe to meet in perſon at Slough; either to proceed onward to London with a joyful heart, or to return back to M. Hall with a broken one.

I ought not (but cannot help it) to anticipate the pleaſure Mr. Tomlinſon propoſes to himſelf, in acquainting you with the likelihood there is of your Mother's ſeconding your Uncle's views. For, it ſeems, he has privately communicated to her his laudable intentions: And *her* reſolution depends, as well as *his*, upon what to-morrow will produce.

Diſappoint not then, I beſeech, you, for an hundred perſons ſakes, as well as for mine, *that* Uncle and *that* Mother, whoſe diſpleaſure I have heard you ſo often deplore.

You may think it impoſſible for me to reach London by the Canonical Hour. If it ſhould, the Ceremony may be performed in your own apartments, at any time in the day, or at night: So that Captain Tomlinſon may have it to aver to your Uncle, that it was performed on his Anniverſary.

Tell but the Captain, that you *forbid me not* to attend you: And that ſhall be ſufficient for bringing to you on the wings of Love,

Your ever-grateful and affectionate

LOVELACE.

LETTER XXI.

To Mr. PATRICK M'DONALD, *at his Lodgings, at Mr. Brown's, Perukemaker, in St. Martin's-lane, Weſtminſter.*

M. Hall, Wedn. Morning, Two o'Clock.

Dear M'DONALD.

THE Bearer of this has a Letter to carry to the Lady (*a*). I have been at the trouble of writing a copy of it; which I incloſe, that you may not miſtake your cue.

You will judge of my reaſons for ante-dating the incloſed ſealed one (*b*) directed to you by the name of Tomlinſon; which you are to ſhew the Lady, as in confidence. You will open it of courſe.

I doubt not your dexterity and management, dear M'Donald; nor your zeal; eſpecially as the hope of Cohabitation muſt now be given up. Impoſſible to be carried is that ſcheme. I might break her heart, but not incline her will—Am in earneſt therefore to marry her, if ſhe let not the day ſlip.

Improve upon the hint of her Mother. That may touch her. But John Harlowe, *remember*, has *privately* engaged that Lady—*Privately*, I ſay; elſe (not to mention the reaſon for her Uncle Harlowe's former expedient) you know, ſhe might find means to get a Letter away to the one or the other, to know the truth; or to Miſs Howe, to engage *her* to enquire into it: And if ſhe ſhould, the world *privately* will account for the Uncle's and Mother's denying it.

However, fail not, as from me, to charge our Mother and her Nymphs to redouble their vigilance both as to her perſon and Letters. All's upon a Criſis now. But ſhe muſt not be treated ill neither.

Thurſday over, I ſhall know what to reſolve upon.

If neceſſary, you muſt aſſume Authority. The devil's in't, if ſuch a girl as this ſhall awe a man of your

(*a*) See the preceding Letter. (*b*) See the next Letter.

your years and experience. You are not in Love with her as I am. Fly out, if ſhe doubt your Honour. Spirits *naturally* ſoft may be beat out of their play and borne down (tho' ever ſo much raiſed) by higher anger. All women are cowards at bottom: Only violent where they *may*. I have often ſtormed a girl out of her miſtruſt, and made her yield (before ſhe knew where ſhe was) to the point indignantly *miſtruſted*; and that to make up with me, tho' I was the aggreſſor.

If this matter ſucceed as I'd have it (or if *not*, and do not fail by your fault) I will take you off the neceſſity of purſuing your curſed ſmuggling; which otherwiſe may one day end fatally for you.

We are none of us perfect, Mr Donald. This ſweet Lady makes me ſerious ſometimes in ſpite of my heart. But as private vices are leſs blameable than public; and as I think *Smuggling* (as it is called) a National Evil; I have no doubt to pronounce you a much worſe man than myſelf, and as ſuch ſhall take pleaſure in reforming you.

I ſend you incloſed Ten Guineas, as a ſmall earneſt of further favours. Hitherto you have been a very clever fellow.

As to cloaths for Thurſday, Monmouth-ſtreet will afford a ready ſupply. Cloaths quite new would make your condition ſuſpected. But you may defer that care, till you ſee if ſhe can be prevailed upon. Your Riding-dreſs will do for the firſt viſit. Nor let your Boots be over clean. I have always told you the conſequence of attending to the *minutiæ*, where Art (or *Impoſture*, as the ill-mannered would call it) is deſigned—Your linen rumpled and ſoily, when you wait upon her—Eaſy terms theſe—Juſt come to town—Remember (as formerly) to loll, to throw out your legs, to ſtroke and graſp down your Ruffles, as if of ſignificance enough to be careleſs. What tho' the preſence of a fine Lady would require a different

behaviour, are you not of years to diſpenſe with Politeneſs? You can have no deſign upon her, you know. You are a father yourſelf of daughters as old as ſhe. Evermore is *parade* and *obſequiouſneſs* ſuſpectable: It muſt ſhew either a fooliſh head, or a knaviſh heart. Aſſume airs of *conſequence* therefore; and you will be treated as a *man* of conſequence. I have often more than half ruined myſelf by my complaiſance; and, being afraid of controul, have brought controul upon myſelf.

I think I have no more to ſay at preſent. I intend to be at Slough, or on the way to it, as by mine to the Lady. Adieu, honeſt M'Donald.

R. L.

LETTER XXII.

To Captain ANTHONY TOMLINSON.

[*Incloſed in the preceding; To be ſhewn to the Lady as in confidence.*]

M. Hall, Tueſday Morn. June 27.

Dear Capt. Tomlinſon,

AN unhappy miſunderſtanding having ariſen between the deareſt Lady in the world and me (the particulars of which ſhe perhaps may give you, but I will not, becauſe I might be thought partial to myſelf); and ſhe refuſing to anſwer my moſt preſſing and reſpectful Letters; I am at a moſt perplexing uncertainty whether ſhe will meet us or not next Thurſday, to ſolemnize.

My Lord is ſo extremely ill, that if I thought ſhe would not oblige me, I would defer going up to town for two or three days. He cares not to have me out of his ſight: Yet is impatient to ſalute my Beloved as his Niece before he dies. This I have promiſed to give him an opportunity to do: intending, if the dear creature will make me happy, to ſet out with her for this place directly from Church.

With

With regret I ſpeak it of the charmer of my Soul; that Irreconcileableneſs is her family-fault—The leſs excuſable indeed in *her*, as ſhe herſelf ſuffers by it in ſo high a degree from her own relations.

Now, Sir, as you *intended* to be in town ſome time before Thurſday, if it be not too great an inconvenience to you, I could be glad you would go up as ſoon as poſſible, for my ſake: And this I the more boldly requeſt, as I preſume that a man who has ſo many great affairs of his own in hand as you have, would be glad to be at a certainty himſelf as to the Day.

You, Sir, can ſo pathetically and juſtly ſet before her the unhappy conſequences that will follow if the Day be poſtponed, as well with regard to her Uncle's diſappointment, as to the part *you have aſſured me* her Mother is willing to take in the wiſhed-for Reconciliation, that I have great hopes ſhe will ſuffer herſelf to be prevailed upon. And a man and horſe ſhall be in waiting to take your diſpatches and bring them to me.

But if you cannot prevail in my favour, you will be pleaſed to ſatisfy your friend Mr. John Harlowe, that it is not my fault that he is not obliged. I am, dear Sir,

Your extremely obliged
and faithful Servant,
R. Lovelace.

LETTER XXIII.

To Robert Lovelace, *Eſq.*

Wedn. June 28, *near* 12 *o'clock.*

Honoured Sir,

I Received yours, as your ſervant deſired me to acquaint you, *by ten this morning.* Horſe and man were in a ſoam.

I inſtantly equipped myſelf, as if come off from a journey, and poſted away to the Lady, intending to

plead great affairs that I came not before, in order to favour your *antedate*; and likewiſe to be in a *hurry*, to have a pretence to *hurry her Ladyſhip*, and to take no denial for her giving a *ſatisfactory* return to your meſſenger: But, upon my entering Mrs. Sinclair's houſe, I found all in the greateſt conſternation.

You muſt not, Sir, be ſurpriſed. It is a trouble to me to be the relater of the bad news; But ſo it is—The Lady is gone off. She was miſſed but half an hour before I came.

Her waiting-maid is run away, or hitherto is not to be found: So that they conclude it was by her connivance.

They had ſent, before I came, to my honoured maſters Mr. Belton, Mr. Mowbray, and Mr. Belford. Mr. Tourville is out of town

High words are paſſing between Madam Sinclair, and Madam Horton, and Madam Martin; as alſo with Dorcas. And your ſervant William threatens to hang or drown himſelf.

They have ſent to know if they can hear of Mabell, the waiting-maid, at her mother's, who it ſeems lives in Chick-lane, Weſt-Smithfield; and to an Uncle of her's alſo, who keeps an Alehouſe at Cow-croſs, hard by, and with whom ſhe lived laſt.

Your meſſenger having juſt changed his horſe, is come back: So I will not detain him longer than to add, that I am, with great concern for this misfortune, and thanks for your ſeaſonable favour and kind intentions towards me [I am ſure this was not my fault.]

Honoured Sir,

Your moſt obliged humble Servant,

PATRICK M'DONALD.

LET-

LETTER XXIV.

Mr. MOWBRAY, *To* ROBERT LOVELACE, *Eſq.*

Dear Lovelace, *Wedneſday, 12 o'clock.*

I Have plaguy news to acquaint thee with. Miſs Harlowe is gone off!—Quite gone, by Soul!—I have not time for particulars, your ſervant being gone off. But iff I had, we are not yet come to the bottom of the matter. The ladies here are all blubbering like devills, accuſing one another moſt confoundedly: Whilſt Belton and I damn them all together in thy name.

If thou ſhouldſt hear that thy fellow Will. is taken dead out of ſome horſe-pond, and Dorcas cut down from her bed's teaſter, from danglang in her own garters, be not ſurpriſed. Here's the devil to pay. Nobody ſerene but Jack Belford, who is taking minutes of examinations, accuſations, and confeſſions, with the ſignificant air of a Middleſex Juſtice; and intends to write at large all particulars, I ſuppoſe.

I heartily condole with thee: So does Belton. But it may turn out for the beſt: For ſhe is gone away with thy marks, I underſtand. A fooliſh little devill! Where will ſhe mend herſelf? For nobody will look upon her. And they tell me that thon wouldſt certainly have married her, had ſhe ſtaid. But I know thee better.

Dear Bobby, adieu. If Lord M. will die now, to comfort thee for this loſs, what a *ſeaſonable* exit would he make! Let's have a Letter from thee. Pr'ythee do. Thou can'ſt write devill-like to Belford, who ſhews us nothing at all.

Thine heartily,

RD. MOWBRAY.

LET.

LETTER XXV.

Mr. BELFORD, *To* ROBERT LOVELACE, *Eſq.*

Thurſday, June 29.

THOU haſt heard from M'Donald and Mowbray the news. Bad or good, I know not which thou'lt deem it. I only wiſh I could have given thee joy upon the ſame account, before the unhappy Lady was ſeduced from Hamſtead: for then of what an ungrateful villainy hadſt thou been ſpared the perpetration, which now thou haſt to anſwer for!

I came to town purely to ſerve thee with her, expecting that thy next would ſatisfy me that I might endeavour it without diſhonour. And at firſt when I found her gone, I half pitied thee; for now wilt thou be inevitably blown up: And in what an execrable light wilt thou appear to all the world!—Poor Lovelace! Caught in thy own ſnares! Thy puniſhment is but beginning!

But to my Narrative; for I ſuppoſe thou expecteſt all particulars from me, ſince Mowbray has informed thee that I have been collecting them.

'The noble Exertion of Spirit ſhe had made on 'Friday night, had, it ſeems, greatly diſordered her; 'inſomuch that ſhe was not viſible till Saturday even-'ing; when Mabell ſaw her; and ſhe ſeemed to be 'very ill: But on Sunday morning, having dreſſed 'herſelf, as if deſigning to go to church, ſhe ordered 'Mabell to get her a coach to the door.

'The wench told her, She was to obey her in eve-'ry thing but the calling of a coach or chair, or in 'relation to Letters.

'She ſent for Will. and gave him the ſame com-'mand.

'He pleaded his maſter's orders to the contrary, 'and deſired to be excuſed.

'Upon

'Upon this, down ſhe went, herſelf, and would 'have gone out without obſervation: But finding the 'Street-door double-lock'd, and the key not in the 'lock, ſhe ſtept into the ſtreet-parlour, and would 'have thrown up the ſaſh to call out to the people 'paſſing by, as they doubted not: But that, ſince 'her laſt attempt of the ſame nature, had been faſtened 'down.

'Hereupon ſhe reſolutely ſtept into Mrs. Sinclair's 'parlour in the back-houſe; where were the old de-'vil and her two partners; and demanded the key of 'the ſtreet-door, or to have it opened for her.

'They were all ſurpriſed; but deſired to be ex-'cuſed, and pleaded your orders.

'She aſſerted, that you had no authority over her; 'and never ſhould have any: That their preſent refu-'ſal was their own act and deed: She ſaw the intent 'of their back-houſe, and the reaſon of putting her 'there: She pleaded her condition and fortune; and 'ſaid, they had no way to avoid utter ruin, but 'by opening their doors to her, or by murdering her, 'and burying her in their garden or cellar, too deep 'for detection: That already what had been done to 'her was puniſhable by death: And bid them at their 'peril detain her.'

What a noble, what a right ſpirit has this charm-ing creature, in caſes that will juſtify an Exertion of Spirit!—

'They anſwered that Mr. Lovelace could prove 'his Marriage, and would indemnify them. And 'they all would have vindicated their behaviour on 'Friday night, and the reputation of their houſe: But 'refuſing to hear them on that topic, ſhe flung from 'them threatening.

'She then went up half a dozen ſtairs in her way to 'her own apartment: But, as if ſhe had bethought 'herſelf, down ſhe ſtept again, and proceeded towards 'the Street parlour; ſaying, as ſhe paſſed by the in-famous

'famous Dorcas, I'll make myſelf protectors, tho' 'the windows ſuffer: But that wench, of her own 'head, on the Lady's going out of that parlour to 'Mrs. Sinclair's, had locked the door, and taken out 'the key: So that finding herſelf diſappointed, ſhe 'burſt into tears, and went ſobbing and menacing up 'ſtairs again.

'She made no other attempt till the effectual one. 'Your Letters and Meſſages, they ſuppoſe, coming 'ſo faſt upon one another (tho' ſhe would not anſwer 'one of them) gave *her* ſome amuſement, and an aſ-'ſurance to *them*, that ſhe would at laſt forgive you; 'and that then all would end as you wiſhed.

'The women, in purſuance of your orders, of-'fered not to obtrude themſelves upon her; and Dor-'cas alſo kept out of her ſight all the reſt of Sunday; 'alſo on Monday and Tueſday. But by the Lady's 'condeſcenſion (even to familiarity) to Mabell, they 'imagined, that ſhe muſt be working in her mind all 'that time to get away: They therefore redoubled 'their cautions to the wench; who told them ſo 'faithfully all that paſſed between her Lady and her, 'that they had no doubt of her fidelity to her wicked 'truſt.

''Tis probable ſhe might have been contriving 'ſomething all this time; but ſaw no room for per-'fecting any ſcheme: The contrivance by which ſhe 'effected her eſcape ſeems to me not to have been fal-'len upon till the very day; ſince it depended partly 'upon the *weather*, as it proved. But it is evident ſhe 'hoped ſomething from Mabell's ſimplicity, or grati-'tude, or compaſſion, by cultivating all the time her 'civility to her.

'Polly waited on her early on Wedneſday morn-'iug; and met with a better reception than ſhe had '*reaſon* to expect. She complained however, with 'warmth of her confinement. Polly ſaid, There 'would be an happy end to it (if it *were* a confine-

'ment,

'ment) next day, ſhe preſumed. She abſolutely de-
'clared to the contrary, in the way Polly meant it;
'and ſaid, That Mr. Lovelace, on his *return* [*Which*
'*looked as if ſhe intended to wait for it*] ſhould have
'reaſon to repent the orders he had given, as *they all*
'*ſhould* their obſervance of them: Let him ſend twenty
'Letters, ſhe would not anſwer one, be the conſe-
'quence what it would; nor give him hope of the
'leaſt favour, while ſhe was in that houſe. She had
'given Mrs. Sinclair and themſelves fair warning,
'ſhe ſaid: No orders of another ought to make them
'detain a free perſon: But having made an open at-
'tempt to *go*, and been detained by them, ſhe was
'the calmer, ſhe told Polly; Let *them* look to the
'conſequence.

'But yet ſhe ſpoke this with temper; and Polly
'gave it as her opinion (with apprehenſion for their
'own ſafety) that having ſo good a handle to puniſh
'them all, ſhe would not go away if ſhe might. And
'what, inferred Polly, is the indemnity of a man
'who has committed the vileſt of Rapes on a perſon
'of condition; and muſt himſelf, if proſecuted for
'it, either fly, or be hanged?

'Sinclair [ſo I will ſtill call her] upon this repre-
'ſentation of Polly, foreſaw, ſhe ſaid, *the ruin of her*
'*poor houſe* in the iſſue of this *ſtrange* buſineſs; and
'the infamous Sally and Dorcas bore their parts in
'the apprehenſion: And this put them upon thinking
'it adviſeable for the future, that the Street-door
'ſhould generally in the day-time be only left upon
'a bolt-latch, as they called it, which any body might
'open on the inſide; and that the key ſhould be kept
'in the door; that their numerous *comers* and *goers*,
'as they called their gueſts, ſhould be able to give
'evidence, *that ſhe might have gone out if ſhe would*:
'Not forgetting, however, to renew their orders to
'Will, to Dorcas, to Mabell, and the reſt, to re-
'double their vigilance on this occaſion, to prevent

'her

'her eſcape:—None of them doubting, at the ſame 'time, that her Love of a man ſo conſiderable in *their* 'eyes, and the proſpect of what was to happen as ſhe 'had reaſon to believe on Thurſday, her Uncles's 'Birth-day, would (tho' perhaps not till the *laſt hour*, 'for her *Pride ſake*, was their word) engage her to 'change her temper.

'They believe, that ſhe diſcovered the key to be 'left in the door; for ſhe was down more than once 'to walk in the little garden, and ſeemed to caſt her 'eye each time to the Street door.

'About Eight yeſterday morning, an hour after 'Polly had left her, ſhe told Mabell, She was ſure ſhe 'ſhould not live long; and having a good many ſuits 'of apparel, which after her death would be of no 'uſe to any-body ſhe valued, ſhe would give her a 'brown luſtring gown, which, with ſome alterations 'to make it more ſuitable to her degree, would a great 'while ſerve her for a Sunday wear; for that ſhe '(Mabell) was the only perſon in that houſe of whom 'ſhe could think without terror or antipathy.

'Mabell expreſſing her gratitude upon the occaſion, 'the Lady ſaid, She had nothing to employ herſelf 'about, and if ſhe could get a workwoman directly, 'ſhe would look over her things then, and give her 'what ſhe intended for her.

'Her miſtreſs's manteau-maker, the maid replied, 'lived but a little way off; and ſhe doubted not that 'ſhe could procure *her*, or one of her journey-women 'to alter the gown out of hand.

'I will give you alſo, ſaid ſhe, a quilted coat, 'which will require but little alteration, if any; for 'you are much about my ſtature: But the gown I 'will give directions about, becauſe the ſleeves and 'the robbings and facings muſt be altered for your 'wear, being, I believe, above your ſtation: And 'try, ſaid ſhe, if you can get the workwoman, and 'we'll adviſe about it. If ſhe cannot come now, let

'her

'her come in the afternoon; but I had rather now,
'becauſe it will amuſe me to give you a liſt.

'Then ſtepping to the window, It rains, ſaid ſhe,
'[and ſo it had done all the morning]: Slip on the
'hood and ſhort cloak I have ſeen you wear, and
'come to me when you are ready to go out, becauſe
'you ſhall bring me in ſomething that I want.

'Mabell equipped herſelf accordingly, and received
'her commands to buy her ſome trifles, and then left
'her; but, in her way out, ſtept into the back parlour,
'where Dorcas was with Mrs. Sinclair, telling her
'where ſhe was going, and on what account, bidding
'Dorcas look out till ſhe came back. So faithful was
'the wench to the truſt repoſed in her, and ſo little
'had the Lady's generoſity wrought upon her.

'Mrs. Sinclair commended her; Dorcas envied
'her, and took her cue: And Mabell ſoon returned
'with the Mantua-maker's journey-woman (ſhe was
'reſolved, ſhe ſaid, ſhe would not come without her;)
'and then Dorcas went off guard.

'The Lady looked out the gown and petticoat,
'and before the workwoman cauſed Mabell to try it
'on; and, that it might ſit the better, made the
'willing wench pull off her upper-petticoat, and put
'on that ſhe gave her. Then ſhe bid them go into
'Mr. Lovelace's apartment, and contrive about it
'before the pier-glaſs there, and ſtay till ſhe came to
'them, to give them her opinion.

'Mabell would have taken her own cloaths, and
'hood, and ſhort cloak with her: But her Lady ſaid,
'No matter; you may put them on again here, when
'we have conſidered about the alterations: There's
'no occaſion to litter the other room.

'They went; and inſtantly, as it is ſuppoſed, ſhe
'ſlipt on Mabell's gown and petticoat over her own,
'which was white damaſk, and put on the wench's
'hood, ſhort cloak, and ordinary apron, and down
'ſhe went.

'Hearing

'Hearing ſomebody tripping along the paſſage, both 'Will. and Dorcas, whipt to the inner-hall door, and 'ſaw her; but, taking her for Mabell, Are you going 'far, Mabell? cried Will.

'Without turning her face, or anſwering, ſhe held 'out her hand, pointing to the ſtairs; which they 'conſtrued as a caution for them to look out in her 'abſence; and ſuppoſing ſhe would not be long gone, 'as ſhe had not in form repeated her caution to them, 'up went Will. tarrying at the ſtairs-head in expecta-'tion of the ſuppoſed Mabell's return.

'Mabell and the workwoman waited a good while, 'amuſing themſelves not diſagreeably, the one with 'contriving in the way of her buſineſs, the other de-'lighting herſelf with her fine gown and coat: But at 'laſt, wondering the Lady did not come in to them, 'Mabell tiptoed it to her door, and tapping, and not 'being anſwered, ſtept into the chamber.

'Will. at that inſtant, from his ſtation at the ſtairs-'head, ſeeing Mabell in her *Lady's* cloaths; for he 'had been told of the preſent [Gifts to ſervants fly 'from ſervant to ſervant in a minute] was very much 'ſurpriſed, having, as he thought, juſt ſeen her go 'out in *her own*; and ſtepping up, met her at the 'door. How the devil can this be? ſaid he: Juſt 'now you went out in your own dreſs! How came 'you here in This? And how could you paſs me un-'ſeen? But nevertheleſs, kiſſing her, ſaid, he would 'now brag he had kiſſed his Lady, or one in her 'cloaths.

'I am glad, Mr. William, cried Mabell, to ſee 'you here ſo diligently. But know you where my 'Lady is?

'In my Maſter's apartment, anſwered Will. Is 'ſhe not? Was ſhe not talking with you this mo-'ment?

'No, that's Mrs. Dolins's journeywoman.

'They both ſtood aghaſt, as they ſaid; Will. again

'recol-

s recollecting he had ſeen Mabell, as he thought, go
' out in her own cloaths. And while they were de-
' bating and wondering, up comes Dorcas with your
' fourth Letter, juſt then brought for her Lady; and
' ſeeing Mabell dreſſed out (whom ſhe had likewiſe
' beheld a little before, as ſhe ſuppoſed, in her com-
' mon cloaths; ſhe joined in the wonder; till Ma-
' bell, re-entering the Lady's apartment, miſſed her
' own cloaths; and then ſuſpecting what had hap-
' pened, and letting the others into the ground of
' the ſuſpicion, they all agreed that ſhe had certainly
' eſcaped. And then followed ſuch an uproar of mu-
' tual accuſation, and *You ſhould have done this*, and *You*
' *ſhould have done that*, as alarmed the whole houſe;
' every apartment in both houſes giving up its devil,
' to the number of fourteen or fifteen, including the
' Mother and her Partners.

' Will. told them *his* ſtory; and then ran out, as
' on the like occaſion formerly, to make enquiry whe-
' ther the Lady was ſeen by any of the coachmen,
' chairmen, or porters, plying in that neighbourhood:
' While Dorcas cleared herſelf immediately, and that
' at the poor Mabell's expence, who made a figure as
' guilty as aukward, having on the ſuſpected price of
' her treachery; which Dorcas, out of envy, was
' ready to tear from her back.

' Hereupon all the pack opened at the poor wench,
' while the Mother foamed at the mouth, bellowed
' out her orders for ſeizing the ſuſpected offender;
' who could neither be heard in her own defence, nor
' *had* ſhe been heard, would have been believed.

' That ſuch a perfidious wretch ſhould ever diſgrace
' *her* houſe, was the Mother's cry; *Good* people *might*
' be corrupted; but it was a fine thing if ſuch a houſe
' as *hers* could not be faithfully ſerved by curſed crea-
' tures, who were hired knowing the buſineſs they were
' to be employed in, and who had no pretence to
' *principle*!—Damn her, the wretch proceeded!—She

'had no patience with her! Call the cook, and call 'the ſcullion!

'They were at hand.

'See, that guilty *pyeball* devil, was her word (her 'Lady's gown upon her back)—But I'll puniſh her 'for a warning to all betrayers of their truſt. Put on 'the great gridiron this moment [an oath or a curſe 'at every word]: Make up a roaring fire—The cleaver bring me this inſtant—I'll cut her into quarters 'with my own hands; and carbonade and broil the 'traitreſs for a feaſt to all the dogs and cats in the 'neighbourhood, and eat the firſt ſlice of the toad 'myſelf, without ſalt or pepper.

'The poor Mabell, frighted out of her wits, ex-'pected every moment to be torn in pieces, having 'half a ſcore open-clawed paws upon her all at once. 'She promiſed to confeſs all. But that All, when ſhe 'had obtained a hearing, was nothing; for *nothing* 'had ſhe to confeſs.

'Sally hereupon, with a *curſe of mercy*, ordered her 'to retire; undertaking that ſhe and Polly would 'examine her themſelves, that they might be able to 'write all particulars to his *Honour*; and then, if ſhe 'could not clear herſelf, or, if guilty, give ſome ac-'count of the Lady (who had been ſo *wicked* as to 'give them all this trouble) ſo as they might get her 'again, then the cleaver and gridiron might go to 'work with all their heart.

'The wench, glad of this reprieve, went up ſtairs; 'and while Sally was laying out the Law, and prating 'away in her uſual dictorial manner, whipt on an-'other gown, and ſliding down ſtairs, eſcaped to her 'relations. And this flight, which was certainly 'more owing to *terror* than *guilt*, was, in the true 'Old Bailey conſtruction, made a confirmation of 'the latter.'

Theſe are the particulars of Miſs Harlowe's flight.

Thoul't

Thou'lt hardly think me too minute.—How I long to triumph over thy impatience and fury on the occaſion!

Let me beſeech thee, my dear Lovelace, in thy next Letter, to rave moſt glorioufly!—I ſhall be grievouſly diſappointed, if thou doſt not.

Where, Lovelace, can the poor Lady be gone? And who can deſcribe the diſtreſs ſhe muſt be in?

By thy former Letters, it may be ſuppoſed, that ſhe can have very little Money: Nor, by the ſuddenneſs of her flight, more Cloaths than thoſe ſhe has on. And thou knoweſt who once ſaid (*a*), "Her parents "will not receive her: Her Uncles will not entertain "her: Her Norton is in their direction, and cannot: "Miſs Howe dare not. She has not one friend or in-"timate in Town; entirely a ſtranger to it." And, let me add, has been deſpoiled of her Honour by the man for whom ſhe made all theſe ſacrifices; and who ſtood bound to her by a thouſand oaths and vows, to be her Huſband, her Protector, and Friend!

How ſtrong muſt be her reſentment of the barbarous treatment ſhe has received! How worthy of herſelf, that it has made her *hate* the man ſhe once *loved!* And rather than marry him, chuſe to expoſe her diſgrace to the whole world; to forego the reconciliation with her friends which her heart was ſo ſet upon: and to hazard a thouſand evils to which her Youth and her Sex may too probably expoſe an indigent and friendleſs Beauty!

Remembreſt thou not that home puſh upon thee, in one of the papers written in her delirium; of which however it favours not?——

I will aſſure thee, that I have very often ſince moſt ſeriouſly reflected upon it: And as thy intended Second Outrage convinces me, that it made no impreſ-

(*a*) See Vol. IV. p. 55.

ſion upon thee then, and perhaps thou haſt never thought of it ſince, I will tranſcribe the ſentence.

"If, as Religion teaches us, God will judge us, "in a great meaſure, by our benevolent or evil ac- "tions to one another—O wretch, bethink thee, in "time bethink thee, how great muſt be thy condem- "nation (*a*)."

And is this amiable Doctrine the Sum of Religion? Upon my faith, I believe it is. For, to indulge a ſerious Thought, ſince we are not Atheiſts, except in *Practice*, Does God, the BEING of Beings, want anything of us for HIMSELF! And does he not enjoin us Works of Mercy to one another, as the means to obtain *His* mercy? A ſublime principle, and worthy of the SUPREME SUPERINTENDENT and FATHER of all Things!—But if we are to be judged by this noble principle, what, *indeed*, muſt be *thy* condemnation on the ſcore of this Lady only? And what *mine*, and what all our *Confraternity*'s, on the ſcore of other women: tho' we are none of us half ſo bad as thou art, as well for want of inclination, I hope, as of opportunity!

I muſt add, that, as well for thy *own* ſake, as for the *Lady*'s, I wiſh ye were yet to be married to each other. It is the only medium that can be hit upon to ſalve the Honour of both. All that's paſt may yet be concealed from the world, and from her relations; and thou mayeſt make amends for all her ſufferings, if thou reſolveſt to be a tender and kind Huſband to her.

And if this really be thy intention, I will accept with pleaſure, of a commiſſion from thee, that ſhall tend to promote ſo good an end, whenever ſhe can be found; that is to ſay, if ſhe will admit to her preſence a man who profeſſes friendſhip to thee. Nor can I give a greater demonſtration, that I am

Thy ſincere Friend,

J. BELFORD.

P. S. Mabell's cloaths were thrown into the paſſage this morning: Nobody knows by whom.

LET-

(*a*) See Vol. V. p. 306.

LETTER XXVI.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq.*

Friday, June 30.

I Am ruined, undone, blown up, deſtroyed, and worſe than annihilated, that's certain!—But was not the news ſhocking enough, doſt thou think, without thy throwing into the too weighty ſcale reproaches, which thou couldſt have had no opportunity to make but for my own voluntary communications? at a time too, when, as it falls out, I have another very ſenſible diſappointment to ſtruggle with?

I imagine, if there be ſuch a thing as future puniſhment, it muſt be none of the ſmalleſt mortifications, that a *new* devil ſhall be puniſhed by a worſe *old one*. And, *Take that!* And, *Take that!* to have the old ſatyr cry to the ſcreaming ſufferer, laying on with a cat-o'nine-tails, with a ſtar of burning braſs at the end of each: And, *For what! For what!*—Why, if the truth may be fairly told, for not being ſo bad a devil as myſelf.

Thou art, ſurely, caſuiſt good enough to know (what I have inſiſted upon (*a*) heretofore) that the ſin of ſeducing a credulous and eaſy girl, is as great as that of bringing to your lure an incredulous and watchful one.

However ungenerous an appearance what I am going to ſay may have from *my* pen, let me tell thee, That if ſuch a woman as Miſs Harlowe choſe to enter into the Matrimonial State [*I am reſolved to diſappoint thee in thy meditated triumph over my rage and deſpair!*] and, according to the old Patriarchal ſyſtem, to go on contributing to get Sons and Daughters, with no other view than to bring them up piouſly, and to be good and uſeful members of the common wealth, what a devil had ſhe to do, to let her fancy

(*a*) See Vol. IV. p. 24.

run a gadding after a Rake? One whom ſhe *knew* to be a Rake?

Oh but truly ſhe hoped to have the merit of reclaiming him. She had formed pretty notions how charming it would look to have a penitent of her own making dangling at her ſide to church, thro' an applauding neighbourhood: And, as their family increaſed, marching with her thither, at the head of their boys and girls, proceſſionally as it were, boaſting of the fruits of their *honeſt deſires*, as my good Lord Biſhop has it in his Licence. And then, what a comely ſight, all kneeling down together in one pew, according to elderſhip, as we have ſeen in effigie, a whole family upon ſome old monument, where the honeſt chevalier in armour is preſented kneeling, with up lift hands, and half a dozen jolter-headed crop-eared boys behind him, ranged *gradatim*, or ſtep-faſhion according to age and ſize, all in the ſame poſture—Facing his pious dame, with a ruff about her neck, and as many whey-faced girls all kneeling behind *her*: An altar between them, and an opened book upon it: Over their heads ſemilunary rays darting from gilded clouds, ſurrounding an atchievement-motto, IN COLEO SALUS—or QUIES—perhaps, if they have happened to live the uſual married life of brawl and contradiction.

It is certainly as much my misfortune to have fallen in with Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe, were I to have valued my reputation or eaſe, as it is that of Miſs Harlowe to have been acquainted with me. And, after all, what have I done more than proſecute the maxims, by which thou and I, and every Rake are governed, and which, before I knew this Lady, we have purſued from pretty girl to pretty girl, as faſt as we had ſet one down, taking another up;—juſt as the fellows do with their flying coaches and flying horſes at a Country fair—— With a *Who rides next! Who rides next!*

But here in the preſent caſe, to carry on the volant metaphor (for I muſt either be merry, or mad) is a pretty

pretty little Miſs juſt come out of her hanging-ſleeve-coat, brought to buy a pretty little Fairing; for the world, Jack, is but a great Fair, thou knoweſt; and, to give thee ſerious reflection for ſerious, all its Joys but tinſelled hobby-horſes, gilt gingerbread, ſqueaking trumpets, painted drums, and ſo forth.

Now behold this pretty little Miſs ſkimming from booth to booth, in a very pretty manner. One pretty little fellow called Wyerley, perhaps; another jiggeting raſcal called Biron, a third ſimpering varlet of the name of Symmes, and a more hideous villain than any of the reſt, with a long bag under his arm, and parchment Settlements tagged to his heels, ycleped Solmes; purſue her from Raree-ſhow to Raree-ſhow, ſhouldering upon one another at every turning, ſtopping when ſhe ſtops, and ſet a ſpinning again when ſhe moves. And thus dangled after, but ſtill in the eye of her watchful guardians, traverſes the pretty little Miſs thro' the whole fair, equally delighted and delighting: Till at laſt taken with the invitation of the *laced-hat orator*, and ſeeing ſeveral pretty little bib-wearers ſtuck together in the flying-coaches, cutting ſafely the yielding air, in the One-go-up the Other go-down-picture-of-the-world-vehicle, and all with as little fear as wit, is tempted to ride next.

In then ſuppoſe ſhe ſlily pops, when *none of her friends are near her*: And if, after two or three ups and downs, her pretty head turns giddy, and ſhe throws herſelf out of the coach when at its elevation, and ſo daſhes out her pretty little brains, who can help it?—And would you hang the poor fellow, whoſe *profeſſed trade* it was to ſet the pretty little creatures a flying?

'Tis true, this pretty little Miſs, being a *very* pretty little Miſs, being a *very much-admired* little Miſs, being a very *good* little Miſs, who always minded her book, and had paſſed thro' her ſampler-doctrine with high applauſe; had even ſtitched out in gaudy propriety of colours, an Abraham offering up Iſaac, a Sampſon

and the Philiſtines, and Flowers, and Knots, and Trees, and the Sun and the Moon, and the Seven Stars, all hung up in frames with glaſſes before them, for the admiration of her future grand children: Who likewiſe was entitled to a very pretty liſtle eſtate: Whowas deſcended from a pretty little family upwards of one hundred years gentility; which lived in a very pretty little manner, reſpected a very little on their own accounts, a great deal on hers:——

For ſuch a pretty little Miſs as this to come to ſo great a misfortune, muſt be a very ſad thing: But, tell me, would not the loſing of any ordinary child, of any other leſs conſiderable family, of leſs ſhining or amiable qualities, have been as great and heavy a loſs to that family, as the loſing this pretty little Miſs could be to hers?

To deſcend to a very low inſtance, and that only as to *perſonality*; haſt thou any doubt, that thy ſtrong-muſcled bony-face was as much admired by thy Mother, as if it had been the face of a Lovelace, or any other handſome fellow? And had thy picture been drawn, would ſhe have forgiven the painter, had he not expreſſed ſo exactly thy lineaments, as that every one ſhould have diſcerned the likeneſs? The *handſome* likeneſs is all that is wiſhed for. Uglineſs made familiar to us, with the partiality natural to fond parents, will be Beauty all the world over.—Do thou apply.

*** ***

But, alas! Jack, all this is but a copy of my countenance, drawn to evade thy malice!—Tho' it anſwer thy unfriendly purpoſe to own it, I cannot forbear to own it, that I am ſtung to the very ſoul with this unhappy—*Accident*, muſt I call it!—Have I nobody, whoſe throat, either for careleſſneſs or treachery, I ought to cut, in order to pacify my vengeance?

When I reflect upon my *laſt* iniquitous intention, the *firſt* outrage ſo nobly reſented, as well as, ſo far as ſhe was able, ſo nobly *reſiſted*, I cannot but conclude, that

that I was under the power of faſcination from theſe accurſed Circes; who, pretending to know their own Sex, would have it, that there is in every woman a yielding, or a weak-reſiſting moment to be met with: And that *yet*, and *yet*, and *yet*, I had not tried enough; But that, if neither Love nor Terror ſhould enable me to hit that lucky moment, when, by help of their curſed arts, ſhe was *once overcome*, ſhe would be for *ever overcome*:—Appealing to all my experience, to all my knowledge of the Sex, for juſtification of their aſſertion.

My appeal to experience, I own, was but too favourable to their argument: For doſt thou think, I could have held my purpoſe againſt ſuch an angel as this, had I ever before met with a woman ſo much in earneſt to defend her honour againſt the unwearied artifices and perſeverance of the man ſhe loved? Why then were there not *more* examples of a virtue ſo immoveable? Or, why was this ſingular one to fall to my lot? Except indeed to *double my guilt*; and at the ſame time to convince all that ſhould hear her Story, *that there are angels as well as devils in the fleſh?*

So much for confeſſion; and for the ſake of humouring my conſcience; with a view likewiſe to diſarm thy malice by acknowledgment: Since no one ſhall ſay worſe of me, than I will of myſelf on this occaſion.

One thing I will nevertheleſs add, to ſhew the ſincerity of my contrition—'Tis this, that if thou canſt by any means find her out within theſe three days, or any time before ſhe has diſcovered the Stories relating to Captain Tomlinſon and her Uncle to be what they are; and if thou canſt prevail upon her to conſent, I will actually, in thy preſence and his (he to repreſent her Uncle) marry her.

I am ſtill in hopes it may be ſo—She cannot be long concealed—I have already ſet all engines at work to find her out! and if I do, what *indifferent* perſons [and no one of her *friends*, as thou obſerveſt, will look upon

her] will care to embroil themſelves with a man of my figure, fortune, and reſolution? Shew her this part, then, or any other part of this Letter, at thy own diſcretion, if thou *canſt* find her: For, after all, methinks, I would be glad that this affair, which is bad enough in itſelf, ſhould go off without worſe perſonal conſequences to any-body elſe: and yet it runs in my mind, I know not why, that, ſooner or later it will draw a few drops of blood after it; except ſhe and I can make it up between ourſelves. And this may be another reaſon why ſhe ſhould not carry her reſentment too far—Not that ſuch an affair would give me much concern neither, were I to chooſe any man or men, for I heartily hate all her family, but herſelf; and ever ſhall.

* * * * *

Let me add, that the Lady's plot to eſcape appears to me no extraordinary one. There was much more luck than probability that it ſhould do: Since, to make it ſucceed, it was neceſſary that Dorcas and Will, and Sinclair and her Nymphs, ſhould be all deceived, or off their guard. It belongs to me, when I ſee them, to give them my hearty thanks that they were; and that their ſelfiſh care to provide for their own future ſecurity, ſhould induce them to leave their outward door upon their bolt-latch, and be curs'd to them.

Mabell deſerves a pitch ſuit and a bonfire, rather than the Luſtring; and as her cloaths are returned, let the Lady's be put to her others, to be ſent to her when it can be told whither—But not till I give the word neither; for we muſt get the dear Fugitive back again if poſſible.

I ſuppoſe that my ſtupid villain, who knew not ſuch a goddeſs-ſhaped Lady with a mien ſo noble, from the aukward and bent ſhouldered Mabell, has been at Hamſtead to ſee after her. And yet I hardly think ſhe would go thither. He ought to go through every ſtreet where bills for lodgings are up, to enquire after a new-

a new-comer. The houſes of ſuch as deal in women's matters, and tea, coffee, and ſuch-like, are thoſe to be enquired at for her. If ſome tidings be not quickly heard of her, I would not have either Dorcas, Will, or Mabell, appear in my ſight, whatever their ſuperiors think fit to do.

This, tho' written in character, is a very long Letter, conſidering it is not a narrative one, or a journal of proceedings, like moſt of my former; for ſuch will unavoidably and naturally, as I may ſay, run into length. But I have ſo uſed myſelf to write a great deal of late, that I know not how to help it. Yet I muſt add to its length, in order to explain myſelf on a hint I gave at the beginning of it; which was, that I have another diſappointment, beſides this of Miſs Harlowe's eſcape to bemoan.

And what doſt think it is? Why the old Peer, *pox* of his tough conſtitution (for that malady would have helped him on) has made ſhift by fire and brimſtone, and the devil knows what, to force the Gout to quit the counterſcarp of his Stomach, juſt as it had collected all its ſtrength, in order to ſtorm the citadel of his heart. In ſhort, they have, by the mere force of ſtink-pots, hand-granades, and pop-guns, driven the ſlow-working pioneer quite out of the trunk into the extremities; and there it lies nibbling and gnawing upon his great toe; when I had hoped a fair end of the diſtemper and the diſtempered.

But I, who could write to *thee* of Laudanum, and the Wet Cloth, formerly, yet let 8000*l.* a year ſlip thro' my fingers, when I had entered upon it more than in imagination [for I had begun to aſk the Stewards queſtions, and to hear them talk of Fines and Renewals, and ſuch ſort of ſtuff,] *deſerve* to be mortified.

Thou canſt not imagine, how differenly the Servants, and even my Couſins, look upon me, ſince yeſterday to what they did before. Neither the one nor the other bow or courteſy half ſo low—Nor am I a quarter ſo often *his Honour* and *your Honour*, as I was

within theſe few hours, with the former: And as to the latter—It is *Couſin Bobby* again, with the uſual familiarity, inſtead of *Sir*, and *Sir*, and, *If you pleaſe, Mr. Lovelace.* And now they have the inſolence to congratulate me on the recovery of the *beſt of Uncle's*; while I am forced to ſeem as much delighted as they, when, would it do me good, I could ſit down and cry my eyes out.

I had beſpoke my mourning in imagination, after the example of a certain foreign miniſter, who, before the death, or even laſt illneſs of Charles II. as honeſt White Kennet tells us, had half exhauſted Blackwell-hall of its Sables—An indication, as the hiſtorian would inſinuate, that the monarch was to be poiſoned, and the embaſſador in the ſecret.—And yet, fool that I was, I could not take the hint—What the devil does a man read hiſtory for, if he cannot profit by the examples he find in it?

But thus, Jack, is an obſervation of the old Peer's verified, *That one misfortune ſeldom comes alone:* And ſo concludes *Thy doubly mortified*

LOVELACE.

LETTER XXVII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Wedneſday Night, June 28.

O my deareſt Miſs HOWE!

ONCE more have I eſcaped—But, alas! I, my *beſt ſelf*, have *not* eſcaped!—Oh! your poor Clariſſa Harlowe! *You* alſo will hate me, I fear!——

Yet you won't, when you know All!

But no more of my Self! My *loſt* Self. You that can riſe in a morning to be bleſt, and to bleſs; and go to reſt delighted with your own reflections, and in your unbroken, unſtarting ſlumbers, converſing with ſaints and angels, the former only more pure than yourſelf, as they have ſhaken off the incumbrance of body; You ſhall be my ſubject, as you have long, long, been my only pleaſure. And let me, at awful diſtance,

diſtance, revere my beloved Anna Howe, and in her reflect upon what her Clariſſa Harlowe once was!

* * * * *

FORGIVE, O forgive my rambling. My peace is deſtroyed. My intellects are touched. And what ſlighty nonſenſe muſt you read, if you now will vouchſafe to correſpond with me, as formerly!

O my beſt, my deareſt, my *only* friend! What a tale have I to unfold!—But ſtill upon *Self*, this vile, this hated *Self!*—I will ſhake it off, if poſſible; and why ſhould I not, ſince I think, except one wretch, I hate nothing ſo much? Self, then, be baniſhed from *Self* one moment (for I doubt it *will* for no longer) to enquire after a *dearer* object, my beloved Anna Howe!—Whoſe mind, all robed in ſpotleſs white, charms and irradiates—But what would I ſay? ——

* * * * *

AND how, my deareſt friend, after this rhapſody, which on re-peruſal, I would not let go, but to ſhew you what a diſtracted mind dictates to my trembling pen! *How do you!* You have been very ill, it ſeems. That you are *recovered*, my dear, let me hear. That your Mother is well, pray let me hear, and hear quickly. This comfort ſurely is owing to me; for if life is no *worſe* than chequer-work, I muſt now have a little white to come, having ſeen nothing but black, all unchequered diſmal black, for a great, great while.

* * * * *

AND what is all this wild incoherence for? It is only to beg to know how you have been, and how you now do, by a line directed for Mrs. Rachel Clark, at Mr. Smith's a Glove-ſhop, in King-ſtreet, Covent-garden; which (altho' my abode is ſecret to every-body elſe,) will reach the hands of—*Your unhappy*—but that's not enough——

Your miſerable

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XXVIII.

Mrs. Howe, *To Miſs* Clarissa Harlowe.

(Superſcribed, as directed in the preceding.)

Miſs Clarissa Harlowe, *Friday, June* 30.

YOU will wonder to receive a letter from me. I am ſorry for the great diſtreſs you ſeem to be in. Such a hopeful young Lady as you were? But ſee what comes of diſobedience to parents!

For my part; altho' I pity you, yet I much more pity your poor Father and Mother. Such education as they gave you! ſuch improvement as you made! and ſuch delight as they took in you!—And all come to this!—

But pray, Miſs, don't make my Nancy guilty of your fault; which is that of diſobedience. I have charged her over and over not to correſpond with one who has made ſuch a giddy ſtep. It is not to her reputation, I am ſure. You *know* that I ſo charged her; yet you go on correſponding together, to my very great vexation; for ſhe has been very perverſe upon it more than once. *Evil communication*, Miſs, You know the reſt.

Here, people connot be unhappy by themſelves, but they muſt involve their friends and acquaintance whoſe diſcretion has kept them clear of their errors, into near as much unhappineſs as if they had run into the like of their own heads! Thus my poor daughter is always in tears and grief. And ſhe has poſtponed her own felicity, truly, becauſe *you* are unhappy.

If people, who ſeek their own ruin, could be the only ſufferers by their headſtrong doings, it were ſomething: But, O Miſs, Miſs! what have *you* to anſwer for, who have made as many grieved hearts as have known you! The whole ſex is indeed wounded by you: For, who but Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe was propoſed by every Father and Mother for a pattern for their daughters?

I write a long Letter, where I propoſed to ſay but a few

few words; and thoſe to forbid your writing to my Nancy: And this as well becauſe of the falſe ſtep you have made, as becauſe it will grieve her poor heart and do you no good. If you love her, therefore write not to her. Your ſad Letter came into my hands, Nancy being abroad: and I ſhall not ſhew it her: for there would be no comfort for her, if ſhe ſaw it, nor for me, whoſe delight ſhe is—As you once was to your parents.—

But you ſeem to be ſenſible enough of your errors now.—So are all giddy girls, when it is too late: And what a creſt-fallen figure then do the conſequences of their ſelf-willed obſtinacy and headſtrongedneſs compel them to make!

I may ſay too much: Only as I think it proper to bear that teſtimony againſt your raſhneſs which it behoves every careful parent to bear: And none more than

Your compaſſionating well-wiſhing,

ANNABELLA HOWE.

I ſend this by a ſpecial meſſenger, who has buſineſs only ſo far as Barnet, becauſe you ſhall have no need to write again; knowing how you love writing: And knowing likewiſe, *that misfortune makes people plaintive.*

LETTER XXIX.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Mrs.* HOWE.

Saturday, July 1.

PERMIT me, Madam, to trouble you with a few lines, were it only to thank you for your reproofs; which have nevertheleſs drawn freſh ſtreams of blood from a bleeding heart.

My Story is a diſmal Story. It has circumſtances in it that would engage pity, and poſſibly a judgment not altogether unfavourable, were thoſe circumſtances known. But it is my buſineſs, and ſhall be *all* my buſineſs,

buſineſs, to repent of my failings, and not endeavour to extenuate them.

Nor will I ſeek to diſtreſs your worthy mind. If *I cannot ſuffer alone*, I will make as few parties as I can in my ſufferings. And, indeed, I took up my pen with this reſolution when I wrote the letter which has fallen into your hands. It was only to know, and that for a very particular reaſon, as well as for affection unbounded, if my dear Miſs Howe, from whom I had not heard of a long time, were ill; as I had been told ſhe was; and if ſo, how ſhe now does. But my injuries being recent, and my diſtreſſes having been exceeding great, *Self* would croud into my Letter. When diſtreſſed, the human mind is apt to turn itſelf to every one in whom it imagined or wiſhed an intereſt, for pity and conſolation.—Or, to expreſs myſelf better, and more concifely, in your own words, *Misfortune makes people plaintive:* And to whom, if not to a friend, can the afflicted complain?

Miſs Howe being abroad when my Letter came, I flatter myſelf that ſhe is recovered. But it would be ſome ſatisfaction to me to be informed if ſhe *has been ill*. Another line from *your* hand would be too great a favour: But, if you will be pleaſed to direct any ſervant to anſwer *yes*, or *no*, to that queſtion, I will not be farther troubleſome.

Nevertheleſs, I muſt declare, that my Miſs Howe's friendſhip was all the comfort I had, or expected to have in this world; and a line from her would have been a cordial to my fainting heart. Judge then, deareſt Madam, how reluctantly I muſt obey your prohibition—But yet I will endeavour to obey it; altho' I ſhould have hoped, as well from the tenor of all that has paſſed between Miſs Howe and me, as from *her* eſtabliſhed virtue, that ſhe could not be tainted by *Evil communication*, had one or two Letters been permitted. This, however, I aſk not for, ſince I think I have nothing to do, but to beg of God

(who

(who, I hope, has not yet withdrawn his grace from me, altho' he is pleaſed to let looſe his juſtice upon my faults) to give me a truly broken ſpirit, if it be not already broken enough, and then to take to his mercy *The unhappy*

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Two favours, good Madam, I have to beg of you.—The firſt;—that you will not let any of my relations know that you have heard from me. The other,—that no living creature be appriſed where I am to be heard of, or directed to. This is a point that concerns me, more than I can expreſs.—In ſhort, my preſervation from further evils may depend upon it.

LETTER XXX.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To* HANNAH BURTON.

Thurſday, June 29.

My good HANNAH,

STRANGE things have happened to me, ſince you were diſmiſſed my ſervice (ſo ſorely againſt my will) and your pert fellow-ſervant ſet over me. But that muſt be all forgotten now—

How do you, my Hannah? Are you recovered of your illneſs? If you are, Do you chuſe to come and be with me? Or *can* you conveniently?

I am a very unhappy creature, and, being among all ſtrangers, ſhould be glad to have *you* with me, of whoſe Fidelity and Love I have had ſo many acceptable inſtances.

Living or dying, I will endeavour to make it worth your while, my Hannah.

If you are recovered, as I hope, and if you have a good place it may be they would bear with your abſence, and ſuffer ſomebody in your room *for a month*

or

or ſo: And, by that time, I hope to be provided for, and you may then return to your place.

Don't let any of my friends know of this my deſire; whether you can come or not.

I am at Mr. Smith's, a Hoſier's and Glove-ſhop, in King-ſtreet, Covent-garden.

You muſt direct to me by the name of Rachel Clark.

Do, my good Hannah, come if you can to your poor young miſtreſs, who always valued you, and always will whether you come or not.

I ſend this to your Mother at St. Alban's, not knowing where to direct to you. Return me a line, that I may know what to depend upon: And I ſhall ſee you have not forgotten the pretty hand you were taught, in happy days, by

Your true Friend,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XXXI.

HANNAH BURTON. *In anſwer.*

Honored Maddam, *Monday, July 3.*

I HAVE not forgot to write, and never will forget any thing you, my dear young Lady, was ſo good as to larn me. I am very ſorrowful for your misfortens, my deareſt young Lady; ſo ſorrowfull, I do not know what to do. Gladd at harte would I be to be able to come to you. But indeed I have not been able to ſtir out of my rome here at my Mother's, ever ſince I was forſed to leave my plaſe with a Roomatiſe, which has made me quite and clene helpleſs. I will pray for you night and day, my deareſt, my kindeſt, my goodeſt young Lady, who have been ſo badly uſed; and I am very ſorry I cannot come to do you love and ſarvice; which will ever be in the harte of mee to do, if it was in my power: Who am

Your moſt dutifull Servant to command,

HANNAH BURTON.

LET-

LETTER XXXII.

Miſs CL. HARLOWE, *To Mrs.* JUDITH NORTON.

Thurſday, June 29.

My dear Mrs. NORTON.

I Addreſs myſelf to you after a very long ſilence (which, however, was not owing either to want of Love or Duty) principally to deſire you to ſatisfy me in two or three points, which it behoves me to know.

My father, and all the family, I am informed, are to be at my Uncle Harlowe's this day, as uſual. Pray acquaint me, if they *have* been there? And if they were chearful on the anniverſary occaſion? And alſo, if you have heard of any journey, or intended journey, of my Brother, in company with Captain Singleton and Mr. Solmes?

Strange things have happened to me, my dear, worthy and maternal friend—Very ſtrange things!—Mr. Lovelace has proved a very barbarous and ungrateful man to me. But, God be praiſed, I have eſcaped from him. Being among abſolute ſtrangers (tho' I think worthy folks) I have written to Hannah Burton to come and be with me. If the good creature fall in your way, pray encourage her to come to me. I always intended to have her, ſhe knows: But hoped to be in happier circumſtances.

Say nothing to any of my friends that you have heard from me.

Pray—Do you think my Father would be prevailed upon, if I were to ſupplicate him by Letter, to take off the heavy curſe he laid upon me at my going from Harlowe Place? I can expect no other favour from him: But that being literally fulfilled as to my proſpects in this life, I hope it will be thought to have operated far enough; and my heart is ſo weak!—It is very weak!—But for my Father's own ſake—What

ſhould

ſhould I ſay!—Indeed I hardly know how I ought to expreſs myſelf on this ſad ſubject!—But it will give eaſe to my mind to be releaſed from it.

I am afraid *my Poor*, as I uſed to call the good creatures to whoſe neceſſities I was wont to adminiſter by your faithful hands, have miſſed me of late. But now, alas! I am poor myſelf. It is not the leaſt aggravation of my fault, nor of my regrets, that with ſuch inclinations as God had given me, I have put it out of my power to do the good I once pleaſed myſelf to think I was born to do. It is a ſad thing, my deareſt Mrs. Norton, to render uſeleſs to ourſelves and the world, by our own raſhneſs, the Talents which Providence has entruſted to us, for the ſervice of both.

But theſe reflections are now too late; and perhaps I ought to have kept them to myſelf. Let me however, hope, that you love me ſtill. Pray let me hope that you do. And then, notwithſtanding my misfortunes, which has made me ſeem ungrateful to the kind and truly-maternal pains you have taken with me from my cradle, I ſhall have the happineſs to think that there is *One* worthy perſon, who hates not

The unfortunate

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Pray remember me to my foſter-brother. I hope he continues dutiful and good to you.

Be pleaſed to direct for Rachel Clark, at Mr. Smith's, in King-ſtreet, Covent-garden. But keep the direction an abſolute ſecret.

LETTER XXXIII.

Mrs. NORTON. *In Anſwer.*

Saturday, July 1.

YOUR Letter, my deareſt young Lady, cuts me to the heart! Why will you not let me know all your diſtreſſes?—Yet you have ſaid enough!

My

My Son is very good to me. A few hours ago he was taken with a ſeveriſh diſorder. But I hope it will go off happily, if his ardour for buſineſs will give him the receſs from it which his good maſter is willing to allow him. He preſents his duty to you, and ſhed tears at hearing your ſad Letter read.

You have been miſinformed as to your family's being at your Uncle Harlowe's. They did not intend to be there. Nor was the Day kept at all. Indeed, they have not ſtirred out, but to Church (and that but three times) ever ſince the day you went away.—Unhappy day for them, and for all who know you!—To me, I am ſure, moſt particularly ſo!—My heart now bleeds more and more for you.

I have not heard a ſyllable of ſuch a journey as you mentioned of your Brother, Captain Singleton, and Mr. Solmes. There has been ſome talk indeed of your Brother's ſetting out for his Northern Eſtates: But I have not heard of it lately.

I am afraid no letter will be received from you. It grieves me to tell you ſo, my deareſt young Lady. No evil can have happened to you, which they do not *expect* to hear of; ſo great is their antipathy to the wicked man, and ſo bad is his character.

I cannot but think hardly of their unforgiveneſs: But there is no judging for others by one's ſelf. Nevertheleſs I will add, that, if you had had as gentle ſpirits to deal with as your own, or, I will be bold to ſay, as mine, theſe evils had never happened either to them, or to you. I knew your virtue, and your love of virtue, from your very cradle; and I doubted not but *that*, with God's grace, would always be your guard. But you could never be driven; nor was their occaſion to drive you—So generous, ſo noble, ſo diſcreet—But how does my Love of your amiable qualities encreaſe my affliction; as theſe recollections muſt do yours!

You are eſcaped, my deareſt Miſs—Happily, I hope—

hope—That is to ſay, with your Honour—Elſe, how great muſt be your diſtreſs!—Yet from your Letter I dread the worſt.

I am very ſeldom at Harlowe Place. The houſe is not the houſe it uſed to be, ſince you went from it. Then they are *ſo* relentleſs! And, as I cannot ſay harſh things of the beloved child of my *heart*, as well as *boſom*, they do not take it *amiſs* that I ſtay away.

Your Hannah left her place ill ſome time ago; and, as ſhe is ſtill at her Mother's at St. Alban's, I am afraid ſhe continues ill. If ſo, as you are among ſtrangers, and I cannot encourage you at preſent to come into *theſe* parts, I ſhall think it my duty to attend you (let it be taken as it will) as ſoon as my Tommy's indiſpoſition will permit; which I hope will be ſoon.

I have a little money by me. You ſay *you are poor yourſelf*—How grievous are thoſe words from one entitled and accuſtomed to affluence!—Will you be ſo good to command it, my beloved young Lady?—It is moſt of it your own bounty to me. And I ſhould take a pride to reſtore it to its original owner.

Your Poor bleſs you, and pray for you continually. I have ſo managed your laſt benevolence, and they have been ſo healthy, and have had ſuch conſtant employ, that it has held out; and will hold out, till the happier times return which I continually pray for.

Let me beg of you, my deareſt young Lady, to take to yourſelf all thoſe aids, which good perſons, like you, draw from Religion, in ſupport of their calamities. Let your ſufferings be what they will, I am ſure you have been innocent in your intention. So do not deſpond. None are made to ſuffer above what they *can*, and therefore *ought* to bear.

We know not the methods of Providence, nor what wiſe ends it may have to ſerve in its ſeemingly ſevere diſpenſations to its poor creatures.

Few perſons have greater reaſon to ſay this than myſelf. And ſince we are apt in calamities to draw more

more comfort from Example than Precept, you will permit me to remind you of my own lot: For who has had greater ſhare of afflictions than myſelf?

To ſay nothing of the loſs of an excellent Mother, at a time of life when motherly care is moſt wanted; the death of a dear Father, who was an ornament to his cloth (and who had qualified me to be his ſcribe and amanuenſis) juſt as he came within view of a preferment which would have made his family eaſy, threw me friendleſs into the wide world; threw me upon a very careleſs, and, which was much worſe, a very unkind huſband. Poor man!—But he was ſpared long enough, thank God, in a tedious illneſs, to repent of his neglected opportunities, and his light principles; which I have always thought of with pleaſure, altho' I was left the more deſtitute for his chargeable illneſs, and ready to be brought to bed, when he died, of my Tommy.

But this very circumſtance, which I thought the unhappieſt that I could have been left in (ſo ſhort-ſighted is human prudence!) became the happy means of recommending me to your Mother, who, in regard to my character, and in compaſſion to my very deſtitute circumſtances, permitted me, as I made a conſcience of not parting with my poor boy, to nurſe both you and him, born within a few days of each other. And I have never ſince wanted any of the humble bleſſings which God has made me contented with.

Nor have I known what a very great grief was, from the day of my poor huſband's death, till the day that your parents told me how much they were determined that you ſhould have Mr. Solmes; when I was appriſed not only of your averſion to him, but how unworthy he was of you: For then I began to dread the conſequences of forcing ſo generous a ſpirit; and, till then, I never feared Mr. Lovelace, attracting as was his perſon, and ſpecious his manners and addreſs. For I was ſure you would never have him,

if

if he gave you not good reaſon to be convinced of his Reformation: nor till your friends were as well ſatisfied in it as yourſelf. But that unhappy miſunderſtanding between your Brother and Mr. Lovelace, and their joining ſo violently to force you upon Mr. Solmes, did all that miſchief, which has coſt you and them ſo dear, and poor me all my peace! O what has not this ungrateful, this doubly-guilty man to anſwer for!

Nevertheleſs, you know not what God has in ſtore for you yet!—But if you are to be puniſhed all your days here, for example ſake, in a caſe of ſuch importance, for your one falſe ſtep, be pleaſed to conſider, That this Life is but a State of Probation; and if you have your Purification in it, you will be the more happy. Nor doubt I, that you will have the higher Reward *hereafter* for ſubmitting to the Will of Providence *here*, with Patience and Reſignation.

You ſee, my deareſt Miſs Clary, that I make no ſcruple to call the ſtep you took a falſe one. In *you* it was leſs excuſeable than it would have been in any other young Lady; not only becauſe of your ſuperior talents, but becauſe of the oppoſition between *your* character and *his:* So that if you had been provoked to quit your Father's houſe, it need not to have been with him. Nor needed I, indeed, but as an inſtance of my *impartial* Love, to have written this to you *(a)*.

After this, it will have an unkind, and perhaps at this time an unſeaſonable appearance, to expreſs my concern, that you have not before favoured me with a line. Yet if you can account to yourſelf for your ſilence, I dare ſay, I ought to be ſatisfied; for I am

(a) Mrs. Norton having only the family repreſentation and invectives to form her judgment upon, knew not that Clariſſa had determined againſt going off with Mr. Lovelace; nor how ſolicitous ſhe had been to procure for herſelf *any other* protection than his, when ſhe apprehended, that if ſhe ſtaid, ſhe had no way to avoid being married to Mr. Solmes.

ſure you love me: As I both love and honour you, and ever will, and the more for your misfortunes.

One conſolation, methinks, I have, even when I am ſorrowing for your calamities; and that is, that I know not any young perſon ſo qualified to ſhine the brighter for the trials ſhe may be exerciſed with: And yet it is a conſolation that ends in adding to my regrets for your afflictions, becauſe you are bleſſed with a mind ſo well able to bear Proſperity, and to make every-body round you the better for it?—*Woe unto him!*—O this wretched, wretched man!—But I will forbear till I know more.

Ruminating on every thing your melancholy Letter ſuggeſts, and apprehending from the gentleneſs of your mind, the amiableneſs of your perſon, and your youth, the further misfortunes and inconveniencies to which you may poſſibly be ſubjected, I cannot conclude without aſking for your leave to attend you, and that in a very earneſt manner—And I beg of you not to deny me, on any conſideration relating to *myſelf*, or even to the indiſpoſition of my *other* beloved child; if I can be either of uſe or comfort to you. Were it, my deareſt young Lady, but for two or three days, permit me to attend you, altho' my Son's illneſs ſhould encreaſe, and compel me to come down again at the end of thoſe two or three days.—I repeat my requeſt likewiſe, that you will command from me the little ſum remaining in the hands of your bounty to your Poor, as well as that diſpenſed to

Your ever affectionate and faithful Servant,
JUDITH NORTON.

LETTER XXXIV.

Miſs CL HARLOWE, *To Lady* BETTY LAWRANCE.

Madam, *Thurſday, June* 29.

I Hope you'll excuſe the freedom of this addreſs, from one who has not the honour to be perſonally known to you, although you muſt have heard much of

of Clariſſa Harlowe. It is only to beg the favour of a line from your Ladyſhip's hand (by the next poſt, if convenient) in anſwer to the following queſtions.

1. Whether you wrote a Letter, dated, as I have a memorandum, Wedn. June 7. congratulating your Nephew Lovelace on his ſuppoſed Nuptials, as reported to you by Mr. Spurrier, your Ladyſhip's Steward, as from one Captain Tomlinſon: —And in it reproaching Mr. Lovelace, as guilty of ſlight, &c. in not having acquainted your Ladyſhip and the family with his Marriage?

2. Whether your Ladyſhip wrote to Miſs Montague to meet you at Reading, in order to attend you to your Couſin Leeſon's in Albemarle ſtreet; on your being obliged to be in town on your *old Chancery-affair*, I remember are the words? and whether you beſpoke your Nephew's attendance there on Sunday night the 11th?

3. Whether your Ladyſhip and Miſs Montague *did* come to town at that time; And whether you went to Hamſtead, on Monday, in a hired coach and four, your own being repairing and took from thence to town the young creature whom you viſited there?

Your Ladyſhip will probably gueſs, that the queſtions are not aſked for reaſons favourable to your Nephew Lovelace. But be the anſwer what it will, it can do *him* no hurt, nor me any good; only that I think I owe it to my former hopes (however deceived in them) and even to Charity, that a perſon, of whom I was once willing to think better, ſhould not prove ſo egregiouſly abandoned, as to be wanting, in *every* inſtance, to that veracity which is indiſpenſable in the character of a gentleman.

Be pleaſed, Madam, to direct to me (keeping the direction a ſecret for the preſent) to be left at the Belle-Savage on Ludgate-hill, till called for. I am

Your Ladyſhip's moſt humble Servant,

Clarissa Harlowe.

LETTER XXXV.

Lady BETTY LAWRANCE, *To Miſs* CL. HARLOWE.

Dear Madam, *Saturday, July* 1.

I Find that all is not as it ſhould be between you and my Nephew Lovelace. It will very much afflict me, and all his friends, if he has been guilty of any deſigned baſeneſs to a Lady of your character and merit.

We have been long in expectation of an opportunity to congratulate you and ourſelves upon an event moſt earneſtly wiſhed for by us all; ſince all our hopes of *him* are built upon the power *you* have over him: For if ever man adored a woman, he is that man, and you, Madam, are that woman.

Miſs Montague, in her laſt Letter to me, in anſwer to one of mine, enquiring if ſhe knew from him whether he could call you his, or was likely ſoon to have that honour, has theſe words: 'I know not 'what to make of my Couſin Lovelace, as to the 'point your Ladyſhip is ſo earneſt about. He ſome-'times ſays, He is actually married to Miſs Cl. Har-'lowe: At other times, that it is her own fault if he 'be not.—He ſpeaks, of her not only with Love, but 'with Reverence: Yet owns, that there is a miſun-'derſtanding between them; but confeſſes that ſhe is 'wholly faultleſs. An Angel, and not a woman, he 'ſays ſhe is: And that no man living can be worthy 'of her.'—

This is what my Niece Montague writes.

God grant, my deareſt young Lady, that he may not have ſo heinouſly offended you, that you *cannot* forgive him! If you are not already married, and refuſe to be his, I ſhall loſe all hopes that he ever will marry, or be the man I wiſh him to be. So will Lord M. So will Lady Sarah Sadleir.

I will now anſwer your queſtions: But indeed I hardly know what to write, for fear of widening ſtill

more the unhappy difference between you. But yet ſuch a young Lady muſt command every-thing from me. This then is my anſwer.

I wrote not any Letter to him on or about the 7th of June.

Neither I nor my Steward know ſuch a man as Capt. Tomlinſon.

I wrote not to my niece to meet me at Reading, nor to accompany me to my Couſin Leeſon's in town.

My Chancery-affair, tho', like moſt Chancery-affairs, it be of long ſtanding, is nevertheleſs now in ſo good a way, that it cannot give me occaſion to go to town.

Nor have I been in town theſe ſix months: Nor at Hamſtead for ſeveral years.

Neither ſhall I have any temptation to go to town, except to pay my congratulatory compliments to Mrs. Lovelace. On which occaſion I ſhould go with the greateſt pleaſure; and ſhould hope for the favour of your accompanying me to Glenham-Hall, for a month at leaſt.

Be what will the reaſon of your enquiry, let me entreat you, my dear young Lady, for Lord M's ſake; for my ſake; for this giddy man's ſake, ſoul as well as body; and for all our family's ſakes; not to ſuffer this anſwer to widen differences ſo far as to make you refuſe him, if he already has not the honour of calling you his; as I am apprehenſive he has not, by your ſigning by your family-name.

And here let me offer to you my mediation to compoſe the difference between you, be it what it will. Your cauſe, my dear young Lady, cannot be put into the hands of any-body living more devoted to your ſervice, than into thoſe of

Your ſincere Admirer, and humble Servant,

ELIZ. LAWRANCE.

LETTER XXXVI.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Mrs.* HODGES.

Mrs. HODGES, *Enfield, June* 29.

I Am under a kind of neceſſity to write to you, having no one among my relations to whom I dare write, or hope a line from if I did. It is but to anſwer a queſtion. It is this:

Whether you know ſuch a man as Capt. Tomlinſon? And if you do, whether he be very intimate with my Uncle Harlowe?

I will deſcribe his perſon, leſt, poſſibly, he ſhould go by another name among you; altho' I know not why he ſhould.

'He is a thin, talliſh man, a little pock-fretten; 'of a ſallowiſh complection. Fifty years of age, or 'more. Of a good aſpect when he looks up. He 'ſeems to be a ſerious man, and one who knows the 'world. He ſtoops a little in the ſhoulders. Is of 'Berkſhire. His Wife of Oxfordſhire; and has ſe-'veral Children. He removed lately into your parts 'from Northamptonſhire.'

I muſt deſire you, Mrs. Hodges, that you will not let my Uncle, nor any of my relations, know that I write to you.

You uſed to ſay, that you would be glad to have it in your power to ſerve me. That, indeed, was in my proſperity. But I dare ſay, you will not refuſe me in a particular that will oblige me, without hurting yourſelf.

I underſtand, that my Father, Mother, and Siſter, and, I preſume, my Brother, and my Uncle Antony, are to be at my Uncle Harlowe's this day. God preſerve them all, and may they rejoice in many happy Birth-days! You will write ſix words to me concerning their healths.

Direct, for a particular reaſon, To Mrs. Dorothy

Salcombe, To be left till called for, at the Four Swans Inn, Biſhopſgate-ſtreet.

You know my hand-writing well enough, were not the contents of the Letter ſufficient to excuſe my name, or any other ſubſcription, than that of,

Your Friend.

LETTER XXXVII.

Mrs. HODGES. *In Anſwer.*

Maddam, *Sat. July 2.*

I Return you an anſer, as you wiſh me to doe. Maſter is acquented with no ſitch man. I am ſhure no ſitch ever came to our houſe. And maſter ſtirs very little out. He has no harte to ſtir out. For why? Your obſtinacy makes um not care to ſee one another. Maſter's Birth-day never was kept ſoe before: For not a ſole heere; and nothing but ſikeing and ſorrowin from maſter to think how it yuſed to bee.

I axed maſter, if ſoe bee he knowed ſitch a man as one Captain Tomlinſon? But ſaid not whirfor I axed. He ſed, No, not he.

Shure this is no trix nor forgary bruing againſt maſter by one Tomlinſon—Won knows not what cumpany you may have been forſed to keep, ſen you went away, you knoe, Maddam. Excuſe me, Maddam; but Lundon is a peſtilent plaſe; and that Squire Luveleſs is a devil (for all he is ſitch a like gentleman to look to) as I hev herd every boddy ſay; and think as how you have found by thiſs.

I truſte, Maddam, you wulde not let maſter cum to harme, if you knoed it, by any body who may pretend to be acquented with him: But for ſere, I querid with myſelf if I ſhulde not tell him. But I was willin to ſhow you, that I wulde pleſſure you in advarſity, if advarſity be your lott, as well as pro-

ſprity; for I am none of thoſe that woulde doe otherwiſs. Soe no more from

Your humble Sarvant, to wiſh you well,

SARAH HODGES.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Miſs CL. HARLOWE, *To Lady* BETTY LAWRANCE.

Madam, *Monday, July* 3.

I Cannot excuſe myſelf from giving your Ladyſhip this one trouble more; to thank you, as I moſt heartily do, for your kind Letter.

I muſt own to you, Madam, that the honour of being related to Ladies as eminent for their virtue as for their deſcent, was at firſt no ſmall inducement with me to lend an ear to Mr. Lovelace's addreſs. And the rather, as I was determined, had it come to effect, to do every-thing in my power to deſerve your favourable opinion.

I had another motive, which I knew would of itſelf give me merit with your whole family; a preſumptuous one (a puniſhably preſumptuous one, as it has proved) in the hope that I might be an humble means in the hand of Providence to reclaim a man, who had, as I thought, good ſenſe enough at bottom to be reclaimed; or at leaſt gratitude enough to acknowledge the intended obligation, whether the generous hope were to ſucceed or not.

But I have been moſt egregiouſly miſtaken in Mr. Lovelace; the only man, I perſuade myſelf, pretending to be a gentleman, in whom I could have been ſo *much* miſtaken: For while I was endeavouring to ſave a drowning wretch, I have been not accidentally, but premeditatedly, and of ſet purpoſe, drawn in after him. And he has had the glory to add to the Liſt of thoſe he has ruined, a name, that, I will be bold to ſay, would not have diſparaged his own. And this, Madam, by means that would ſhock humanity to be made acquainted with.

My whole end is ſerved by your Ladyſhip's anſwer to the queſtions I took the liberty to put to you in writing. Nor have I a wiſh to make the unhappy man more odious to you, than is neceſſary to excuſe myſelf for abſolutely declining your offered mediation.

When your Ladyſhip ſhall be informed of the following particulars;

That after he had compulſatorily, as I may ſay, tricked me into the act of going off with him, he could carry me to one of the vileſt houſes, as it proved, in London:

That he could be guilty of a wicked attempt, in reſentment of which, I found means to eſcape from him to Hamſtead:

That, after he had found me out there (I know not how) he could procure two women, dreſſed out richly, to perſonate your Ladyſhip and Miſs Montague; who, under pretence of engaging me to make a viſit in town to your Couſin Leeſon (promiſing to return with me that evening to Hamſtead) betrayed me back again to the vile houſe: Where, again made a priſoner, I was firſt robbed of my Senſes; and then of my Honour. Why ſhould I ſeek to conceal that diſgrace from others, which I cannot hide from myſelf?

When your Ladyſhip ſhall know, That, in the ſhocking progreſs to this ruin, wilful falſhoods, repeated forgeries (particularly of one Letter from your Ladyſhip, another from Miſs Montague, and a third from Lord M.) and numberleſs perjuries, were not the leaſt of his crimes: You will judge, That I can have no principles that will make me worthy of an alliance with Ladies of yours and your noble Siſter's character, if I could not from my ſoul declare, that ſuch an alliance can never *now* take place.

I will not offer to clear myſelf entirely of blame: But, as to *him*, I have no fault to accuſe myſelf of: My crime was, the correſponding with him at firſt, when

when prohibited ſo to do by thoſe who had a right to my obedience; made ſtill more inexcuſable, by giving him a clandeſtine meeting, which put me into the power of his arts. And for this, I am content to be puniſhed: Thankful, that at laſt I have eſcaped from him; and have it in my power to reject ſo wicked a man for my huſband: And glad, if I may be a Warning, ſince I cannot be an Example: Which once (very vain, and very conceited, as I was) I propoſed to myſelf to be.

All the ill I wiſh him is, That he may reform; and that I may be the laſt victim to his baſeneſs. Perhaps this deſirable wiſh may be obtained, when he ſhall ſee how his wickedneſs, his unmerited wickedneſs! to a poor creature, made friendleſs by his cruel arts, will end.

I conclude with my humble thanks to your Ladyſhip, for your favourable opinion of me; and with the aſſurance, that I will be, while life is lent me,

Your Ladyſhip's grateful and obliged Servant,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XXXIX.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Mrs.* NORTON.

Sunday Evening, July 2.

HOW kindly, my beloved Mrs. Norton, do you ſooth the anguiſh of a bleeding heart! Surely you are mine own Mother; and, by ſome unaccountable miſtake, I muſt have been laid to a family, that having newly found out, or at leaſt ſuſpected, the impoſture, caſt me from their hearts, with the indignation that ſuch a diſcovery will warrant.

O that I had been indeed your own child, born to partake of your humble fortunes, an heireſs only to that content in which you are ſo happy! Then ſhould I have had a *truly* gentle ſpirit to have guided my ductile heart, which force and ungenerous uſage fit

ſo ill upon: and nothing of what has happened would have been.

But let me take heed, that I enlarge not, by impatience, the breach already made in my duty by my raſhneſs! ſince, had I not erred, my Mother, at leaſt, could never have been thought hard-hearted and unforgiving. Am I not then anſwerable, not only for my own faults, but for the conſequences of them; which tend to depreciate and bring diſgrace upon a maternal character never before called in queſtion?

It is kind however in you, to endeavour to extenuate the fault of one ſo greatly ſenſible of it: And could it be wiped off entirely, it would render me more worthy of the pains you have taken in my Education: for it muſt add to your grief, as it does to my confuſion, that after ſuch promiſing beginnings, I ſhould have ſo behaved, as to be a diſgrace inſtead of a credit to you and my other friends.

But that I may not make you think me more guilty than I am, give me leave briefly to aſſure you, that when my ſtory is known, I ſhall be entitled to more compaſſion than blame, even on the ſcore of going away with Mr. Lovelace.

As to all that happened afterwards, let me only ſay, that altho' I muſt call myſelf a loſt creature as to this world, yet have I this conſolation left me, that I have not ſuffered either for want of circumſpection, or thro' credulity or weakneſs. Not one moment was I off my guard, or unmindful of your early precepts. But (having been enabled to baffle many baſe contrivances) I was at laſt ruined by arts the moſt unhuman. But had I not been rejected by every friend, this low-hearted man had not dared, nor would have had opportunity, to treat me as he has treated me.

More I cannot, at this time, nor need I, ſay: And this I deſire you to keep to yourſelf, leſt reſentmen s ſhould be taken up when I am gone, that may ſpread the evil which I hope will end with me.

I have

I have been misinformed, you say, as to my principal relations being at my Uncle Harlowe's. The Day, you say, was not kept. Nor have my brother and Mr. Solmes—Astonishing!—What complicated wickedness has this wretched man to answer for!—Were I to tell you, you would hardly believe there could have been such a heart in man.—

But one day you may know the whole Story!—At present I have neither inclination nor words—O my bursting heart!—Yet a happy, a wished relief!—Were you present my tears would supply the rest!

* *

I RESUME my pen?

And so you fear no Letter will be received from me But DON'T *grieve to tell me so!* I expect everything bad—And such is my distress, that had you not bid me hope for mercy from the Throne of Mercy, I should have been afraid that my Father's dreadful curse would be completed with regard to both worlds.

For here, an additional misfortune!—In a fit of phrensical heedlessness, I sent a letter to my beloved Miss Howe, without recollecting her private address; and it has fallen into her angry Mother's hands: And so that dear friend perhaps has a new incurred displeasure on my account. And here too your worthy Son is ill; and my poor Hannah, you think, cannot come to me—O my dear Mrs. Norton, *will* you, *can* you censure *those* whose resentments against me Heaven seems to approve of? And will you acquit *her* whom *that* condemns?

Yet you bid me not despond.—I will not, if I can help it. And, indeed, most seasonable consolation has your kind Letter afforded me.—Yet to God Almighty do I appeal, to avenge my wrongs, and vindicate my inno——

But hushed be my stormy passions!—Have I not but this moment said, that your Letter gave me consolation?—May *those* be forgiven, who hinder my

Father from forgiving *me!*—And this, as to *them*, ſhall be the harſheſt thing that ſhall drop from my pen.

But altho' your Son ſhould recover, I charge you, my dear Mrs. Norton, that you do not think of coming to me. I don't know ſtill, but your meditaion with my Mother (altho' at preſent your interpoſition would be ſo little attended to) may be of uſe to procure me the revocation of that moſt dreadful part of my Father's Curſe, which only remains to be fulfilled. The Voice of Nature muſt at laſt be heard in my favour, ſurely. It will only plead at firſt to my friends in the ſtill, conſcious plaintiveneſs of a young and unhardened beggar. But it will grow more clamorous when I have the courage to be ſo, and ſhall demand, perhaps, the paternal protection from *further* ruin; and that forgiveneſs, which thoſe will be little entitled to expect, for their own faults, who ſhall interpoſe to have it refuſed to me, for an *accidental*, not a *premeditated* error: And which, but from them, I had never fallen into.

But again impatiency, founded perhaps on ſelf-partiality, that ſtrange miſleader! prevails.

Let me briefly ſay, that it is neceſſary to my preſent and future hopes, that you keep well with my family. And moreover, ſhould you come, I may be traced out by that means by the moſt abandoned of men. Say not then, that you think you ought to come up to me, *let it be taken as it will:*—For *my ſake* let me repeat, (were my Foſter-brother recovered, as I hope he is) you muſt *not* come. Nor can I want your advice, while *I* can write, and *you* can anſwer me. And write I will as often as I ſtand in need of your counſel.

Then the people I am now with ſeem to be both honeſt and humane: And there is in the ſame houſe a widow-lodger, of low fortunes, but of great merit: —Almoſt ſuch another ſerious and good woman, as

the

the dear one, to whom I am now writing; who has, as ſhe ſays, given over all other thoughts of the world but ſuch as ſhould aſſiſt her to leave it happily. —How ſuitable to my own views!—There ſeems to be a comfortable providence in *this* at leaſt—So that at preſent there is nothing of exigence; nothing that can *require*, or even *excuſe*, your coming, when ſo many better ends may be anſwered by your ſtaying where you are. A time *may* come, when I ſhall want your laſt and beſt aſſiſtance: And *then*, my dear Mrs. Norton—And *then*, I will ſpeak it, and embrace it with all my whole heart—And *then*, will it not be denied me by any-body.

You are very obliging in your offer of money. But altho' I was forced to leave my cloaths behind me, yet I took ſeveral things of value with me, which will keep me from preſent want. You'll ſay, I have made a miſerable hand of it—So indeed I have—and, to look backwards, in a very little while too.

But what ſhall I do, if my Father cannot be prevailed upon to recall his Malediction? O my dear Mrs. Norton, what a weight muſt a father's Curſe have upon a heart ſo apprehenſive as mine!—Did I think I ſhould ever have a *Father's Curſe* to deprecate? And yet, only that the temporary part of it is ſo terribly fulfilled, or I ſhould be as earneſt for its recall, for my *Father's* ſake, as for my own!

You muſt not be angry with me, that I wrote not to you before. You are very right and very kind, to ſay, You are ſure I love you. Indeed I do. And what a generoſity [ſo like yourſelf!] is there in your praiſe, to attribute to me more than I merit, in order to raiſe an emulation to me to *deſerve* your praiſes! —You tell me what you expect from me in the calamities I am called upon to bear. May I behave anſwerably!

I *can* a little account *to myſelf* for my ſilence to you, my kind, my dear maternal friend! How equally

ſweetly and politely do you expreſs yourſelf on this occaſion! I was very deſirous, for your ſake, as well as for my own, that you ſhould have it to ſay, that we did not correſpond: Had they thought we did, every word you could have dropt in my favour, would have been rejected; and my Mother would have been forbid to ſee you, or pay any regard to what you ſhould ſay.

Then I had ſometimes better and ſometimes worſe proſpects before me. My worſt would only have troubled you to know: My better made me frequently hope, that, by the next poſt, or the next, and ſo on for weeks, I ſhould have the beſt news to impart to you, that *then* could happen: Cold as the wretch had made my heart to *that Beſt*.—For how could I think to write to you, with a confeſſion, that I was not married, yet lived in the houſe (or could I help it) with ſuch a man?—Who likewiſe had given it out to ſeveral, that we were actually married, altho' with reſtrictions that depended on the Reconciliation with my friends? And to diſguiſe the truth, or be guilty of a falſhood either direct or equivocal, *that* was what you had never taught me.

But I might have written to you for advice, in my precarious ſituation, perhaps you will think. But, indeed, my dear Mrs. Norton, I was not loſt for want of advice. And this will appear clear to you from what I have already hinted, were I to explain myſelf no further:—For what need had the cruel Spoiler to have recourſe to unprecedented arts—I will ſpeak out plainer ſtill (but you muſt not at preſent report it) to ſtupefying potions, and to the moſt brutal and outrageous force; had I been wanting in my duty?

A few words more upon this grievous ſubject—

When I reflect upon all that has happened to me, it is apparent, that this generally ſuppoſed *thoughtleſs* Seducer has acted by me upon a regular and preconcerted plan of villainy. In

In order to ſet all his vile plots in motion, nothing was wanting, from the firſt, but to prevail upon me, either by force or fraud, to throw myſelf into his power: And when this was effected nothing leſs than the intervention of the Paternal Authority (which I had not deſerved to be exerted in my behalf) could have ſaved me from the effect of his deep machinations. Oppoſition from any other quarter would but too probably have precipitated his barbarous and ungrateful violence: And had *you yourſelf* been with me, I have reaſon *now* to think, that ſome-how or other you would have ſuffered in endeavouring to ſave me: For never was there, as now I ſee, a plan of wickedneſs more ſteadily and uniformly purſued than *his* has been, againſt an unhappy creature who merited better of *him*: But the Almighty has thought fit, according to the general courſe of his Providence, to make the fault bring on its own puniſhment: But ſurely not in conſequence of my Father's dreadful Imprecation, 'That I might be puniſhed *here*" [O my mamma Norton pray with me, if ſo, that *here* it ſtop!] 'by 'the very wretch in whom I had placed my wicked 'confidence!'

I am ſorry, for your ſake, to leave off ſo heavily. Yet the reſt muſt be brief.

Let me deſire you to be ſecret in what I have communicated to you; at leaſt till you have my conſent to divulge it.

God preſerve to you your more faultleſs child!

I will hope for His mercy, altho' I ſhould not obtain that of any earthly perſon.

And I repeat my prohibition:—You muſt not think of coming up to *Your ever dutiful*

CL. HARLOWE.

The obliging perſon, who left your's for me this day, promiſed to call to-morrow, to ſee if I ſhould have any-thing to return. I would not looſe ſo good an opportunity.

LET-

LETTER XL.

Mrs. Norton, *To Miſs* Clarissa Harlowe.

Monday Night, July 3.

O The barbarous villainy of this deteſtable man! And is there a man in the world, who could offer violence to ſo ſweet a creature!

And are you ſure you are now out of his reach?

You command me to keep ſecret the particulars of the vile treatment you have met with; or elſe, upon an unexpected viſit which Miſs Harlowe favoured me with, ſoon after I had received your melancholy Letter, I ſhould have been tempted to own I had heard from you, and to have communicated to her ſuch parts of your two Letters as would have demonſtrated your penitence, and your earneſtneſs to obtain the revocation of your Father's Malediction, as well as his protection from outrages that may ſtill be offered to you. But then your Siſter would probably have expected a ſight of the Letters, and even to have been permitted to take them with her to the family.

Yet they *muſt* one day be acquainted with the ſad Story:—And it is impoſſible but they muſt pity you, and forgive you, when they know your early penitence, and your unprecedented ſufferings; and that you have fallen by the brutal Force of a barbarous Raviſher, and not by the vile arts of a ſeducing Lover.

The wicked man gives it out at Lord M's, as Miſs Harlowe tells me, that he is actually married to you—Yet ſhe believes it not; nor had I the heart to let her know the truth.

She put it cloſe to me, Whether I had not correſponded with you from the time of your going away? I could ſafely tell her (as I did) that I had not: But I ſaid, that I was well informed, that you took extremely to heart your Father's Imprecation; and that if ſhe would excuſe me, I would ſay, it would be a

kind

kind and Siſterly part, if ſhe would uſe her intereſt to get you diſcharged from it.

Among other ſevere things, ſhe told me, that my partial fondneſs for you made me very little conſider the honour of the reſt of the family: But, if I had not heard this from you, ſhe ſuppoſed I was ſet on by Miſs Howe.

She expreſſed herſelf with a good deal of bitterneſs againſt that young lady: Who, it ſeems, every-where, and to every-body (for you muſt think, that your Story is the ſubject of all converſations) rails againſt your family; treating them, as your Siſter ſays, with contempt and even with ridicule.

I am ſorry ſuch angry freedoms are taken, for two reaſons; firſt, Becauſe ſuch liberties never do any good. I have heard you own, that Miſs Howe has a ſatirical vein; but I ſhould hope, that a young Lady of her ſenſe, and right caſt of mind, muſt know that the end of Satire is not to exaſperate, but amend; and ſhould never be *perſonal*. If it *be*, as my good Father uſed to ſay, it may make an impartial perſon ſuſpect, that the Satiriſt has a natural ſpleen to gratify; which may be as great a fault in *him*, as any of thoſe which he pretends to cenſure and expoſe in *others*.

Perhaps a hint of this from you will not be thrown away.

My ſecond reaſon is, That theſe freedoms, from ſo warm a friend to you as Miſs Howe is known to be, are moſt likely to be charged to your account.

My reſentments are ſo ſtrong againſt this vileſt of men, that I dare not touch upon the ſhocking particulars which you mention of his baſeneſs. What defence, indeed, could there be againſt ſo determined a wretch, after you was in his power? I will only repeat my earneſt ſupplication to you, that, black as appearances are, you will not deſpair. Your calamities are exceeding great; but then you have talents

talents proportioned to your trials. This every-body allows.

Suppoſe the worſt, and that your family will not be moved in your favour, your Couſin Morden will ſoon arrive, as Miſs Harlowe told me: If he ſhould even be got over to their Side, he will however ſee juſtice done you; and then may you live an Exemplary life, making hundreds happy, and teaching young Ladies to ſhun the ſnares in which you have been ſo dreadfully entangled.

As to the man you have loſt, Is an union with ſuch a perjured heart as his with ſuch an admirable one as yours, to be wiſhed for? A baſe, *low-hearted* wretch, as you juſtly call him, with all his pride of Anceſtry; and more an enemy to himſelf with regard to his preſent and future happineſs, than to you, in the barbarous and ungrateful wrongs he has done you: I need not, I am ſure, exhort you to deſpiſe ſuch a man as this; ſince not to be able to do ſo, would be a reflection upon a Sex to which you have always been an honour.

Your moral character is untained: The very nature of your ſufferings, as you well obſerve, demonſtrates *that*. Chear up, therefore, your dear heart, and do not deſpair; For is it not God who governs the world, and permits ſome things, and directs others, as He pleaſes? And will he not reward *temporary ſufferings*, innocently incurred, and piouſly ſupported, with *eternal felicity?* — And what, my dear, is this poor Needle's point of NOW to a *boundleſs* Eternity?

My heart, however, labours under a double affliction: For my poor boy is very, *very* bad — A violent fever — Nor can it be brought to intermit — Pray for *him*, my deareſt Miſs — For his Recovery, if God ſee fit. — I hope God *will* ſee fit. — If not (how can I bear to ſuppoſe That!) pray for *me*, that He will give

me

me that Patience and Reſignation which I have been wiſhing to you. I am, my deareſt young Lady,

Your ever-affectionate,

JUDITH NORTON.

LETTER XLI.

Miſs CL. HARLOWE, *To Mrs.* JUDITH NORTON.

Thurſday, July 6.

I Ought not, eſpecially at this time, to add to your afflictions—But yet I cannot help communicating to you (who now are my *only* ſoothing friend) a new trouble that has befallen me.

I had but one friend in the world, beſide you; and ſhe is utterly diſpleaſed with me *(a)*: It is grievous, but for one moment, to lie under a beloved perſon's cenſure; and this through imputations that affect one's honour and prudence. There are points ſo delicate, you know, my dear Mrs. Norton, that it is a degree of diſhonour to have a vindication of one's ſelf from them appear to be *neceſſary*. In the preſent caſe, my misfortune is, that I know not how to account, but by gueſs (ſo ſubtle have been the workings of the dark ſpirit I have been unhappily entangled by) for ſome of the facts that I am called upon to explain.

Miſs Howe, in ſhort, ſuppoſes ſhe has found a flaw in my character. I have juſt now received her ſevere Letter—But I ſhall anſwer it, perhaps, in better temper, if I firſt conſider yours: For indeed my patience is almoſt at an end. And yet I ought to conſider, *That faithful are the wounds of a friend.* But ſo *many* things at once!—O, my dear Mrs. Norton, how ſhall ſo young a Scholar in the School of Affliction be able to bear ſuch heavy and ſuch various evils!

But

(a) See the next Letter.

But to leave this ſubject for a while, and turn to your Letter.

I am very ſorry Miſs Howe is ſo lively in her reſentments on my account. I have always blamed her very freely for her liberties of this ſort with my friends. I once had a good deal of influence over her kind heart, and ſhe made all I ſaid a Law to her. But people in Calamity have little weight in any thing, or with any-body. Proſperity and Independence are charming things on this account, that they give force to the counſels of a friendly heart; while it is thought inſolence in the miſerable to adviſe, or ſo much as to remonſtrate.

Yet is Miſs Howe an invaluable perſon: And is it to be expected that ſhe ſhould preſerve the ſame regard for my judgment that ſhe had before I forfeited all title to diſcretion? With what face can I take upon me to reproach a want of prudence in *her?* But if I can be ſo happy as to re-eſtabliſh myſelf in her ever-valued opinion, I ſhall endeavour to enforce upon her your juſt obſervations on this head.

You need not, you ſay, exhort me to deſpiſe ſuch a man as him, by whom I have ſuffered—Indeed you need not: For I would chuſe the cruelleſt death rather than to be his. And yet, my dear Mrs. Norton, I will own to you, *that once I could have loved him.—Ungrateful man!—had he permitted me to love him, I* once *could have loved him.* Yet he never deſerved my Love. And was not this a fault?—But now, if I can but keep out of his hands, and obtain a laſt Forgiveneſs, and that as well for the ſake of my dear friends future reflections, as for my own preſent comfort, it is all I wiſh for.

Reconciliation with my friends I do not expect; nor pardon from them; at leaſt, till in extremity, and as a *Viaticum.*

O my beloved Mrs. Norton, you cannot imagine what I have ſuffered!—But indeed my heart is broken!

—I am

—I am ſure I ſhall not live to take poſſeſſion of that Independence, which you think would enable me to atone in ſome meaſure for my paſt conduct.

While this is my opinion, you may believe, I ſhall not be eaſy, till I can obtain a laſt Forgiveneſs.

I wiſh to be left to take my own courſe, in endeavouring to procure this grace. Yet know I not, at preſent, what that courſe ſhall be.

I will write. But to *whom* is my doubt. Calamity has not yet given me the aſſurance to addreſs myſelf to my FATHER. My UNCLES (well as they once loved me) are hard hearted. They never had their maſculine paſſions humanized by the tender name of FATHER. Of my BROTHER I have no hope. I have then but my MOTHER, and my SISTER, to whom I can apply.—'And may I not, my deareſt 'Mamma, be permitted to lift up my trembling eye 'to your all chearing, and your once *more* than in-'dulgent, your *fond* eye, in hopes of ſeaſonable 'mercy to the poor ſick heart that yet beats with life 'drawn from your own dearer heart?—Eſpecially 'when Pardon only, and not Reſtoration, is im-'plored?

Yet were I able to engage my Mother's pity, would it not be a means to make *her* ſtill more unhappy, than I have already made her, by the oppoſition ſhe would meet with, were ſhe to try to give force to that pity?

To my SISTER then, I think, I will apply—Yet how hard-hearted has my Siſter been!—But I will not aſk for protection; and yet I am in hourly dread, that I ſhall want protection.—All I will aſk for at preſent (preparative to the laſt Forgiveneſs I will implore) ſhall be only to be freed from the heavy Curſe that ſeems to have operated as far as it *can* operate, as to *this* life—And ſurely, it was paſſion, and not intention, that carried it ſo far as to the *other!*

But why do I thus add to your diſtreſſes?—It is not, my dear Mrs. Norton, that I have ſo much feeling for

my

my *own* calamity, that I have *none* for *yours*: Since yours is indeed an addition to my own. But you have one conſolation (a very great one) which I have not: —That *your* afflictions, whether reſpecting your *more* or your *leſs* deſerving child, riſe not from any fault of your own.

But what can I do for you more than pray?—Aſſure yourſelf, that in every ſupplication I put up for myſelf, I will with equal fervour, remember both You and your Son. For I am, and ever will be,

Your truly ſympathiſing and dutiful
CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XLII.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Superſcribed, For Mrs. RACHEL CLARK, *&c.*

My dear CLARISSA, *Wedneſday, July* 5.

I Have at laſt heard from you from a quarter I little expected.

From my Mother.

She had for ſome time ſeen me uneaſy and grieving; and juſtly ſuppoſed it was about you: And this morning dropt a hint, which made me conjecture that ſhe muſt have heard ſomething of you more than I knew. And when ſhe found that this added to my uneaſineſs, ſhe owned ſhe had a Letter in her hands of yours, dated the 29th of June, directed for me.

You may gueſs, that this occaſioned a little warmth, that could not be wiſhed for by either.

[It is ſurpriſing, my dear, *mighty* ſurpriſing! that knowing the prohibition I lay under of correſponding with you, you could ſend a Letter for me to our own houſe: Since it muſt be fifty to one that it would fall into my Mother's hands, as you find it did.]

In ſhort, *ſhe* reſented that I ſhould diſobey her: I was as much concerned that ſhe ſhould open and withhold from me *my* Letters: And at laſt ſhe was pleaſed to

to compromiſe the matter with me, by giving up the Letter, and permitting me to write to you *once* or *twice*; ſhe to ſee the contents of what I wrote. For, beſides the value ſhe has for you, ſhe could not but have great curioſity to know the occaſion of ſo ſad a ſituation as your melancholy Letter ſhews you to be in.

[But I ſhall get her to be ſatisfied with hearing me read what I write; putting in between hooks, thus [], what I intend not to read to her.]

Need I to remind you, Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe, of *three* Letters I wrote to you, to none of which I had any anſwer; except to the *firſt*, and that a few lines only, promiſing a Letter at large, tho' you were well enough, the day after you received my *ſecond*, to go joyfully back again with him to the vile houſe? But more of theſe by-and-by. I muſt haſten to take notice of your Letter of Wedneſday laſt week; which you could *contrive* ſhould fall into my Mother's hands.

Let me tell you, that that Letter has almoſt broken my heart. Good God! what have you brought yourſelf to, Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe?—Could I have believed, that after you had eſcaped from the miſcreant (with ſuch mighty pains and earneſtneſs eſcaped) and after ſuch an attempt as he had made, you would have been prevailed upon not only to forgive him, but (without being married too) to return with him to that horrid houſe!—A houſe I had given you ſuch an account of!—Surpriſing!——What an intoxicating thing is *this Love?*—I *always* feared, that You, even You, were not proof againſt its *inconſiſtent* effects.

You your *beſt ſelf* have not eſcaped!—Indeed I ſee not how you could expect to eſcape.

What a tale have you to unfold!—You need not unfold it, my dear: I would not have engaged to prognoſticate all that has happened, had you but told me that you would once more have put yourſelf in his power, after you had taken ſuch pains to get out of it.

Your

Your peace is deſtroyed!—I wonder not at it: Since now you muſt reproach yourſelf for a credulity ſo ill-placed.

Your intellect is touched!—I am ſure my heart bleeds for you: But, excuſe me, my dear, I doubt your intellect was touched before you left Hamſtead: or you would never have let him find you out there; or, when he did, ſuffer him to prevail upon you to return to the horrid brothel.

I tell you, I ſent you *three Letters*: The *firſt* of which, dated the 7th and 8th of June *(a)* (for it was written at twice) came ſafe to your hands, as you ſent me word by a few lines dated the 9th: Had it not, I ſhould have doubted my own ſafety; ſince in it I give you ſuch an account of the abominable houſe, and threw ſuch cautions in your way in relation to that Tomlinſon, as the more ſurpriſed me that you could think of going back to it again, after you had eſcaped from it, and from Lovelace—O my dear—But nothing now will I ever wonder at!

The *ſecond*, dated June 10 *(b)*, was given into your own hand at Hamſtead, on Sunday the 11th, as you was lying upon a couch, in a ſtrange way, according to my meſſenger's account of you, bloated, and flush-coloured; I don't know how.

The *third* was dated the 20th of June *(c)*. Having not heard one word from you ſince the promiſing billet of the 9th, I own I did not ſpare you in it. I ventured it by the uſual conveyance, by that Wilſon's, having no other: So cannot be ſure you received it. Indeed I rather think you might not; becauſe in yours, which fell into my Mother's hands, you make no mention of it: And if you had had it, I believe it would have touched you too much to have been paſſed by unnoticed.

(a) See Vol. V. p. 30, & ſeq.
(b) Ibid. p. 239, & ſeq.
(c) See p. 29, 30, of this volume.

You

You have heard, that I have been ill, you ſay. I had a cold, indeed; but it was ſo ſlight a one, that it confined me not an hour. But I doubt not, that ſtrange things you have *heard*, and *been told*, to induce you to take the ſtep you took. And, till you did take that ſtep (the going back with this villain, I mean) I knew not a more pitiable caſe that yours: Since every-body muſt have excuſed you before, who knew how you were uſed at home, and was acquainted with your prudence and vigilance. But, alas! my dear, we ſee that the *wiſeſt people* are not he depended upon, when *Love*, like an *ignis fatuus*, holds up its miſleading lights before their eyes.

My Mother tells me, ſhe ſent you an anſwer, deſiring you not to write to me, becauſe it would grieve me. To be ſure I *am* grieved; *exceedingly* grieved; and, *diſappointed* too, you muſt permit me to ſay. For I had always thought that there never was ſuch a woman, at your years, in the world.

But I remember once an argument you held, on occaſion of a cenſure paſſed in company upon an excellent preacher, who was not a very excellent liver: *Preaching* and *practiſing*, you ſaid, required quite different talents *(a)*: Which, when united in the ſame perſon, made the man a Saint; as *wit* and *judgment* going together conſtituted a Genius.

You made it out, I remember, very prettily: But you never made it out, excuſe me, my dear, more convincingly, than by that part of your late conduct, which I complain of.

My Love for you, and my Concern for your Honour, may poſſibly have made me a little of the ſevereſt: If you think ſo, place it to its proper account; To *That* Love, and to *That* Concern: Which will but do juſtice to

Your afflicted and faithful

A. H.

(a) See Vol. II. p. 12.

P S. My Mother would not be ſatisfied without reading my Letter herſelf; and that before I had fixed all my propoſed hooks. She knows, by this means, and has excuſed, our former correſpondence.

She indeed ſuſpected it before: And ſo ſhe very well might; knowing Me, and knowing my Love of You.

She has ſo much real concern for your misfortunes, that, thinking it will be a conſolation to *you*, and that it will oblige *me*, ſhe conſents that you ſhall write to me the *particulars at large of your ſad Story*: But it is on condition that I ſhew her all that has paſſed between us, relating to yourſelf and the vileſt of men. I have the more chearfully complied, as the communication cannot be to your diſadvantage.

You may therefore write freely, and direct to our own houſe.

My Mother promiſes to ſhew me the copy of her Letter to you, and your reply to it; which latter ſhe has but juſt told me of. She already apologizes for the ſeverity of hers: and thinks the ſight of your Reply will affect me too much. But having her promiſe, I will not diſpenſe with it.

I doubt hers is ſevere enough. So I fear you will think mine: But you have taught me never to ſpare the *fault* for the *friend's* ſake; and that a great error ought rather to be more inexcuſeable in the perſon we value, than in one we are indifferent to; becauſe it is a reflection upon our choice of that perſon, and tends to a breach of the Love of Mind; and to expoſe us to the world for our partiality. To the *Love of Mind*, I repeat; ſince it is impoſſible but the errors of the deareſt friend muſt weaken our inward opinion of that friend; and thereby lay a foundation for future diſtance, and perhaps diſguſt.

God

God grant, that you may be able to clear your conduct *after* you had eſcaped from Hamſtead; as all *before* that time was noble, generous, and prudent: The man a devil and you a ſaint!——Yet I hope you can; and therefore expect it from you.

I ſend by a particular hand. He will call for your anſwer at your own appointment.

I am afraid this horrid wretch will trace out by the Poſt-offices where you are, if not careful.

To have *Money*, and *Will*, and *Head*, to be a villain, is too much for the reſt of the world, when they meet in one man.

LETTER XLIII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Thurſday, July 6.

FEW young perſons have been able to give more convincing proofs than myſelf, how little true happineſs lies in the enjoyment of our own wiſhes.

To produce one inſtance only of the truth of this obſervation; What would I have given for weeks paſt, for the favour of a Letter from my dear Miſs Howe, in whoſe friendſhip I placed all my remaining comfort! Little did I think, that the next Letter ſhe would honour me with, ſhould be in ſuch a ſtyle, as ſhould make me look more than once at the Subſcription, that I might be ſure (the name not being written at length) that it was not ſigned by another A. H. For ſurely, thought I, this is my Siſter Arabella's ſtyle: Surely Miſs Howe (blame me as ſhe pleaſes in other points) could never repeat ſo *ſharply* upon her friend, words written in the bitterneſs of ſpirit, and in the diſorder of head; nor remind her, with aſperity, and with mingled ſtrokes of wit, of an argument held in the gaiety of an heart elated with proſperous fortunes (as mine then was) and very little apprehenſive of the ſevere turn that argument would one day take againſt herſelf.

But what have *I*, ſunk in my fortunes; my character forfeited; my honour loſt [While *I* know it, I care not *who* knows it]; deſtitute of friends, and even of hope; What have *I* to do to ſhew a ſpirit of repining and expoſtulation to a dear friend, becauſe ſhe is not *more* kind than a Siſter?——

* * * *

You have till now, my dear, treated me with great indulgence. If it was with greater than I had *deſerved*, I may be to blame to have built upon it, on the conſciouſneſs that I *deſerve it* now *as much as ever*. But I find, by the riſing bitterneſs which will mingle with the gall in my ink, that I am not yet ſubdued enough to my condition.—I lay down my pen for one moment.

* * * *

Pardon me, my Miſs Howe. I have recollected myſelf: And will endeavour to give a particular Anſwer to your Letter; altho' it will take me up too much time to think of ſending it by your meſſenger to-morrow: He can put off his journey, he ſays, till Saturday. I will endeavour to have the whole Narrative ready for you by Saturday.

But how to defend myſelf in every-thing that has happened, I cannot tell: Since in ſome part of the time, in which my conduct appears to have been cenſurable, I was not myſelf; and to this hour know not all the methods taken to deceive and ruin me.

You tell me, that in your firſt Letter you gave me ſuch an account of the vile houſe I was in, and ſuch cautions about that Tomlinſon, as made you wonder how I could think of going back.

Alas, my dear? I was tricked, moſt vilely tricked back, as you ſhall hear in its place.

Without *knowing* the houſe was ſo very *vile* a houſe from your *intended* information, I diſliked the people too much, ever *voluntarily* to have returned to it. But had you really written ſuch cautions about Tomlinſon, and the houſe, as you ſeem to have *purpoſed*

to

to do, they muſt, had they come in time, have been of infinite ſervice to me. But not one word of either, whatever was your *intention*, did you mention to me, in that *firſt* of the *three* Letters you ſo warmly TELL ME you *did* ſend me. *I will incloſe it to convince you (a).*

But your account of your meſſengers delivering to me your ſecond Letter, and the deſcription he gives of me, as *lying upon a Couch, in a ſtrange way, bloated, and fluſh coloured; you don't know how,* abſolutely puzzles and confounds me.

Lord have mercy upon the poor Clariſſa Harlowe! What can this mean!—*Who* was the meſſenger you ſent? Was *he* one of Lovelace's creatures too!—Could nobody come near me but that man's confederates, either *ſetting out ſo*, or *made ſo?* I know not what to make of any one ſyllable of this! Indeed I don't.

Let me ſee. You ſay, this was *before* I went from Hamſtead! My intellects had not then been touched! —Nor had I ever been ſurpriſed by wine [Strange if I had!]: How then could I be found in ſuch a *ſtrange way, bloated, and fluſh-coloured; you don't know how!* —Yet what a vile, what a hateful figure has your meſſenger repreſented me to have made!

But indeed I know nothing of any meſſenger from you.

Believing myſelf ſecure at Hamſtead, I ſtaid longer there than I would have done, in hopes of the Letter promiſed me in your ſhort one of the 9th, brought me by my own meſſenger, in which you undertake to ſend for and engage Mrs. Townſend in my favour *(b)*.

I wondered I heard not from you: And was told you were ſick; and, at another time, that your Mother and you had had words on my account, and that you had refuſed to admit Mr. Hickman's viſits upon it: So that I ſuppoſed at one time, that you were not

(a) The Letter ſhe incloſes was Mr. Lovelace's forged one. See Vol. V. p. 154, & ſeq.

(b) Ibid. p. 149.

able to write; at another, that your Mother's prohibition had its *due* force with you. But now I have no doubt, that the wicked man muſt have intercepted your Letter; and I wiſh he found not means to *corrupt your meſſenger* to tell you ſo ſtrange a Story.

It was on Sunday June 11. you ſay, that the man gave it me. I was at Church twice that day with Mrs. Moore. Mr. Lovelace was at her houſe the while, where he boarded, and wanted to have lodged; but I would not permit that, tho' I could not help the other. In one of theſe ſpaces *it muſt be* that he had time to work upon the man. You'll eaſily, my dear, find that out, by enquiring the time of his arrival at Mrs. Moore's and other circumſtances of the *ſtrange way* he pretended to ſee me in, *on a Couch*, and the reſt.

Had any body ſeen me afterwards, when I was betrayed back to the vile houſe, ſtruggling under the operation of wicked potions, and robbed *indeed* of my intellects (for this, as you ſhall hear, was my dreadful caſe) I might then, perhaps, have appeared *bloated*, and *fluſh-coloured*, and *I know not how myſelf*. But were you to ſee your poor Clariſſa *now* (or even to have ſeen her at Hamſtead *before* ſhe ſuffered the vileſt of all outrages) you would not think her *bloated*, or *fluſh-coloured*: Indeed you would not.

In a word, it could not be *me* your meſſenger ſaw; nor (if any-body) who it was can I divine.

I will now, as *briefly* as the ſubject will permit, enter into the darker part of my ſad Story: And yet I muſt be ſomewhat circumſtantial, that you may not think me capable of *reſerve* or *palliation*. The *latter* I am not conſcious that I need. I ſhould be utterly inexcuſable, were I guilty of the *former* to you. And yet, if you know how my heart ſinks under the thoughts of a recollection ſo painful, you would pity me.

As I ſhall not be able, perhaps, to conclude what I have

I have to write in even two or three Letters, I will begin a new one with my Story; and ſend the whole of it together, altho' written at different periods, as I am able.

Allow me a little pauſe, my dear, at this place; and to ſubſcribe myſelf

Your ever-affectionate and obliged,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XLIV.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

[Referred to in Vol. V. p 291.]

Thurſday Night.

HE had found me out at Hamſtead: Strangely found me out; for I am ſtill at a loſs to know by what means.

I was loth, in my billet of the 9th *(a)*, to tell you ſo, for fear of giving your apprehenſions for me; and beſides, I hoped then to have a ſhorter and happier iſſue to account to you for, thro' your aſſiſtance, than I met with.

She then gives a Narrative of all that paſſed at Hamſtead between herſelf, Mr. Lovelace, Capt. Tomlinſon, and the women there, to the ſame effect with that ſo amply given by Mr. Lovelace.

Mr. Lovelace, finding all he could ſay, and all Capt. Tomlinſon could urge, ineffectual, to prevail upon me to forgive an outrage ſo flagrantly premeditated; reſted all his hopes on a viſit which was to be paid me by Lady Betty Lawrance and Miſs Montague.

In my uncertain ſituation, my proſpects all ſo dark, I knew not to whom I might be obliged to have recourſe in the laſt reſort: And as thoſe Ladies had the beſt of characters, inſomuch that I had reaſon to regret that I had not from the firſt thrown myſelf upon

(a) See Vol. V. p. 161, 162.

their protection (when I had forfeited *that* of my own friends) I thought I would not *ſhun* an interview with them, tho' I was too indifferent to their Kinſman to *ſeek* it, as I doubted not, that one end of their viſit would be to reconcile me to him.

On Monday the 12th of June theſe pretended Ladies came to Hamſtead; and I was preſented to them, and they to me by their Kinſman.

They were richly dreſſed, and ſtuck out with jewels; the pretended Lady Betty's were particularly very fine.

They came in a coach-and-four, hired, as was confeſſed, while their own was repairing in town: A pretence made, I now perceive, that I ſhould not gueſs at the impoſture by the want of the real Lady's Arms upon it. Lady Betty was attended by her woman, whom ſhe called Morriſon; a modeſt country-looking perſon.

I had heard, that Lady Betty was a fine woman, and that Miſs Montague was a beautiful young Lady, genteel, and graceful, and full of vivacity—Such were theſe impoſtors; and having never ſeen either of them, I had not the leaſt ſuſpicion, that they were not the Ladies they perſonated; and being put a little out of countenance by the richneſs of their dreſſes, I could not help (fool that I was!) to apologize for my own.

The pretended Lady Betty then told me, that her Nephew had acquainted them with the ſituation of affairs between us. And altho' ſhe could not but ſay, that ſhe was very glad that ſhe had not put ſuch a ſlight upon his Lordſhip and them, as report had given them cauſe to apprehend (the reaſons for which report, however, ſhe much approved of); yet it had been matter of great concern to her, and to her Niece Montague, and wou'd to the whole family, to find ſo great a miſunderſtanding ſubſiſting between us, as, if not made up, might diſtance all their hopes.

She could eaſily tell who was in fault, ſhe ſaid.

And

And gave him a look both of anger and diſdain; aſking him, How it was poſſible for him to give an offence of *ſuch* a nature to ſo charming a Lady [ſo ſhe called me] as ſhould occaſion a reſentment ſo ſtrong?

He pretended to be awed into ſhame and ſilence.

My deareſt Niece, ſaid ſhe, and took my hand (I *muſt* call you Niece, as well from Love, as to humour your Uncle's laudable Expedient) permit me to be, not an advocate, but a mediatrix for him; and not for his ſake, ſo much as for my own, my Charlotte's, and all our family's. The indignity he has offered to you, may be of too tender a nature to be enquired into. But as he declares, that it was not a premeditated offence; whether, my dear, [for I was going to riſe upon it in my temper] it were or not; and as he declares his ſorrow for it (and never did creature expreſs a deeper ſorrow for any offence than he); and as it is a repairable one; let *Us*, for this one time, forgive him; and thereby lay an obligation upon this man of errors—Let US, I ſay, my dear: For, Sir, [turning to him] an offence againſt ſuch a peerleſs Lady as This, muſt be an offence againſt *me*, againſt your *Couſin* here, and againſt *all the Virtuous* of our Sex.

See, my dear, what a creature he had picked out! Could you have thought there was a woman in the world who could thus expreſs herſelf, and yet be vile? But ſhe had her principal inſtructions from him, and thoſe written down too, as I have reaſon to think: For I have recollected ſince, that I once ſaw this Lady Betty (who often roſe from her ſeat, and took a turn to the other end of the room with ſuch emotion as if the joy of her heart would not let her ſit ſtill take out a paper from her Stays, and look into it, and put it there again. She might oftener, and I not obſerve it; for I little thought that there could be ſuch impoſtors in the world.

I could not forbear paying great attention to what

ſhe ſaid. I found my tears ready to ſtart; I drew out my handkerchief, and was ſilent. I had not been ſo indulgently treated a great while by a perſon of character and diſtinction [ſuch I thought her]; and durſt not truſt to the accent of my voice.

The pretended Miſs Montague joined in on this occaſion: and drawing her chair cloſe to me, took my other hand, and beſought me to forgive her Couſin; and conſent to rank myſelf as one of the principals of a family, that had long, very long, coveted the honour of my alliance.

I am aſhamed to repeat to you, my dear, now I know what wretches they are, the tender, the obliging, and the reſpectful things I ſaid to them.

The wretch himſelf then came forward. He threw himſelf at me feet. How was I beſet!—The women graſping one my right hand, the other my left: The pretended Miſs Montague preſſing to her lips more than once the hand ſhe held: The wicked man on his knees, imploring my forgiveneſs; and ſetting before me my happy and my unhappy proſpects, as I ſhould forgive and not forgive him. All that he thought would affect me in his former pleas, and thoſe of Capt. Tomlinſon, he repeated. He vowed, he promiſed, he beſpoke the pretended Ladies to anſwer for him; and they engaged their Honours in his behalf.

Indeed, my dear, I was diſtreſſed, perfectly diſtreſſed. I was ſorry that I had given way to this viſit. For I knew not how, in tenderneſs to relations (as I thought them) ſo worthy, to treat ſo freely as he deſerved, a man nearly allied to them: So that my arguments, and my reſolutions, were deprived of their greateſt force.

I pleaded, however, my application to you. I expected every hour, I told them, an Anſwer from you to a Letter I had written, which would decide my future deſtiny.

They

They offered to apply to you themſelves in perſon, in *their own behalf*, as they politely termed it. They beſought me to write to you to haſten your Anſwer.

I ſaid, I was ſure that you would write the moment that the event of an application to be made to a third perſon enabled you to write But as to the ſucceſs of their requeſts in behalf of their Kinſman, That depended not upon the expected Anſwer; for *that*, I begged their pardon, was out of the queſtion. I wiſhed him well. I wiſhed him happy. But I was convinced, that I neither could make *him* ſo, nor he *me*.

Then! how the wretch promiſed!—How he vowed!—How he entreated!—And how the Women pleaded!—And they engaged themſelves, and the Honour of their whole family, for his juſt, his kind, his tender behaviour to me.

In ſhort, my dear, I was ſo hard ſet, that I was obliged to come to a more favourable compromiſe with them, than I had intended. I would wait for your Anſwer to my Letter, I ſaid: And if that made doubtful or difficult the change of meaſures I had reſolved upon, and the ſcheme of life I had formed, I would then conſider of the matter; and, if they would permit me, lay all before them, and take their advice upon it, in conjunction with yours, as if the one were my own Aunt, and the other were my own Couſin.

They ſhed tears upon this—Of joy they called them:—But ſince, I believe, to their credit, bad as they are, that they were tears of temporary remorſe; for the pretended Miſs Montague turned about, and, as I remember, ſaid, There was no ſtanding it.

But Mr. Lovelace was not ſo eaſily ſatisfied. He was fixed upon his villainous meaſures perhaps; and ſo might not be ſorry to have a pretence againſt me. He bit his lip—He had been but too much uſed, he

ſaid, to ſuch indifference, ſuch coldneſs, in the very midſt of his happieſt proſpects. I had on twenty occaſions ſhewn him, to his infinite regret, that any favour I was to confer upon him was to be the reſult of—There he ſtopt—And not of my choice.

This had like to have ſet all back again. I was exceedingly offended. But the pretended Ladies interpoſed. The elder ſeverely took him to taſk. He ought, ſhe told him, to be ſatisfied with what I had ſaid. She *deſired* no other condition. And what, Sir, ſaid ſhe, with an Air of Authority, would you commit errors, and expect to be rewarded for them?

They then engaged me in a more agreeable converſation—The pretended Lady declared, that ſhe, Lord M. and Lady Sarah, would directly and perſonally intereſt themſelves to bring about a general Reconciliation between the two families, and this either in open or private concert with my Uncle Harlowe, as ſhould be thought fit. Animoſities on one ſide had been carried a great way, ſhe ſaid; and too little care had been ſhewn on the other to mollify or heal. My Father ſhould ſee that they could treat him as a Brother and a Friend; and my Brother and Siſter ſhould be convinced, that there was no room either for the Jealouſy or Envy they had conceived from motives too unworthy to be avowed.

Could I help, my dear, being pleaſed with them?—

Permit me here to break off. The taſk grows too heavy, at preſent, for the heart of

Your Clarissa Harlowe.

LETTER XLV.

Miſs Clarissa Harlowe; *In Continuation.*

I Was very ill, and obliged to lay down my pen. I thought I ſhould have fainted. But am better now—So will proceed.

The pretended Ladies, the more we talked, the fonder

ſonder they ſeemed to be of me. And *The* Lady Betty had Mrs. Moore called up; and aſked her, If ſhe had accommodations for her Niece and Self, her Woman, and two Men-ſervants, for three or four days?

Mr Lovelace anſwered for her that ſhe had.

She would not aſk her dear Niece Lovelace [*Permit me, my dear*, whiſpered ſhe, *this charming ſtyle before ſtrangers! I will keep your Uncle's ſecret*] whether ſhe ſhould be welcome or not to be ſo near her. But for the time ſhe ſhould ſtay in theſe parts, ſhe would come up every night—What ſay *you*, Niece Charlotte?

The pretended Charlotte anſwered, ſhe ſhould like to do ſo, of all things.

The Lady Betty called her an obliging girl. She liked the place, ſhe ſaid. Her Couſin Leeſon would excuſe her. The air, and my company, would do her good. She never choſe to lie in the ſmoaky town, if ſhe could help it. In ſhort, my dear, ſaid ſhe to me, I will ſtay till you hear from Miſs Howe; and till I have your conſent to go with me to Glenham-Hall. Not one moment will I be out of your company, when I can have it. Stedman, my Solicitor, as the diſtance from town is ſo ſmall, may attend me here for inſtructions. Niece Charlotte, one word with you, child.

They retired to the further end of the room, and talked about their night dreſſes.

The Miſs Charlotte ſaid, Morriſon might be diſpatched for them.

True, ſaid the other—But I have ſome Letters in my private box, which I muſt have up. And you know, Charlotte, that I truſt no body with the keys of that.

Could not Morriſon bring up that box?

No. She thought it ſafeſt where it was. She had heard of a robbery committed but two days ago at the foot of Hamſtead-hill; and ſhe ſhould be ruined if ſhe loſt her box.

Well then, it was but going to town to undreſs, and ſhe would leave her jewels behind her, and return; and ſhould be eaſier a great deal on all accounts.

For my part, I wondered they came up with them. But that was to be taken as a reſpect paid to me. And then they hinted at another Viſit of Ceremony which they had thought to make, had they not found me ſo inexpreſſibly engaging.

They talked loud enough for me to hear them; on purpoſe, no doubt, tho' in affected whiſpers; and concluded with high praiſes of me.

I was not fool enough to believe, or to be puffed up with their Encomiums; yet not ſuſpecting them, I was not diſpleaſed at ſo favourable a beginning of acquaintance with Ladies (whether I were to be related to them or not) of whom I had always heard honourable mention. And yet at the time, I thought, highly as they exalted *me*, that in ſome reſpects (tho' I hardly knew in what) they fell ſhort of what I expected *them* to be.

The grand deluder was at the farther end of the room, another way; probably to give me an opportunity to hear theſe preconcerted praiſes—looking into a book, which, had there not been a preconcert, would not have taken his attention for one moment. It was *Taylor's Holy living and dying*.

When the pretended Ladies joined me, he approached me with it in his hand—A ſmart book, This, my dear!—This old divine affects, I ſee, a mighty flowery ſtyle upon a very ſolemn ſubject. But it puts me in mind of an ordinary Country Funeral, where, the young women, in honour of a defunct companion, eſpecially if ſhe were a virgin, or *paſſed for ſuch*, make a flower-bed of her coffin.

And then, laying down the book, turning upon his heel, with one of his uſual airs of gaiety, And are you determined, Ladies, to take up your Lodgings with my charming creature? In-

Indeed they were.

Never were there more cunning, more artful impoſtors, than theſe women. Practiſed creatures, to be ſure: yet genteel; and they muſt have been well-educated—Once, perhaps, as much the delight of their parents, as I was of mine: And who knows by what Arts ruined, body and mind!—O my dear! how pregnant is this reflection!

But the *man!*—Never was there a man ſo deep. Never ſo conſummate a deceiver; except that deteſted Tomlinſon; whoſe years, and ſerioutneſs, joined with a ſolidity of ſenſe and judgment that ſeemed uncommon, gave him, one would have thought, advantages in villainy, the other had not time for. Hard, very hard, that I ſhould fall into the knowledge of Two ſuch wretches; when Two more ſuch I hope are not to be met with in the world!—Both ſo determined to carry on the moſt barbarous and perfidious projects againſt a poor young creature, who never did or wiſhed harm to either.

Take the following ſlight account of theſe women's and of this man's behaviour to each other before me.

Mr. Lovelace carried himſelf to his pretended Aunt with high reſpect, and paid a great deference to all ſhe ſaid. He permitted her to have all the advantage over him in the repartees and retorts that paſſed between them. I could, indeed, eaſily ſee, that it *was* permitted; and that he forbore that vivacity, that quickneſs, which he never ſpared ſhewing to the pretended Miſs Montague; and which a man of wit ſeldom knows how to ſpare ſhewing, when an opportunity offers to diſplay his wit.

The pretended Miſs Montague was ſtill more reſpectful in her behaviour to her pretended Aunt. While the Aunt kept up the dignity of the character ſhe had aſſumed, raillying both of them with the air of a perſon who depends upon the ſuperiority which years and fortune give over younger perſons, who might

might have a view to be obliged to her, either in her life, or at her death.

The ſeverity of her raillery, however, was turned upon Mr. Lovelace, on occaſion of the character of the people who kept the lodgings, which, ſhe ſaid, I had thought myſelf ſo well warranted to leave privately.

This ſtartled me. For having then no ſuſpicion of the vile Tomlinſon, I concluded (and your Letter of the 7th (*a*) favoured my concluſion) that if the houſe were notorious, either he, or Mr. Mennell, would have given me or him ſome hints of it—Nor, altho' I liked not the people, did I obſerve any-thing in them very culpable, till the Wedneſday night before, that they offered not to come to my aſſiſtance, altho' within hearing of my diſtreſs (as I am ſure they were) and having as much reaſon as I to be frighted at the fire, had it been real.

I looked with indignation upon Mr. Lovelace, at this hint.

He ſeemed abaſhed. I have not patience, but to recollect the ſpecious looks of this vile deceiver. But how was it poſſible, that even that florid countenance of his ſhould enable him to command a bluſh at his pleaſure? For bluſh he did, more than once: And the bluſh, on this occaſion, was a deep-dyed crimſon, unſtrained-for, and natural, as I thought—But he is ſo much of the Actor, that he ſeems able to enter into any character; and his muſcles and features appear entirely under obedience to his wicked will (*b*).

(*a*) His forged Letter. See Vol. V. p. 154, & ſeq.

(*b*) It is proper to obſerve, that there was a more natural reaſon than this that the Lady gives for Mr. Lovelace's bluſhing. It was a bluſh of indignation, as he owned afterwards to his Friend Belford, in converſation; for the pretended Lady Betty had miſtaken her cue, in condemning the houſe; and he had much ado to recover the blunder; being obliged to follow her lead, and vary from his firſt deſign; which was to have the people of the houſe ſpoken well of, in order to induce her to return to it, were it but on pretence to direct her cloaths to be carried to Hamſtead.

The

The pretended Lady went on, ſaying, She had taken upon herſelf to inquire after the people, on hearing that I had left the houſe in diſguſt; and tho' ſhe heard not any-thing *much* amiſs, yet ſhe heard enough to make her wonder that he could carry his ſpouſe, a perſon of ſo much delicacy, to a houſe, that, if it had not a *bad* fame, had not a *good* one.

You muſt think, my dear, that I liked the pretended Lady Betty the better for this. I ſuppoſe it was deſigned I ſhould.

He was ſurpriſed, he ſaid, that her Ladyſhip ſhould hear a bad character of the people. It was what he had never before heard that they deſerved. It was eaſy, indeed, to ſee, that they had not very great delicacy, tho' they were not indelicate. The nature of their livelihood, letting lodgings, and taking people to board (and yet he had underſtood that they were nice in theſe particulars) led them to aim at being free and obliging: And it was difficult, he ſaid, for perſons of chearful diſpoſitions, ſo to behave, as to avoid cenſure: Openneſs of heart and countenance in the Sex (more was the pity) too often ſubjected good people, whoſe fortunes did not ſet them above the world, to uncharitable cenſure.

He wiſhed, however, that her Ladyſhip would tell *what* ſhe had heard: Altho' now it ſignified but little, becauſe he would never aſk me to ſet foot within their doors again: And he begged ſhe would not mince the matter.

Nay, no great matter, ſhe ſaid. But ſhe had been informed, that there were more women-lodgers in the houſe than men: Yet that their viſitors were more men than women. And this had been hinted to her (perhaps by ill-wiſhers, ſhe could not anſwer for that) in ſuch a way, as if ſomewhat further were meant by it than was ſpoken.

This, he ſaid, was the true innuendo-way of characterizing, uſed by detractors. Every-body and every-

every-thing had a black and a white ſide, of which well-wiſhers and ill-wiſhers may make their advantage. He had obſerved, that the front houſe was well lett, and he believed, more to the one Sex than to the other; for he had ſeen, occaſionally paſſing to and fro, ſeveral genteel modeſt-looking women; and who, it was very probable, were not ſo ill-beloved, but they might have viſitors and relations of both Sexes: But they were none of them any-thing to us, or we to them: We were not once in any of their companies: But in the genteeleſt and moſt retired houſe of the two, which we had in a manner to ourſelves, with the uſe of a parlour to the ſtreet, to ſerve us for a Servants Hall, or to receive common Viſitors, or our Traders only, whom we admitted not up-ſtairs.

He always loved to ſpeak as he found. No man in the world had ſuffered more from calumny than he himſelf had done.

Women, he owned, ought to be more ſcrupulous than men needed to be where they lodged. Nevertheleſs he wiſhed, that fact, rather than ſurmiſe, were to be the foundation of their judgments, eſpecially when they ſpoke of one another.

He meant no reflexion upon her Ladyſhip's informants, or rather *ſurmiſants* (as he might call them) be they who they would: Nor did he think himſelf obliged to defend characters impeached, or not thought well of, by women of virtue and honour. Neither were theſe people of importance enough to have ſo much ſaid about them.

The pretended Lady Betty ſaid, All who knew her, would clear her of cenſorioufneſs: That it gave her ſome opinion, ſhe muſt needs ſay, of the people, that he had continued there ſo long with me; that I had rather *negative* than *poſitive* reaſons of diſlike to them; and that ſo ſhrewd a man as ſhe heard Capt. Tomlinſon was, had not objected to them.

I think,

I think, Niece Charlotte, proceeded ſhe, as my Nephew has not parted with theſe lodgings, you and I (for, as my dear Miſs Harlowe diſlikes the people, I would not aſk *her* for her company) will take a diſh of tea with my Nephew there, before we go out of town; and then we ſhall ſee what ſort of people they are. I have heard, that Mrs. Sinclair is a mighty forbidding creature.

With all my heart, Madam. In *your Ladyſhip's* company I ſhall make no ſcruple of going any-whither.

It was *Ladyſhip* at every word; and as ſhe ſeemed proud of her title, and of her dreſs too, I might have gueſſed that ſhe was not uſed to *either*.

What ſay *you*, Couſin Lovelace? Lady Sarah, tho' a melancholy woman, is very inquiſitive about all your affairs. I muſt acquaint her with every particular circumſtance when I go down.

With all his heart. He would attend her whenever ſhe pleaſed. She would ſee very handſome apartments, and very civil people.

The duce is in them, ſaid *The* Miſs Montague if they appear other to us.

She then fell into Family talk; Family happineſs on my hoped-for acceſſion into it. They mentioned Lord M.'s and Lady Sarah's great deſire to ſee me: How many friends and admirers, with up-liſt hands, I ſhould have! [*O my dear, what a triumph muſt theſe creatures, and h, have over the poor devoted all the time!*]—What a happy man he would be!—They would not, *The* Lady Betty ſaid, give themſelves the Mortification but to ſuppoſe, that I ſhould not be one of Them!

Preſents were hinted at. She reſolved that I ſhould go with her to Glenham-Hall. She would not be refuſed, altho' ſhe were to ſtay a week beyond her time for me.

She

She longed for the expected Letter from you. I muſt write to haſten it, and to let Miſs Howe know how every-thing ſtood ſince I wrote laſt. That might diſpoſe me abſolutely in *her* favour and in her Nephew's; and then ſhe hoped there would be no occaſion for me to think of entering upon any new meaſures.

Indeed, my dear, I did at the time intend, if I heard not from you by morning, to diſpatch a man and horſe to you, with the particulars of *all*, that you might (if you thought proper) at leaſt, put off Mrs. Townſend's coming up to another day.—But I was miſerably prevented.

She made me promiſe, that I would write to you upon this ſubject, whether I heard from you, or not. One of her ſervants ſhould ride poſt with my Letter, and wait for Miſs Howe's Anſwer.

She then launched out in deſerved praiſes of you, my dear. How fond ſhe ſhould be of the honour of your acquaintance.

The pretended Miſs Montague joined in with her, as well for herſelf as for her Siſter.

Abominably well inſtructed were they both!

O my dear! What riſques may poor giddy girls run, when they throw themſelves out of the protection of their natural friends, and into the wide world?

They then talked again of Reconciliation and Intimacy with every one of my friends; with my Mother particularly; and gave the dear good Lady the praiſes that every one gives her, who has the happineſs to know her.

Ah, my dear Miſs Howe! I had almoſt forgot my reſentments againſt the pretended Nephew!—So many agreeable things ſaid, made me think, that, if you ſhould adviſe it, and if I could bring my mind to forgive the wretch for an outrage ſo *premeditatedly* vile, and could forbear deſpiſing him for that and his other ungrateful and wicked ways, I might not be unhappy

in

in an alliance with ſuch a family. Yet, thought I at the time, with what intermixtures does every thing come to me, that has the appearance of good!—— However, as my lucid hopes made me ſee fewer faults in the behaviour of theſe pretended Ladies, than recollection and abhorrence have helped me ſince to ſee, I began to reproach myſelf, that I had not at firſt thrown myſelf into their protection.

But amidſt all theſe delightful proſpects, I muſt not, ſaid *The* Lady Betty, forget, that I am to go to town.

She then ordered her coach to be got to the door—We will all go to town together, ſaid ſhe, and return together. Morriſon ſhall ſtay here, and ſee everything as I am uſed to have it, in relation to my apartment, and my bed; for I am very particular in ſome reſpects. My Couſin Leeſon's ſervants can do all I want to be done with regard to my night-dreſſes, and the like. And it will be a little airing for you, my dear, and a good opportunity for Mr. Lovelace to order what you want of your apparel to be ſent from your former lodgings to Mrs. Leeſon's; and we can bring it up with us from thence.

I had no intention to comply. But as I did not imagine that ſhe would inſiſt upon my going to town with them, I made no anſwer to that part of her ſpeech.

I muſt here lay down my tired pen!

Recollection! Heart-affecting Recollection! How it pains me!

LETTER XLVI.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

IN the midſt of theſe agreeableneſſes, the coach came to the door. The pretended Lady Betty beſought me to give them my company to their Couſin Leeſon's,

ſon's. I deſired to be excuſed: Yet ſuſpected nothing. She would not be denied. How happy would a viſit ſo condeſcending make her Couſin Leeſon!——Her Couſin Leeſon was not unworthy of my acquaintance: And would take it for the greateſt favour in the world.

I objected my dreſs. But the objection was not admitted. She beſpoke a Supper of Mrs. Moore to be ready at nine.

Mr. Lovelace, vile hypocrite, and wicked deceiver! ſeeing, as he ſaid, my diſlike to go, deſired her Ladyſhip not to inſiſt upon it.

Fondeſs for my company was pleaded. She begged me to oblige her: Made a motion to help me to my fan herſelf: And, in ſhort, was ſo very urgent, that my feet complied againſt my ſpeech, and my mind: And being, in a manner, led to the coach by her, and made to ſtep in firſt, ſhe followed me: and her pretended Niece, and the Wretch, followed her: And away it drove.

Nothing but the height of affectionate complaiſance paſſed all the way: Over and over, What a joy would this unexpected viſit give her Couſin Leeſon! What a pleaſure muſt it be to ſuch a mind as mine, to be able to give ſo much joy to every-body I came near!

The cruel, the ſavage ſeducer (as I have ſince recollected) was in rapture all the way; but yet ſuch a ſort of rapture, as he took viſible pains to check.

Hateful villain! How I abhor him!—What miſchief muſt be then in his plotting heart!—What a devoted victim muſt I be in all their eyes!

Though not pleaſed, I was nevertheleſs juſt then thoughtleſs of danger; they endeavouring thus to lift me up above all apprehenſions of that, and above myſelf too.

But think, my dear, what a dreadful turn all had upon me, when, through ſeveral ſtreets and ways I knew

knew nothing of, the coach ſlackening its pace, came within ſight of the dreadful houſe of the dreadfulleſt woman in the world; as ſhe proved to me.

Lord be good unto me! cried the poor fool, looking out of the coach—Mr. Lovelace!—Madam! turning to the pretended Lady Betty!—Madam! turning to the Niece; my hands and eyes liſted up—Lord be good unto me!

What! What! What! my dear.

He pulled the ſtring—What need to have come this way? ſaid he—But ſince we are, I will but aſk a queſtion—My deareſt life, *why* this apprehenſion?

The coachman ſtopped: *His* ſervant, who, with one of hers was behind, alighted—Aſk, ſaid he, if I have any Letters? Who knows, my deareſt creature, turning to me, but we may already have one from the Captain?—We will not go out of the Coach!—Fear nothing—Why ſo apprehenſive?—Oh! theſe fine ſpirits!—cry'd the execrable inſulter.

Dreadfully did my heart then miſgive me: I was ready to faint. Why this terror, my life? You ſhall not ſtir out of the coach—But one queſtion, now the fellow has drove us this way.

Your Lady will faint, cried the execrable Lady Betty, turning to him—My deareſt Niece! (Niece I *will* call you, taking my hand) we muſt alight, if you are ſo ill.—Let us alight—Only for a glaſs of water and hartſhorn—Indeed we muſt alight.

No, no, no—I am well—Quite well—Won't the man drive on?—I am well—quite well—Indeed I am.—*Man*, drive on, putting my head out of the coach—*Man*, drive on!—though my voice was too low to be heard.

The coach ſtopt at the door. How I trembled!

Dorcas came to the door, on its ſtopping.

My deareſt creature, ſaid the vile man, graſping, as it were for breath, you ſhall *not* alight—Any Letters for me, Dorcas?

There

There are two, Sir. And here is a gentleman, Mr. Belton, Sir, waits for your Honour; and has done ſo above an hour.

I'll juſt ſpeak to him. Open the door—You ſha'n't ſtep out, my dear—A Letter perhaps from the Captain already!—You ſha'n't ſtep out, my dear.

I ſighed, as if my heart would burſt.

But we *muſt* ſtep out, Nephew: Your Lady will faint. Maid, a glaſs of hartſhorn and water!—My dear, you *muſt* ſtep out—You will faint, child—We muſt cut your Laces.—[I believe my complexion was all manner of colours by turns]—Indeed, you muſt ſtep out, my dear.

He knew, he ſaid, I ſhould be well, the moment the coach drove from the door. I ſhould *not* alight. By his Soul, I ſhould not.

Lord, Lord, Nephew, Lord, Lord, Couſin, both women in a breath, what do you make about nothing! You *perſuade* your Lady to be afraid of alighting.—See you not, that ſhe is juſt fainting?

Indeed, Madam, ſaid the vile ſeducer, my deareſt Love muſt not be moved in this point againſt her will. I beg it may not be inſiſted upon.

Fiddle-faddle, fooliſh man—What a pother is here! I gueſs how it is: You are aſhamed to let us ſee what ſort of people you carried your Lady among—But do you go out, and ſpeak to your friend, and take your Letters.

He ſtept out; but ſhut the coach door after him, to oblige me.

The coach may go on, Madam, ſaid I.

The coach *ſhall* go on, my dear Life, ſaid he—But he gave not, nor intended to give, orders that it ſhould.

Let the coach go on! ſaid I—Mr. Lovelace may come after us.

Indeed, my dear, you are ill!—Indeed you muſt alight--Alight but for one quarter of an hour.—Alight but to give orders yourſelf about your things. Whom can

can you be afraid of in my company, and my Niece's? These people muſt have behaved ſhockingly to you! Pleaſe the Lord, I'll enquire into it!—I'll ſee what ſort of people they are?

Immediately came the old creature to the door. A thouſand pardons, dear Madam, ſtepping to the coach-ſide, if we have any way offended you—Be pleaſed, Ladies [to the other two] to alight.

Well, my dear, whiſpered *The* Lady Betty, I now find that an hideous deſcription of a perſon we never ſaw, is an advantage to them. I thought the woman was a monſter—But, really, ſhe ſeems tolerable.

I was afraid I ſhould have fallen into fits: But ſtill refuſed to go out—Man!—Man!—Man!—cried I, gaſpingly, my head out of the coach and in, by turns, half a dozen times running, drive on!—Let us go!

My heart miſgave me beyond the power of my own accounting for it; for ſtill I did not ſuſpect theſe women. But the antipathy I had taken to the vile houſe, and to find myſelf ſo near it, when I expected no ſuch matter, with the ſight of the old creature, all together made me behave like a diſtracted perſon.

The hartſhorn and water was brought. The pretended Lady Betty made me drink it. Heaven knows if there were any thing elſe in it!

Beſides, ſaid ſhe, whiſperingly, I muſt ſee what ſort of creatures the *Nieces* are. Want of delicacy cannot be hid from me. You could not ſurely, my dear, have this averſion to re-enter a houſe, for a few minutes, in our company, in which you lodged and boarded ſeveral weeks, unleſs theſe women could be ſo preſumptiouſly vile, as my Nephew ought not to know.

Out ſtept the pretended Lady; the ſervant, at her command, having opened the door.

Deareſt Madam, ſaid the other to me, let me follow you [for I was next the door. Fear nothing: I will not ſtir from your preſence.

Come,

Come, my dear, ſaid the pretended Lady: Give me your hand; holding out hers. Oblige me this once.

I will bleſs your footſteps, ſaid the old creature, if once more you honour my houſe with your preſence.

A croud by this time was gathered about us; but I was too much affected to mind that.

Again the pretended Miſs Montague urged me; ſtanding up as ready to go out as if I would give her room. Lord, my dear, ſaid ſhe, who can bear this croud?—What will people think?

The pretended Lady again paſſed me, with both her hands held out—Only, my dear, to give orders about your things.

And thus preſſed, and gazed at (for then I looked about me) the women ſo richly dreſſed, people whiſpering; in an evil moment, out ſtepped I, trembling, forced to lean with both my hands (frighted too much for ceremony) on the pretended Lady Betty's arm—O that I had dropped down dead upon the guilty threſhold!

We ſhall ſtay but a few minutes, my dear!—but a few minutes! ſaid the ſame ſpecious jilt—out of breath with her joy, as I have ſince thought, that they had thus triumphed over the unhappy victim!

Come, Mrs. Sinclair, I think your name is, ſhew us the way——following her, and leading me. I am very thirſty. You have frighted me, my dear, with your ſtrange fears. I muſt have tea made, if it can be done in a moment. We have farther to go, Mrs. Sinclair, and muſt return to Hamſtead this night.

It ſhall be ready in a moment, cried the wretch. We have water boiling.

Haſten, then—Come, my dear, to me, as ſhe led me through the paſſage to the fatal inner houſe—Lean upon me—how you tremble!—how you falter in your ſteps!—Deareſt Niece Lovelace [the old wretch being in hearing] why theſe hurries upon your ſpirits?—We'll be gone in a minute.

And thus ſhe led the poor Sacrifice into the old wretch's too well known parlour.

Never was any-body ſo gentle, ſo meek, ſo low-voiced, as the odious woman; drawling out, in a puling accent, all the obliging things ſhe could ſay: Awed, I then thought, by the conſcious dignity of a woman of quality; glittering with jewels.

The called-for Tea was ready preſently.

There was no Mr. Belton, I believe: For the wretch went not to any body, unleſs it were while we were parlying in the coach. No ſuch perſon, however, appeared at the Tea-table.

I was made to drink two diſhes, with milk, complaiſantly urged by the pretended Ladies helping me each to one. I was ſtupid to their hands; and, when I took the Tea, almoſt choaked with vapours; and could hardly ſwallow.

I thought, *tranſiently* thought, that the Tea, the laſt diſh particularly, had an odd taſte. They, on my palating it, obſerved, that the milk was *London-milk*; far ſhort in goodneſs of what they were accuſtomed to from their own dairies.

I have no doubt, that my two diſhes, and perhaps my hartſhorn, were prepared for me; in which caſe it was more proper for their purpoſe, that *they* ſhould help me, than that I ſhould help *myſelf*. Ill before, I found myſelf ſtill more and more diſordered in my head; a heavy torpid pain increaſing faſt upon me. But I imputed it to my terror.

Nevertheleſs, at the pretended Ladies motion, I went up-ſtairs, attended by Dorcas; who affected to weep for joy, that ſhe once more ſaw my *bleſſed* face; that was the vile creature's word; and immediately I ſet about taking out ſome of my cloaths, ordering what ſhould be put up, and what ſent after me.

While I was thus employed, up came the pretended Lady Betty, in a hurrying way——My dear, you won't be long before you are ready. My Ne-

phew is very buſy in writing Anſwers to his Letters: So, I'll juſt whip away, and change my dreſs, and call upon you in an inſtant.

O Madam!—I *am* ready! I am *now* ready!—You muſt not leave me here. And down I ſunk, affrighted, into a chair.

This inſtant, this inſtant, I will return—Before you can be ready—Before you can have packed up your things—We would not be late—The robbers we have heard of may be out—Don't let us be late.

And away ſhe hurried before I could ſay another word. Her pretended Niece went with her, without taking notice to me of her going.

I had no ſuſpicion yet, that theſe women were not indeed the Ladies they perſonated; and I blamed myſelf for my weak fears.—It cannot *be*, thought I, that *ſuch* Ladies will abet treachery againſt a poor creature they are ſo fond of. They muſt undoubtedly *be* the perſons they *appear* to be—What folly to doubt it! The air, the dreſs, the dignity, of women of quality. How unworthy of them, and of my charity, concluded I, is this ungenerous ſhadow of ſuſpicion!

So, recovering my ſtupefied ſpirits, as well as they could be recovered (for I was heavier and heavier; and wondered to Dorcas, what ailed me; rubbing my eyes, and taking ſome of her ſnuff, pinch after pinch, to very little purpoſe) I purſued my employment: But when that was over, all packed up that I deſigned to be packed up; and I had nothing to do but to *think*; and found them tarry ſo long; I thought I ſhould have gone diſtracted. I ſhut myſelf into the chamber that had been mine; I kneeled, I prayed; yet knew not what I prayed for: Then ran out again: It was almoſt dark night, I ſaid: Where, where, where was Mr Lovelace?

He came to me, taking no notice at firſt of my conſternation and wildneſs [What they had given me

me made me incoherent and wild]; All goes well, ſaid he, my dear!—A line from Capt. Tomlinſon!

All indeed did go well for the villainous project of the moſt cruel and moſt villainous of men!

I *demanded* his Aunt!—I *demanded* his Couſin!—The evening, I ſaid, was cloſing!—My head was very, *very* bad, I remember, I ſaid—And it grew worſe and worſe.——

Terror, however, as yet kept up my ſpirits; and I inſiſted upon his going himſelf to haſten them.

He called his ſervant. He raved at the *Sex* for *their* delay: 'Twas well that buſineſs of conſequence ſeldom depended upon ſuch parading, unpunctual triflers!

His ſervant came.

He ordered him to fly to his Couſin Leeſon's, and to let Lady Betty and his Couſin know how uneaſy we both were at their delay: Adding of his own accord. Deſire them, if they don't come inſtantly, to ſend their coach, and we will go without them. Tell them I wonder they'll ſerve me ſo!

I thought this was conſiderately and fairly put. But now, indifferent as my head was, I had a little time to conſider the man and his behaviour. He terrified me with his looks, and with his violent emotions, as he gazed upon me. Evident *joy-ſuppreſſed* emotions, as I have ſince recollected. His ſentences ſhort, and pronounced as if his breath were touched. Never ſaw I his abominable eyes look, as then they looked—Triumph in them!—Fierce and wild; and more diſagreeable than the women's at the vile houſe appeared to me when I firſt ſaw them: And at times, ſuch a leering, miſchief-boding caſt!—I would have given the world to have been an hundred miles from him. Yet his behaviour was decent—A decency, however, that I might have ſeen to be ſtruggled for—For he ſnatched my hand two or three times, with a vehemence in his graſp that hurt me; ſpeaking words of

tenderneſs through his ſhut teeth, as it ſeemed; and let it go with a beggar-voiced humbled accent, like the vile woman's juſt before; half-inward; yet his words and manner carrying the appearance of ſtrong, and almoſt convulſed paſſion!—O my dear! What miſchief was he not then meditating!

I complained once or twice of thirſt. My mouth ſeemed parched. At the time, I ſuppoſe, that it was my terror (gaſping often as I did for breath) that parched up the roof of my mouth. I called for water: Some table-beer was brought me: Beer, I ſuppoſe, was a better vehicle (if I were not dozed enough before) for their potions. I told the maid, That ſhe knew I ſeldom taſted malt-liquor: Yet, ſuſpecting nothing of this nature, being extremely thirſty, I drank it, as what came next: And inſtantly, as it were, found myſelf much worſe than before: as if inebriated, I ſhould fancy: I know not how.

His ſervant was gone twice as long as he needed: And juſt before his return, came one of the pretended Lady Betty's, with a Letter for Mr. Lovelace.

He ſent it up to me. I read it: And then it was that I thought myſelf a loſt creature; it being to put off her going to Hamſtead that night, on account of violent Fits which Miſs Montague was pretended to be ſeized with; for then immediately came into my head his vile attempt upon me in this houſe; the revenge that my flight might too probably inſpire him with on that occaſion, and becauſe of the difficulty I made to forgive him, and to be reconciled to him; his very looks wild and dreadful to me; and the women of the houſe ſuch as I had more reaſon than ever, even from the pretended Lady Betty's hint, to be afraid of: All theſe crouding together in my apprehenſive mind, I fell into a kind of phrenſy.

I have not remembrance how I was, for the time it laſted: But I know, that in my firſt agitations, I pulled off my head-dreſs, and tore my ruffles in twenty tatters, and ran to find him out. When

When a little recovered, I inſiſted upon the hint he had given of their coach. But the meſſenger, he ſaid, had told him, that it was ſent to fetch a phyſician, leſt his chariot ſhould be put up, or not ready.

I then inſiſted upon going directly to Lady Betty's lodgings.

Mrs. Leeſon's was now a crouded houſe, he ſaid: And as my earneſtneſs could be owing to nothing but groundleſs apprehenſion, [And O what vows, what proteſtations of his honour, did he then make!] he hoped I would not add to their preſent concern. Charlotte, indeed, was uſed to Fits, he ſaid, upon any great ſurprizes, whether of joy or grief; and they would hold her for a week together, if not got off in a few hours.

You are an *obſerver of eyes*, my dear, ſaid the villain; perhaps in ſecret inſult: Saw you not in Miſs Montague's now-and-then at Hamſtead, ſomething wildiſh? I was afraid for her then. Silence and quiet only do her good: Your Concern for *her*, and her Love for *you*, will but augment the poor girl's diſorder, if you ſhould go.

All impatient with grief and apprehenſion, I ſtill declared myſelf reſolved not to ſtay in that houſe till morning. All I had in the world, my rings, my watch, my little money, for a coach; or, if one were not to be got, I would go on foot to Hamſtead that night, though I walked it by myſelf.

A coach was hereupon ſent for, or pretended to be ſent for. Any price, he ſaid, he would give to oblige me, late as it was; and he would attend me with all his ſoul. But no coach was to be got.

Let me cut ſhort the reſt. I grew worſe and worſe in my head; now ſtupid, now raving, now ſenſeleſs. The vileſt of vile women was brought to frighten me. Never was there ſo horrible a creature as ſhe appeared to me at this time.

I remember, I pleaded for mercy. I remember

that I ſaid *I would be his—Indeed I would be his*—to obtain his mercy. But no mercy found I! My ſtrength, my intellects, failed me—And then ſuch ſcenes followed—O my dear, ſuch dreadful ſcenes!—Fits upon Fits (faintly indeed and imperfectly remembered) procuring me no compaſſion—But death was with-he'd from me. That would have been too great a mercy!

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Thus was I tricked and deluded back by blacker hearts of my own Sex, than I thought there were in the world; who appeared to me to be perſons of honour: And, when in his power, thus barbarouſly was I treated by this villainous man!

I was ſo ſenſeleſs, that I dare not aver, that the horrid creatures of the houſe were perſonally aiding and abetting: But ſome viſionary remembrances I have of female figures, flitting, as I may ſay, before my ſight? the wretched woman's particularly. But as theſe confuſed ideas might be owing to the terror I had conceived of the worſe than maſculine violence ſhe had been permitted to aſſume to me, for expreſſing my abhorrence of her houſe; and as what I ſuffered from his barbarity wants not that aggravation; I will ſay no more on a ſubject ſo ſhocking as this muſt ever be to my remembrance.

I never ſaw the perſonating wretches afterwards. He perſiſted to the laſt (dreadfully invoking Heaven as a witneſs to the truth of his aſſertion) that they were really and truly the Ladies they pretended to be; declaring, that they could not take leave of me, when they left the town, becauſe of the ſtate of ſenſeleſſneſs and phrenzy I was in. For their inxtoxicating, or rather ſtupefying, potions had almoſt deleterious effects upon my intellects, as I have hinted; inſomuch that, for ſeveral days together, I was under a ſtrange delirium; now moping, now dozing, now weeping, now raving, now ſcribbling, tearing what I ſcribbled, as faſt as I wrote it: *Moſt* miſerable when now-

now-and-then a ray of reaſon brought confuſedly to my remembrance what I had ſuffered.

LETTER XLVII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE; *In Continuation.*

THE Lady next gives an account,

Of her recovery from her delirium and ſleepy diſorder:

Of her attempt to get away in his abſence:

Of the converſations that followed, at his return, between them:

Of the guilty figure he made:

Of her reſolution not to have him:

Of her ſeveral efforts to eſcape:

Of her treaty with Dorcas to aſſiſt her in it:

Of Dorcas's dropping the promiſory note, undoubtedly, as ſhe ſays, on purpoſe to betray her:

Of her triumph over all the creatures of the houſe, aſſembled to terrify her; and perhaps to commit freſh outrages upon her:

Of his ſetting out for M. Hall:

Of his repeated Letters to induce her to meet him at the Altar, on her Uncle's Anniverſary:

Of her determined ſilence to them all:

Of her ſecond Eſcape, effected, *as ſhe ſays*, contrary to her own expectation: That attempt being at firſt but the intended prelude to a more promiſing one, which ſhe had formed in her mind:

And of other particulars; which being to be found in Mr. Lovelace's Letters preceding, and the Letter of his friend Belford, are omitted. She then proceeds:

The very hour that I found myſelf in a place of ſafety, I took pen to write to you. When I began, I deſigned only to write ſix or eight lines, to enquire

after your health: For, having heard nothing from you, I feared *indeed*, that you *had been*, and *ſtill were*, too ill to write. But no ſooner did my pen begin to blot the paper, but my ſad heart hurried it into length. The apprehenſions I had lain under, that I ſhould not be able to get away; the fatigue I had in effecting my eſcape: the difficulty of procuring a lodging for myſelf; having diſliked the people of two houſes, and thoſe of a third diſliking me; for you muſt think I made a frighted appearance—Theſe, together with the recollection of what I had ſuffered from him, and my farther apprehenſions of my inſecurity, and my deſolate circumſtances had ſo diſordered me, that I remember I rambled ſtrangely in that Letter.

In ſhort, I thought it, on re-peruſal, a half-diſtracted one: But I then deſpaired (were I to begin again) of writing better: So I let it go: And can have no excuſe for directing it as I did, if the cauſe of the incoherence in it will not furniſh me with a very pitiable one.

The Letter I received from your Mother was a dreadful blow to me. But nevertheleſs it had the good effect upon me (labouring, as I did juſt then, under a violent Fit of vapouriſh deſpondency, and almoſt yielding to it) which profuſe bleeding and bliſterings have in paralytical or apoplectical ſtrokes; reviving my attention, and reſtoring me to ſpirits to combat the evils I was ſurrounded by—Sluicing off, and diverting into a new channel (if I may be allowed another metaphor) the overcharging woes which threatened once more to overwhelm my intellects.

But yet I moſt ſincerely lamented (and ſtill lament) in your Mother's words, *That I cannot be unhappy by myſelf*: And was grieved, not only for the trouble I had given you before; but for the new one I had brought upon you by my inattention.

She then gives the Subſtance of the Letters ſhe wrote to Mrs. Norton, to Lady Betty Lawrance, and to Mrs. Hodges; as alſo of their Anſwers; whereby ſhe detected all Mr. Lovelace's impoſtures. She proceeds as follows:

I cannot, however, forbear to wonder how the vile Tomlinſon could come at the knowledge of ſeveral of the things he told me of, and which contributed to give me confidence in him (*a*).

I doubt not, that the Stories of Mrs. Fretchville, and her Houſe, would be found as vile impoſtures as any of the reſt, were I to enquire; and had I not enough, and too much, already againſt the perjured man.

How have I been led on!—What will be the end of ſuch a falſe and perjured creature! Heaven not leſs profaned and defied by him, than myſelf deceived and abuſed! This, however, againſt myſelf I muſt ſay, That if what I have ſuffered be the natural conſequence of my firſt error, I never can forgive *myſelf*, although you are ſo partial in my favour, as to ſay, that I was not cenſurable for what paſſed before my firſt Eſcape.

And now, honoured Madam, and my deareſt Miſs Howe, who are to ſit in judgment upon my caſe, permit me to lay down my pen with one requeſt, which, with the greateſt earneſtneſs, I make to you both: And that is, That you will neither of you open your lips in relation to the potions and the violences I have hinted at.—Not that I am ſolicitous, that my diſgrace ſhould be hidden from the world, or that it ſhould not be generally known, that the man has proved a villain to me: For this, it ſeems, every-body but my-

(*a*) The attentive Reader need not be referred back for what the Lady nevertheleſs could not account for, as ſhe knew not that Mr. Lovelace had come at Miſs Howe's Letters; particularly that in Vol. IV. p. 76, & ſeq. which he comments upon p. 181, & ſeq. of the ſame Volume.

ſelf expected from his character. But ſuppoſe, as his actions by me are really of a *capital nature*, it were inſiſted upon, that I ſhould appear to proſecute him and his accomplices in a Court of Juſtice, how do you think I could bear That?

But ſince my Character, *before* the capital enormity, was loſt in the eye of the world; and That from the very hour I left my Father's houſe; and ſince all my own hopes of worldly happineſs are entirely over; Let me ſlide quietly into my grave; and let it not be remembred, except by one friendly tear, and no more, dropt from your gentle eye, mine own dear Anna Howe, on the happy day that ſhall ſhut up all my ſorrows, that there was ſuch a creature as

Saturday, July 8. CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XLVIII.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Sunday, July 9.

MAY heaven ſignalize its vengeance, in the face of all the world upon the moſt abandoned and profligate of men!—And in its own time, I doubt not but it will.—And we muſt look to a WORLD BEYOND THIS for the Reward of your Sufferings!

Another ſhocking detection, my dear!—How have you been deluded!—Very watchful I have thought you; very ſagacious:—But, alas! not watchful, not ſagacious enough, for the horrid villain you have had to deal with!——

The Letter you ſent me incloſed as mine, of the 7th of June, is a villainous forgery (*a*). The Hand, indeed, is aſtoniſhingly like mine; and the Cover, I ſee, is actually my Cover: But yet the Letter is not ſo exactly imitated, but that (had you had any ſuſpicions about his vileneſs at the time) you, who ſo well know my hand, might have detected it.

(*a*) See Vol. V. p. 154, & ſeq.

In

In ſhort, this vile forged Letter, tho' a long one, contains but a few extracts from mine. Mine was a *very* long one. He has omitted every-thing, I ſee, in it, that could have ſhewn you what a deteſtable houſe the houſe is; and given you ſuſpicions of the vile Tomlinſon.—You will ſee this, and how he has turned Miſs Lardner's information, and my advices to you [execrable villain!] to his own horrid ends, by the rough draught of the genuine Letter, which I ſhall incloſe *(a)*.

Apprehenſive for *both* our ſafeties from the villainy of ſuch a daring and profligate contriver, I muſt call upon you, my dear, to reſolve upon taking Legal vengeance of the infernal wretch. And this not only for our own ſakes, but for the ſakes of innocents who otherwiſe may yet be deluded and outraged by him.

She then gives the particulars of the report made by the young fellow whom ſhe ſent to Hamſtead with her Letter; and who ſuppoſed he had delivered it into her own hand (6); *and then proceeds:*

I am aſtoniſhed, that the vile wretch, who could know nothing of the time my meſſenger (whoſe honeſty I can vouch for) would come, could have a creature ready to perſonate you! Strange, that the man ſhould happen to arrive juſt as you were gone to Church (as I find was the fact, on comparing what he ſays with your hint that you were at Church twice that day) when he might have got to Mrs. Moore's two hours before!—But had you told me, my dear, that the villain had found you out, and was about you!—You ſhould have done that—Yet, I blame you upon a judgment founded on the *Event* only!

I never had any faith in the Stories that go current among country Girls, of Spectres, Familiars, and Demons; yet I ſee not any other way to account for

(a) See Vol. V. p. 30, & ſeq.
(b) Ibid. p. 239, & ſeq.

this wretch's ſucceſsful villainy, and for his means of working up his ſpecious deluſions, but by ſuppoſing (if he be not the Devil himſelf) that he has a Familiar conſtantly at his elbow. Sometimes it ſeems to me, that this Familiar aſſumes the ſhape of that ſolemn villain Tomlinſon: Sometimes that of the execrable Sinclair, as he calls her: Sometimes it is permitted to take that of Lady Betty Lawrence—But, when it would aſſume the angelic ſhape and mien of my beloved friend, ſee what a bloated figure it made!

'Tis my opinion, my dear, that you will be no longer ſafe where you are, than while the V. is in the country. Words are poor!—or how could I execrate him! I have hardly any doubt, that he has ſold himſelf for a time. O may the time be ſhort!—Or may his infernal prompter no more keep covenant with him, than he does with others!

I encloſe not only the rough draught of my long Letter mentioned above; but the heads of that which the young fellow thought he delivered into your own hands at Hamſtead. And when you have peruſed them, I will leave you to judge, how much reaſon I had to be ſurpriſed, that you wrote me not an Anſwer to either of thoſe Letters; one of which you owned you had received (tho' it proved to be his forged one); the other delivered into your own hands, as I was aſſured; and both of them of ſo much concern to your honour; and ſtill how much more ſurpriſed I muſt be, when I received a Letter from Mrs. Townſend, dated June 15. from Hamſtead, importing, "That Mr. Lovelace, who had been with you "ſeveraldays, had, on the Monday before, brought "Lady Betty and his Couſin, richly dreſſed, and in "a coach and four to viſit you: Who, with your "own conſent, had carried you to town with them "— to your former lodgings; where you ſtill were: "That the Hamſtead women believed you to be "married; and reflected upon me as a fomenter of

"differences between Man and Wife: That he "himſelf was at Hamſtead the day before; viz. Wed-"neſday the 14th; and boaſted of his happineſs with "you; inviting Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Bevis, and Miſs "Rawlins, to go to town, to viſit his ſpouſe; which "they promiſed to do: That he declared, that you "were entirely reconciled to your former lodgings: "—And that, finally, the women at Hamſtead told "Mrs. Townſend, that he had very handſomely diſ-"charged theirs."

I own to you, my dear, that I was ſo much ſurpriſed and diſguſted at theſe appearances againſt a conduct till then unexceptionable, that I was reſolved to make myſelf as eaſy as I could, and wait till you ſhould think fit to write to me. But I could rein-in my impatience but for a few days; and on the 20th of June I wrote a ſharp Letter to you; which I find you did not receive.

What a fatality, my dear, has appeared in your caſe, from the very beginning till this hour! Had my Mother permitted——

But can I blame *her*; when you have a *Father* and *Mother* living, who have ſo much to anſwer for?—So much!—as no Father and Mother, conſidering the Child they have driven, perſecuted, expoſed, renounced—ever had to anſwer for!

But again I muſt execrate the abandoned villain—Yet, as I ſaid before, *all* words are poor, and beneath the occaſion.

But ſee we not, in the horrid perjuries and treachery of this man, what Rakes and Libertines will do, when they get a young creature into their power! It is probable, that he might have the intolerable preſumption to hope an eaſier conqueſt: But, when your unexampled vigilance and exalted virtue made Potions, and Rapes, and the utmoſt Violences, neceſſary to the attainment of his deteſtable end, we ſee that he never boggled at them. I have no doubt,

that

that the ſame or equal wickedneſs would be *oftener* committed by men of his villainous caſt, if the folly and credulity of the poor inconſiderates who throw themſelves into their hands, did not give them an eaſier triumph.

With what comfort muſt thoſe parents reflect upon theſe things, who have happily diſpoſed of their Daughters in marriage to a virtuous man! And how happy the young women who find themſelves ſafe in a worthy protection!—If ſuch a perſon as Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe could not eſcape, who can be ſecure?—Since, tho' every Rake is not a LOVELACE, neither is every Woman a CLARISSA: And his attempts were but proportioned to your reſiſtance and vigilance.

My mother has commanded me to let you know her thoughts upon the whole of your ſad Story. I will do it in another Letter; and ſend it to you with this, by a ſpecial meſſenger.

But, for the future, if you approve of it, I will ſend my Letters by the uſual hand (Collins's) to be left at the Saracen's Head on Snow-hill: Whither you may ſend yours (as we both uſed to do, to Wilſon's) except ſuch as we ſhall think fit to tranſmit by the Poſt: Which I am afraid, after my next, muſt be directed to Mr. Hickman, as before: Since my mother is for fixing a condition to our correſpondence, which, I doubt, you will not comply with, though I wiſh you would. This condition I ſhall acquaint you with by-and-by.

Mean time, begging excuſe for all the harſh things in my laſt, of which your ſweet meekneſs and ſuperior greatneſs of Soul have now made me moſt heartily aſhamed, I beſeech you, my deareſt creature, to believe me to be,

Your truly ſympathiſing
and unalterable Friend,

ANNA HOWE.

LET-

LETTER XLIX.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Monday, July 10.

I Now, my deareſt friend, reſume my pen, to obey my Mother, in giving you her opinion upon your unhappy Story.

She ſtill harps upon the old ſtring, and will have it, that all your calamities are owing to your firſt fatal ſtep; for ſhe believes (what I cannot) that your relations had intended after one general trial more, to comply with your averſion, if they had found it as riveted a one, as, let me ſay, it was a folly to ſuppoſe it would not be found to be, after ſo many *ridicuouſly* repeated experiments.

As to your latter ſufferings from that vileſt of miſcreants, ſhe is unalterably of opinion, that if all be as you have related (which ſhe doubts not) with regard to the Potions, and to the Violences you have ſuſtained, you ought, by all means, to ſet on foot a proſecution againſt him, and againſt his deviliſh accomplices.

She aſks, What Murderers, what Raviſhers, would be brought to juſtice, if *Modeſty* were to be a general plea, and allowable, againſt appearing in a Court to proſecute?

She ſays, that the good of Society requires, that ſuch a Beaſt of Prey ſhould be hunted out of it: And, if you do not proſecute him, ſhe thinks you will be anſwerable for all the miſchiefs he may do in the courſe of his future villainous life.

Will it be thought, Nancy, ſaid ſhe, that Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe can be in earneſt, when ſhe ſays, ſhe is not ſolicitous to have her diſgraces concealed from the world, if ſhe be afraid or aſhamed to appear in Court, to do juſtice to herſelf and her Sex againſt him? Will it not be rather ſurmiſed, that ſhe may be

be apprehenſive, that ſome Weakneſs, or lurking Love, will appear upon the Trial of the ſtrange Cauſe? If, inferred ſhe, ſuch complicated villainy as this (where Perjury, Potions, Forgery, Subornation, are all combined to effect the ruin of an innocent creature, and to diſhonour a family of eminence, and where thoſe very crimes, as may be ſuppoſed, are proofs of her innocence) is to go off with impunity, what caſe will deſerve to be brought into judgment; or what malefactor ought to be hanged?

Then ſhe thinks, and ſo do I, that the vile creatures, his Accomplices, ought, by all means, to be brought to condign puniſhment, as they muſt and will be, upon bringing him to his Trial: And this may be a means to blow up and root out a whole Neſt of Vipers, and ſave many innocent creatures.

She added, That if Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe could be ſo indifferent about having this public juſtice done upon ſuch a wretch for her *own* ſake, ſhe ought to overcome her ſcruples out of regard to her Family, her Acquaintance, and her Sex, which are all highly injured and ſcandalized by his villainy to her.

For her own part, ſhe declares, That, were *ſhe* your Mother, ſhe would forgive you upon no other terms: And, upon your compliance with theſe, ſhe herſelf will undertake to reconcile all your family to you.

Theſe, my dear, are my Mother's ſentiments upon your ſad Story.

I cannot ſay, but there are reaſon and juſtice in them: And it is my opinion, that it would be very right for the Law to *oblige* an injured woman to proſecute, and to make ſeduction on the man's part capital, where *his* ſtudied baſeneſs, and no fault in *her will*, appeared.

To this purpoſe the cuſtom in the Iſle of Man is a very good one——

'If a ſingle woman there proſecutes a ſingle man 'for a Rape, the Eccleſiaſtical Judges impanel a 'Jury;

'Jury; and, if this Jury find him guilty, he is re-'turned *guilty* to the Temporal Courts: Where, if 'he be convicted, the Deemſter, or Judge, delivers 'to the woman a Rope, a Sword, and a Ring; and 'ſhe has it in her choice to have him hanged, be-'headed, or to marry him.'

One of the two former, I think, ſhould always be her option.

I long for the full particulars of your Story. You muſt have but too much time upon your hands, for a mind ſo active as yours, if tolerable health and ſpirits be afforded you.

The villainy of the worſt of men, and the virtue of the moſt excellent of women, I expect will be exemplified in it, were it to be written in the ſame connected and particular manner, in which you uſed to write to me.

Try for it, my deareſt friend; and ſince you cannot give the *Example* without the *Warning*, give *both*, for the ſakes of all thoſe who ſhall hear of your unhappy fate; beginning from yours of June 5, your proſpects then not diſagreeable. I pity you for the taſk; tho' I cannot willingly exempt you from it.

* * * * *

MY Mother will have me add, That ſhe muſt *inſiſt* upon your proſecuting the Villain. She repeats, that ſhe makes that a condition on which ſhe permits our future correſpondence. Let me therefore know your thoughts upon it. I aſked her, if ſhe would be willing, that I ſhould appear to ſupport you in Court, if you complied?—By all means, ſhe ſaid, if that would induce you to begin with him, and with the horrid women. I think I could attend you, I am *ſure* I could, were there but a probability of bringing the monſter to his deſerved end.

Once more your thoughts of it, ſuppoſing it were to meet with the approbation of your relations?

But whatever be your determination on this head,

it

it ſhall be my conſtant prayer, That God will give you patience to bear your heavy afflictions, as a perſon ought to do who has not brought them upon herſelf by a faulty will; that He will ſpeak peace and comfort to your wounded mind; and give you many happy years. I am, and ever will be,

Your affectionate and faithful

ANNA HOWE.

The two preceding Letters were ſent by a ſpecial meſſenger: In the Cover were written the following lines:

Monday, July 10.

I Cannot, my deareſt friend, ſuffer the incloſed to go unaccompanied by a few lines, to ſignify to you, that they are both leſs tender in ſome places, than I would have written, had they not been to paſs my Mother's inſpection. The principal reaſon, however, of my writing thus ſeparately, is, To beg of you to permit me to ſend you money and neceſſaries; which you muſt needs want: And that you will let me know, if either I, or *any body I can influence*, can be of ſervice to you. I am exceſſively apprehenſive, that you are not enough out of the villain's reach where you are. Yet London, I am perſuaded is the place of all others, to be private in.

I could tear my hair for vexation, that I have it not in my power to afford you *perſonal* protection!—I am,

Your ever devoted

ANNA HOWE.

Once more forgive me, my deareſt creature, for my barbarous tauntings in mine of the 5th! yet I can hardly forgive myſelf. I to be ſo cruel, yet to know you ſo well!—Whence, whence, had I this vile impatiency of ſpirit!—

LET-

LETTER L.

Miſs Clarissa Harlowe, *To Miſs* Howe.

Tueſday, July 11.

FORGIVE you, my dear!—Moſt cordially do I forgive you—Will you forgive me for ſome ſharp things I wrote in return to yours of the 5th? You could not have loved me as you do, nor had the concern you have always ſhewn for my Honour, if you had not been utterly diſpleaſed with me, on the appearance which my conduct wore to you when you wrote that Letter. I moſt heartily thank you, my beſt and only Love, for the opportunity you gave me of clearing it up; and for being generouſly ready to acquit me of intentional blame, the moment you had read my melancholy Narrative.

As you are ſo earneſt to have all the particulars of my ſad Story before you, I will, if life and ſpirits be lent me, give you an ample account of all that has befallen me, from the time you mention. But this, it is very probable, you will not ſee, till after the cloſe of my laſt ſcene: And as I ſhall write with a view to that, I hope no other voucher will be wanted for the veracity of the Writer, be who will the Reader.

I am far from thinking myſelf out of the reach of this man's further violence. But what can I do? Whither can I fly?—Perhaps my bad State of Health (which muſt grow worſe, as recollection of the paſt evils, and reflexions upon them, grow heavier and heavier upon me) may be my protection. Once, indeed, I thought of going abroad; and had I the proſpect of many years before me, I would go—But, my dear, the Blow is given.—Nor have you reaſon, now, circumſtanced as I am, to be concerned that it is. What a heart muſt I have, if it be not broken—And indeed, my *dear* friend, I do ſo earneſtly

neſſly wiſh for the laſt cloſing ſcene, and with ſo much comfort find myſelf in a declining way, that I even ſometimes ungratefully regret that naturally healthy conſtitution, which uſed to double upon me all my enjoyments.

As to the earneſtly recommended proſecution, I may poſſibly touch upon it more largely hereafter, if ever I ſhall have better ſpirits; for they are at preſent extremely ſunk and low. But, juſt now, I will only ſay, that I would ſooner ſuffer every evil (the repetition of the capital one excepted) than appear publicly in a Court to do myſelf juſtice (*a*). And I am heartily grieved, that your Mother preſcribes ſuch a meaſure as the condition of our future correſpondence: for the continuance of your friendſhip, my dear, and the deſire I had to correſpond with you to my life's end, were all my remaining hopes and conſolation. Nevertheleſs, as that friendſhip is in the power of the *heart*, not of the *hand* only, I hope I ſhall not forfeit that.

O my dear! what would I give to obtain a revocation of my father's malediction! A Reconciliation is not to be hoped for. You, who never loved my Father, may think my ſolicitude on this head a weakneſs: But the *motive* for it, ſunk as my ſpirits *at times* are, is not, *always* weak.

* * * * *

I APPROVE of the method you preſcribe for the conveyance of our Letters; and have already cauſed the Porter of the Inn to be engaged to bring to me yours, the moment that Collins arrives with them. And the ſervant of the houſe where I am, will be permitted to carry mine to Collins for you.

I have written a Letter to Miſs Rawlins of Hamſtead; the Anſwer to which, juſt now received, has

(*a*) Dr. Lewen, in Letter lviii. of Vol. VII. preſſes her to this public proſecution, by arguments worthy of his character: which ſhe anſwers in a manner worthy of hers. See Letter lix. of that Volume.

helped

helped me to the knowledge of the vile contrivance, by which this wicked man got your Letter of June the 10th. I will give you the contents of both.

In mine to her, I briefly acquainted her 'with what 'had befallen me, thro' the vileneſs of the women 'who had been paſſed upon me, as the Aunt and 'Couſin of the wickedeſt of men; and own, that I 'never was married to him. I deſire her to make 'particular enquiry, and to let me know, who it 'was at Mrs. Moore's, that on Sunday Afternoon, 'June 11, while I was at Church, received a Letter 'from Miſs Howe, pretending to be me, and lying 'on a Couch:—Which Letter, had it come to my 'hands, would have ſaved me from ruin. I excuſe 'myſelf (on the ſcore of the delirium, which the 'horrid uſage I had received threw me into, and 'from a confinement as barbarous as illegal) that I 'had not before applied to Mrs. Moore, for an ac-'count of what I was indebted to her: Which ac-'count I now deſired. And, for fear of being traced 'by Mr. Lovelace, I directed her to ſuperſcribe her 'Anſwer, To Mrs. Mary Atkins; to be left till 'called for, at the Belle Savage Inn, on Ludgate-'Hill.'

In her Anſwer, ſhe tells me, 'that the vile wretch 'prevailed upon Mrs. Bevis to perſonate me [A ſud-'den motion of his, it ſeems, on the appearance of 'your meſſenger] and perſuaded her to lie along on a 'couch: A handkerchief over her neck and face; pre-'tending to be ill; the credulous woman drawn in 'by falſe notions of your ill offices to keep up a va-'riance between a man and his wife—and ſo taking 'the Letter from your meſſenger as me.

'Miſs Rawlins takes pains to excuſe Mrs. Bevis's 'intention. She expreſſes their aſtoniſhment and 'concern at what I communicate: But is glad, how-'ever, and ſo they are all, that they know in time 'the vileneſs of the baſe man; the two widows and

'herſelf

'herſelf having, at his earneſt invitation, deſigned me 'a viſit at Mrs. Sinclair's; ſuppoſing all to be happy 'between him and me; as he aſſured them was the 'caſe. Mr. Lovelace ſhe informs me, had hand-'ſomely ſatisfied Mrs. Moore. And Miſs Rawlins con-'cludes with wiſhing to be favoured with the parti-'culars of ſo extraordinary a Story, as theſe particulars 'may be of uſe, to let her ſee what wicked creatures '(women as as well as men) there are in the world.'

I thank you, my dear, for the draughts of your two Letters which were intercepted by this horrid man. I ſee the great advantage they were of to him, in the proſecution of his villainous deſigns againſt the poor wretch whom he ſo has long made the ſport of his abhorred inventions.

Let me repeat, that I am quite ſick of life; and of an earth, in which *innocent* and *benevolent* ſpirits are ſure to be conſidered as *aliens*, and to be made ſufferers by the *genuine ſons* and *daughters* of *that earth*.

How unhappy, that thoſe Letters only which could have acquainted me with his horrid views, and armed me againſt them, and againſt the vileneſs of the baſe women, ſhould fall into his hands!—Unhappier ſtill, in that my very eſcape to Hamſtead gave him the opportunity of receiving them!

Nevertheleſs, I cannot but ſtill wonder, how it was poſſible for that Tomlinſon to know what paſſed between Mr. Hickman and my Uncle Harlowe *(a)*: a circumſtance, which gave the vile impoſtor moſt of his credit with me.

How the wicked wretch himſelf could find me out at Hamſtead, muſt alſo remain wholly a myſtery to me. He *may* glory in his contrivance—He, who has more wickedneſs than wit, *may* glory in his contrivances!—But, after all, I ſhall, I humbly preſume to hope, be happy, when he, poor wretch, will be—Alas!—who can ſay what!——

(a) See the Note at the bottom of p. 177.

Adieu,

Adieu, my deareſt friend!—May you be happy!—And then your Clariſſa cannot be wholly miſerable!

LETTER LI.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Wedn. Night, July 12.

I Write, my deareſt creature, I cannot *but* write, to expreſs my concern on your dejection. Let me beſeech you, my charming excellence, let me beſeech you, not to give way to it.

Comfort yourſelf, on the contrary, in the triumphs of a virtue unſullied; a will wholly faultleſs. Who could have withſtood the trials that you have ſurmounted?—Your Couſin Morden will ſoon come. He will ſee juſtice done you, I make no doubt, as well with regard to what concerns your perſon as your eſtate. And many happy days may you yet ſee; and much good may you ſtill do, if you will not heighten unavoidable accidents into guilty deſpondency.

But why, my dear, this pining ſolicitude continued after a reconciliation with relations as unworthy as implacable; whoſe wills are governed by an all-graſping Brother, who finds his account in keeping the breach open? On this over-ſolicitude it is now plain to me, that the vileſt of men built all his ſchemes. He ſaw that you thirſted after it, beyond all reaſon for hope. The view, the hope, I own, extremely deſirable, had your family been Chriſtians; or even had they been Pagans who had had bowels.

I ſhall ſend this ſhort Letter [I am obliged to make it a ſhort one] by *young* Rogers, as we call him; the fellow I ſent to you to Hamſtead; an innocent, tho' pragmatical Ruſtic. Admit him, I pray you, into your preſence, that he may report to me how you look, and how you are.

Mr. Hickman ſhould attend you; but I apprehend,

that all his motions, and mine own too, are watched by the execrable wretch: And indeed his are by an agent of mine; for I own, that I am ſo apprehenſive of his Plots and Revenge, now I know that he has intercepted my vehement Letters againſt him, that he is the ſubject of my dreams, as well as of my waking fears.

* *

My Mother, at my earneſt importunity, has juſt given me leave to write, and to receive your Letters—But faſtened this condition upon the conceſſion, that yours muſt be under cover to Mr. Hickman [This with a view, I ſuppoſe, to give him conſideration with me]; and upon this further condition, that ſhe is to ſee all we write.—'When girls are ſet upon a point,' ſhe told one, who told me again, 'it is better for a 'Mother, if poſſible, to make herſelf of their party, 'than to oppoſe them; ſince there will be then hopes 'that ſhe will ſtill hold the reins in her own hands.'

Pray let me know what the people are with whom you lodge?—Shall I ſend Mrs. Townſend to direct you to lodgings either more ſafe or more convenient for you?

Be pleaſed to write to me by Rogers; who will wait on you for your Anſwer, at your own time.

Adieu, my deareſt creature. Comfort *yourſelf*, as you would in the like unhappy circumſtances comfort

Your own

Anna Howe.

LETTER LII.

Miſs Clarissa Harlowe, *To Miſs* Howe.

Thurſday, July 13.

I Am extremely concerned, my dear Miſs Howe, for being primarily the occaſion of the apprehenſions you have of this wicked man's vindictive attempts. What a wide-ſpreading error is mine!——

If

If I find that he ſets on foot any machination againſt you, or againſt Mr. Hickman, I do aſſure you I will conſent to proſecute him, altho' I were ſure I ſhould not ſurvive my firſt appearance at the Bar he ſhould be arraigned at.

I own the juſtice of your Mother's arguments on that ſubject; but muſt ſay, that I think there are circumſtances in my particular caſe, which will excuſe me, altho' on a ſlighter occaſion than that you are apprehenſive of I ſhould decline to appear againſt him. I have ſaid, that I may one day enter more particularly into this argument.

Your meſſenger has now *indeed* ſeen me. I talked with him on the cheat put upon him at Hamſtead: And am ſorry to have reaſon to ſay, that had not the poor young man been very *ſimple*, and very *ſelf-ſufficient*, he had not been ſo groſly deluded. Mrs. Bevis has the ſame plea to make for herſelf. A good-natured, thoughtleſs woman; not uſed to converſe with ſo vile and ſo ſpecious a deceiver as him, who made his advantage of both theſe ſhallow creatures.

I think I cannot be more private than where I am. I hope I am ſafe. All the riſque I run, is in going out, and returning from morning prayers; which I have two or three times ventured to do; once at Lincoln's-Inn Chapel, at Eleven; once at St. Dunſtan's, Fleet-ſtreet, at Seven in the morning *(a)*, in a chair both times; and twice at Six in the morning, at the neighbouring Church in Covent-garden. The wicked wretches I have eſcaped from, will not, I hope, come to Church to look for me; eſpecially at ſo early prayers; and I have fixed upon the privateſt pew in the latter *Church* to hide myſelf in; and perhaps I may lay out a little matter in an ordinary gown, by way of diſguiſe; my face half hid by my mob.—I am very

(a) The Seven o'Clock Prayers at St. Dunſtan's have been ſince diſcontinued.

careleſs, my dear, of my appearance now. Neat and clean, takes up the whole of my attention.

The man's name at whoſe houſe I lodge, is Smith—A glove *maker*, as well as *ſeller*. His wife is the ſhop-keeper. A dealer alſo in ſtockens, ribbands, ſnuff, and perfumes. A matron-like woman, plain-hearted, and prudent. The huſband an honeſt, induſtrious man. And they live in good underſtanding with each other: A proof with me, that their hearts are right; for where a married couple lived together upon ill terms, it is a ſign, I think, that each knows ſomething amiſs of the other, either with regard to temper or morals, which if the world knew as well as themſelves, it would perhaps as little like them, as ſuch people like each other. Happy the Marriage, where neither man nor wife has any wilful or premeditated evil in their general conduct to reproach the other with!—For even perſons who have bad hearts will have a veneration for thoſe who have good ones.

Two neat rooms, with plain, but clean furniture, on the firſt floor, are mine; one they call the dining-room.

There is, up another pair of ſtairs, a very worthy widow-lodger, Mrs. Lovick by name; who, altho' of low fortunes, is much reſpected, as Mrs. Smith aſſures me, by people of condition of her acquaintance, for her piety, prudence, and underſtanding. With her I propoſe to be well acquainted.

I thank you, my dear, for your kind, your ſeaſonable advice and conſolation. I hope I ſhall have more Grace given me, than to deſpond, in the *religious* ſenſe of the word: Eſpecially, as I can apply to myſelf the comfort you give me, that neither my will, nor my inconſiderateneſs, has contributed to my calamity. But, nevertheleſs, the Irreconcileableneſs of my Relations, whom I love with an unabated reverence; my apprehenſions of freſh Violences [This wicked man, I doubt, will not yet let me reſt]; my being deſtitute

deſtitute of Protection; my Youth, my Sex, my Unacquaintedneſs with the world, ſubjecting me to inſults; my Reflections on the Scandal I have given, added to the Senſe of the Indignities I have received from a man, of whom I deſerved not ill; all together will undoubtedly bring on the effect, that cannot be undeſirable to me.—The flower, however, perhaps from my natural good conſtitution; and, as I preſume to imagine, from Principles which I hope will, in due time, and by due reflection, ſet me *above the ſenſe of all worldly diſappointments.*

At preſent, my head is much diſordered. I have not indeed enjoyed it with any degree of clearneſs, ſince the violence done to that, and to my heart too, by the wicked Arts of the abandoned creatures I was caſt among.

I muſt have more conflicts. At times I find myſelf not ſubdued enough to my condition. I will welcome thoſe conflicts as they come, as *probationary* ones—But yet my Father's malediction—the temporary part ſo ſtrangely and ſo literally completed!—I cannot, however, think, when my mind is *ſtrongeſt*—But what is the ſtory of Iſaac, and Jacob, and Eſau, and of Rebekah's cheating the latter of the Bleſſing deſigned for him (in favour of Jacob) given us for in the 27th Chapter of Geneſis? My Father uſed, I remember, to enforce the Doctrine deducible from it, on his children, by many arguments. At leaſt therefore, *He* muſt believe there is great weight in the curſe he has announced; and ſhall I not be ſolicitous to get it revoked, that he may not hereafter be grieved, for my ſake, that he did *not* revoke it?

All I will at preſent add, are my thanks to your Mother for her Indulgence to us. Due Compliments to Mr. Hickman; and my requeſt, that you will believe me to be, to my laſt hour, and beyond it, if

poſſible, my beloved friend, and my *dearer* Self (for what is now my Self!)

Your obliged and affectionate
CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER LIII.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq.*

Friday, July 7.

I Have three of thy Letters at once before me to anſwer; in each of which thou complaineſt of my ſilence; and in one of them telleſt me, that thou canſt not live without I ſcribble to thee every day, or every other day at leaſt.

Why, then, die, Jack, if thou wilt. What heart, thinkeſt thou, can I have to write, when I have loſt the only ſubject worth writing upon?

Help me again to my Angel, to My CLARISSA; and thou ſhalt have a Letter from me, or writing at leaſt, part of a Letter, every hour. All that the Charmer of my heart ſhall ſay, that will I put down: Every motion, every air of her beloved perſon, every look, will I try to deſcribe; and when ſhe is ſilent, I will endeavour to tell thee her thoughts, either what they are, or what I would have them to be—So that, having *her*, I ſhall never want a ſubject. Having loſt her, my whole Soul is a blank: The whole Creation round me, the Elements above, beneath, and everything I *behold* (for nothing can I *enjoy*) are a blank without her.

O Return, Return, thou only Charmer of my Soul! Return to thy adoring Lovelace! What is the Light, what the Air, what the Town, what the Country, what's Any-thing, without thee? Light, Air, Joy, Harmony, in my notion, are but parts of thee; and could they be all expreſſed in one word, that word would be CLARISSA.

O my beloved CLARISSA, Return thou then; once

once more Return to bleſs thy LOVELACE, who now, by the loſs of thee, knows the value of the jewel he has ſlighted; and riſes every morning but to curſe the Sun that ſhines upon every-body but him!

* *

WELL, but, Jack, 'tis a ſurpriſing thing to me, that the dear Fugitive cannot be met with; cannot be heard of. She is ſo poor a plotter (for plotting is not her talent) that I am confident, had I been at liberty, I ſhould have found her out before now; although the different emiſſaries I have employed about town, round the adjacent villages, and in Miſs Howe's vicinage, have hitherto failed of ſucceſs. But my Lord continues ſo weak and low-ſpirited, that there is no getting from him. I would not diſoblige a man whom I think in danger ſtill: For would his Gout, now it has got him down, but give him, like a fair boxer, the riſing-blow, all would be over with him. And here [Pox of his fondneſs for me! it happens at a very bad time] he makes me ſit hours together entertaining him with my rogueries (a pretty amuſement for a ſick man!): And yet, whenever he has the Gout, he prays night and morning with his Chaplain. But what muſt *his* notions of Religion be, who, after he has noſed and mumbled over his Reſponſes, can give a ſigh or groan of ſatisfaction, as if he thought he had made up with Heaven; and return with a new appetite to my Stories?—Encouraging them, by ſhaking his ſides with laughing at them, and calling me a ſad fellow in ſuch an accent, as ſhews he takes no ſmall delight in his Kinſman.

The old Peer has been a ſinner in his day, and ſuffers for it now: A ſneaking ſinner, *ſliding*, rather than *ruſhing*, into vices, for fear of his reputation: Or, rather, for fear of detection, and poſitive proof; for theſe ſort of fellows, Jack, have no real regard for reputation.—Paying for what he never had, and never daring to riſe to the joy of an enterprize at firſt hand,

which could bring him within view of a tilting, or of the honour of being conſidered as the principal man in a Court of Juſtice.

To ſee ſuch an old Trojan as this, juſt dropping into the grave, which I hoped ere this would have been dug, and filled up with him; crying out with pain, and grunting with weakneſs; yet in the ſame moment crack his leathern face into an horrible laugh, and call a young ſinner charming varlet, encoreing him, as formerly he uſed to do the Italian Eunuchs; what a prepoſterous, what an unnatural adherence to old habits!

My two Couſins are generally preſent when I *entertain*, as the old Peer calls it. Thoſe Stories muſt drag horribly, that have not more hearers and applauders, than relaters.

Applauders!

Ay, Belford, *Applauders*, repeat I; for altho' theſe girls pretend to blame me ſometimes for the *facts*, they praiſe my manner, my invention, my intrepidity.—Beſides, what other people call *blame*, that call I *praiſe*: I ever did; and ſo I very early diſcharged *ſhame*, that cold-water damper to an enterpriſing ſpirit.

Theſe are ſmart girls; they have life and wit; and yeſterday, upon Charlotte's raving againſt me upon a related enterprize, I told her, that I had had in debate ſeveral times, whether ſhe were or were not too near of kin to me: And that it was once a moot point with me, whether I could not love her dearly for a month or ſo: And perhaps it was well for her, that another pretty little puſs ſtarted up, and diverted me, juſt as I was entering upon the courſe.

They all three held up their hand and eyes at once. But I obſerved, that tho' the girls exclaimed againſt me, they were not ſo angry at this plain ſpeaking, as I have found my Beloved upon hints ſo dark, that I have wondered at her quick apprehenſion.

I told

I told Charlotte, That, grave as ſhe pretended to be in her *ſmiling* reſentments on this declaration, I was ſure I ſhould not have been put to the expence of above two or three ſtratagems (for nobody admired a good invention more than ſhe) could I but have diſentangled her conſcience from the embarraſſes of conſanguinity.

She pretended to be highly diſpleaſed: So did her Siſter for her. I told her, that ſhe ſeemed as much in earneſt as if ſhe had thought *me* ſo; and *dared* the trial. Plain words, I ſaid, in theſe caſes, were more ſhocking to their Sex than gradatim actions. And I bid Patty not be diſpleaſed at my diſtinguiſhing her Siſter; ſince I had a great reſpect for *her* likewiſe.

An Italian Air, in my uſual careleſs way, a half-ſtruggled-for kiſs from me, and a ſhrug of the ſhoulder by way of admiration, from each pretty Couſin, and Sad, ſad fellow, from the old Peer, attended with a ſide-ſhaking laugh, made us all friends.

There, Jack!—Wilt thou, or wilt thou not, take this for a Letter? There's Quantity, I am ſure.—How have I filled a ſheet (not a ſhort-hand one indeed) without a ſubject! My fellow ſhall take this; for he is going to town. And if thou canſt think tolerably of ſuch execrable ſtuff, I will ſoon ſend thee another.

LETTER LIV.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq.*

Six, Saturday Morning, July 8.

HAVE I nothing new, nothing diverting, in my whimſical way, thou aſkeſt, in one of thy three Letters before me, to entertain thee with?—And thou telleſt me, that, when I have leaſt to *narrate*, to ſpeak, in the Scottiſh phraſe, I am moſt diverting. A pretty compliment, either to thyſelf, or to me. To *both* indeed!—A ſign that thou haſt as frothy a heart

as I a head. But canſt thou ſuppoſe, that this admirable woman is not All, is not Every thing with me? Yet I dread to think of her too; for detection of all my contrivances, I doubt, muſt come next.

The old Peer is alſo full of Miſs Harlowe: And ſo are my Couſins. He hopes I will not be ſuch a dog [There's a ſpecimen of his peer-like dialect] as to think of doing diſhonourably by a woman of ſo much merit, beauty, and fortune; and *he* ſays of ſo good a family. But I tell him, that this is a ſtring he muſt not touch: That it is a very tender point: In ſhort, is my ſore place; and that I am afraid he would handle it too roughly, were I to put myſelf in the power of ſo ungentle an operator.

He ſhakes his crazy head. He thinks all is not as it ſhould be between us; longs to have me preſent her to him as my wife; and often tells me what great things he will do, additional to his former propoſals; and what preſents he will make on the birth of the firſt child. But I hope the whole of his Eſtate will be in my hands before ſuch an event takes place. No harm in *hoping*, Jack! Lord M. ſays, *Were it not for hope, the heart would break.*

* * * *

Eight o'clock at Midſummer, and theſe lazy Varleteſſes (in full health) not come down yet to breakfaſt!—What a confounded Indecency in young Ladies, to let a Rake know that they love their beds ſo dearly, and, at the ſame time, *where to have them!* But I'll puniſh them—They ſhall breakfaſt with their old Uncle, and yawn at one another as if for a wager; while I drive my Phaeton to Colonel Ambroſe's, who yeſterday gave me an invitation both to breakfaſt and dine, on account of two Yorkſhire nieces, celebrated toaſts, who have been with him this fortnight paſt; and who, he ſays, want to ſee *me*. So, Jack, all women do not run away from me, thank Heaven!—I wiſh I could have leave of my heart

heart, ſince the dear fugitive is ſo ungrateful, to drive her out of it with another Beauty. But who can ſupplant her? Who can be admitted to a place in it after Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe?

At my return, if I can find a ſubject, I will ſcribble on, to oblige thee.

My Phaeton's ready. My Couſins ſend me word they are juſt coming down: So in ſpite I'll be gone.

Saturday afternoon.

I DID ſtay to dine with the Colonel, and his Lady, and Nieces: But I could not paſs the afternoon with them, for the heart of me. There was enough in the perſons and faces of the two young Ladies to ſet me upon compariſons. Particular features held my attention for a few moments: But theſe ſerved but to whet my impatience to find the Charmer of my Soul; who, for Perſon, for Air, for Mind, never had any equal. My heart recoiled and ſickened upon comparing minds and converſation. Pert wit, a too ſtudied deſire to pleaſe; each in high good-humour with herſelf; an open-mouth affectation in both, to ſhew white teeth, as if the principal excellence; and to invite amorous familiarity, by the promiſe of a ſweet breath; at the ſame time reflecting tacitly upon breaths arrogantly implied to be leſs pure.

Once I could have borne them.

They ſeemed to be diſappointed that I was ſo ſoon able to leave them. Yet have I not at preſent ſo much vanity [My Clariſſa has cured me of my vanity] as to attribute their diſappointment ſo much to particular liking of me, as to their own ſelf-admiration. They looked upon me as a connoiſſeur in Beauty. They would have been proud of engaging my attention, as ſuch: But ſo affected, ſo flimſy-witted, mere ſkin-deep Beauties!—They had looked no farther into themſelves than what their glaſſes had enabled them to ſee: And their glaſſes were flattering-glaſſes too;

for I thought them paſſive-faced, and ſpiritleſs; with eyes, however, upon the hunt for conqueſts, and beſpeaking the attention of others, in order to countenance their own.——I believe I could, with a little pains, have given them life and ſoul, and to every feature of their faces ſparkling information—But my Clariſſa!—O Belford, my Clariſſa has made me eyeleſs and ſenſeleſs to every other Beauty!—Do thou find her for me, as a ſubject worthy of my pen, or This ſhall be the laſt from

Thy LOVELACE.

LETTER LV.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq.*

Sunday Night, July 9.

NOW, Jack, have I a ſubject with a vengeance. I am in the very height of my tryal for all my ſins to my beloved Fugitive. For here to-day, at about Five o'Clock, arrived Lady Sarah Sadleir and Lady Betty Lawrance, each in her Chariot-and-ſix. Dowagers love Equipage; and theſe cannot travel ten miles without a Set, and half a dozen horſemen.

My time had hung heavy upon my hands; and ſo I went to Church after dinner. Why may not handſome fellows, thought I, like to be looked at, as well as handſome wenches? I fell in, when Service was over, with Major Warneton; and ſo came not home till after Six; and was ſurpriſed, at entering the Court-yard here, to find it littered with equipages and ſervants. I was ſure the owners of them came for no good to me.

Lady Sarah, I ſoon found, was raiſed to this viſit by Lady Betty; who has health enough to allow her to look out of herſelf, and out of her own affairs, for buſineſs. Yet congratulation to Lord M. on his amendment [Spiteful devils on both accounts!] was the avowed errant. But coming in my abſence, I

was

was their principal ſubject; and they had opportunity to ſet each other's heart againſt me.

Simon Parſons hinted this to me, as I paſſed by the Steward's office; for it ſeems they talked loud; and he was making up ſome accounts with old Pritchard.

However, I haſtened to pay my duty to them — Other people not performing theirs, is no excuſe for the neglect of our own, you know.

And now I enter upon my TRYAL.

WITH horrible grave faces was I received. The two Antiques only bowed their tabby heads; making longer faces than ordinary; and all the old lines appearing ſtrong in their furrowed foreheads and fallen cheeks; How do you, Couſin? and, How do you, Mr. Lovelace? looking all round at one another, as who ſhould ſay, Do you ſpeak firſt: and, Do You: For they ſeemed reſolved to loſe no time.

I had nothing for it, but an air as manly, as theirs was womanly. Your ſervant, Madam, to Lady Betty; and, Your ſervant, Madam — I am glad to ſee you abroad, to Lady Sarah.

I took my ſeat. Lord M. looked horribly glum; his fingers claſpt, and turning round and round, under and over, his but juſt diſgouted thumbs; his ſallow face, and goggling eyes, caſt upon the floor, on the fire-place, on his two Siſters, on his two Kinſwomen, by turns; but not once deigning to look upon me.

Then I began to think of the Laudanum, and Wet Cloth, I told thee of long ago; and to call myſelf in queſtion for a tenderneſs of heart that will never do me good.

At laſt, Mr. Lovelace!——Couſin Lovelace!—— Hem! — Hem! — I am ſorry, very ſorry, heſitated

Lady Sarah, that there is no hope of your ever taking up——

What's the Matter now, Madam?

The matter now!——Why, Lady Betty has two Letters from Miſs Harlowe, which have told us what's the matter——Are all women alike with you?

Yes; I cou'd have anſwered; 'bating the difference which Pride makes.

Then they all chorus'd upon me—Such a character as Miſs Harlowe's! cried one——A Lady of ſo much generoſity and good ſenſe! another—How charmingly ſhe writes! the two maiden monkies, looking at her fine hand-writing: Her perfections my crimes. What can you expect will be the end of theſe things! cried Lady Sarah—Damn'd, damn'd doings? vociferated the Peer, ſhaking his looſe fleſh'd wabbling chaps, which hung on his Shoulders like an old cow's dew-lap.

For my part, I hardly knew whether to ſing or ſay, what I had to reply to theſe all-at-once attacks upon me!—Fair and ſoftly, Ladies—One at a time, I beſeech you. I am not to be hunted down without being heard, I hope. Pray let me ſee theſe Letters. I beg you will let me ſee them.

There they are:—That's the firſt—Read it out, if you can.

I open'd a Letter from my Charmer, dated *Thurſday, June* 29, our Wedding-day, that was to be, and written to Lady Betty Lawrance. By the contents, to my great joy, I find the dear creature is alive and well, and in charming ſpirits. But the direction where to ſend an anſwer was ſo ſcratched out, that I could not read it; which afflicted me much.

She puts three queſtions in it to Lady Betty.

1ſt, About a Letter of hers, dated *June* 7. congratulating me on my Nuptials, and which I was ſo good as to ſave Lady Betty the trouble of writing——A very civil thing of me, I think?

Again

Again—"Whether ſhe and one of her Nieces "Montague were to go to town, on an old Chancery "Suit?"—And, "Whether they actually did go to "town accordingly, and to Hamſtead afterwards?" and, "Whether they brought to town from thence "the young creature whom they viſited;" was the ſubject of the ſecond and third queſtions.

A little inquiſitive dear rogue! and what did ſhe expect to be the better for theſe queſtions?——But curioſity, damn'd curioſity, is the itch of the Sex—Yet when didſt thou know it turned to their benefit?—For they ſeldom enquire, but when they fear—And the proverb, as my Lord has it, ſays, *It comes with a fear*. That is, I ſuppoſe, what they fear generally happens, becauſe there is generally occaſion for the fear.

Curioſity indeed ſhe avows to be her only motive for theſe interrogatories: For tho' ſhe ſays, her Ladyſhip may ſuppoſe the queſtions are not aſked for good to *me*, yet the anſwer can do me no harm, nor her good, only to give her to underſtand, whether I have told her a parcel of damn'd lyes; that's the plain Engliſh of her enquiry.

Well, Madam, ſaid I, with as much philoſophy as I could aſſume; and may I aſk—Pray, what was your Ladyſhip's Anſwer?

There's a copy of it, toſſing it to me, very diſreſpectfully.

This Anſwer was dated *July* 1. A very kind and complaiſant one to the Lady, but very So-ſo to her poor Kinſman—That people can give up their own fleſh and blood with ſo much eaſe!—She tells her "how proud all our family would be of an alliance "with ſuch an excellence." She does me juſtice in ſaying how much I adore her, as an angel of a woman; and begs of her for I know not how many ſakes, beſides my Soul's ſake, "that ſhe will be ſo "good as to have me for an huſband:" And anſwers—thou wilt gueſs how—to the Lady's queſtions.

Well,

Well, Madam; and pray, may I be favoured with the Lady's other Letter? I preſume it is in reply to yours.

It is, ſaid the Peer: But, Sir, let me aſk you a few queſtions, before you read it—Give *me* the Letter, Lady Betty.

There it is, my Lord.

Then on went the ſpectacles, and his head moved to the Lines—A charming pretty hand!—I have often heard, that this Lady is a *genus*.

And ſo, Jack, repeating my Lord's wiſe comments and queſtions will let thee into the contents of this mercileſs Letter.

"*Monday, July* 3" [reads my Lord]—Let me ſee!—That was laſt *Monday*; no longer ago! "*Mon-*
"*day, July the third*—Madam—I cannot excuſe my-
"ſelf"—um, um, um, um, um, um, [humming inarticulately, and ſkipping]—"I muſt own to you,
"Madam, that the honour of being related'——

Off went the ſpectacles—Now, tell me, Sir-r, Has not this Lady loſt all the friends ſhe had in the world, for your ſake?

She has very implacable friends, my Lord: We all know That.

But has ſhe not loſt them all for your ſake!—Tell me That.

I believe ſo, my Lord.

Well then!—I am glad thou art not ſo graceleſs as to deny That.

On went the ſpectacles again—"I muſt own to
"you, Madam, that the honour of being related to
"Ladies as eminent for their virtue, as for their de-
"ſcent"—*Very pretty, truly!* ſaith my Lord, repeating "*as eminent for their virtue as for their deſcent,*
"was, at firſt, no ſmall inducement with me to lend
"an ear to Mr. Lovelace's addreſs."

There is dignity, born dignity, in this Lady, cried my Lord.

Lady Sarah. She would have been a grace to our family.

Lady Betty. Indeed ſhe would.

Lovel. To a *Royal* Family, I will venture to ſay.

Lord M. Then what a devil——

Lovel. Pleaſe to read on, my Lord. It cannot be *her* Letter, if it does not make you admire her more and more as you read. Couſin Charlotte, Couſin Patty, pray attend——Read on, my Lord.

Miſs Charlotte. Amazing fortitude!

Miſs Patty only lifted up her dove's eyes.

Lord M. [reading] "And the rather, as I was determined, had it come to effect, to do every-thing "in my power to deſerve your favourable opinion."

Then again they chorus'd upon me!

A bleſſed time of it, poor I!—I had nothing for it but impudence!

Lovel. Pray read on, my Lord—I told you how you would all admire her——Or, ſhall I read?

Lord M. Damn'd aſſurance! [then reading] "I "had another motive, which I knew would of itſelf "give me merit with your whole family [*They were "all ear*]: A preſamptuous one; a puniſhably preſumptuous one, as it has proved: In the hope that "I might be an humble means in the hand of Providence, to reclaim a man who had, as I thought, "good ſenſe enough at bottom to be reclaimed; or "at leaſt gratitude enough to acknowledge the intended obligation, whether the generous hope were "to ſucceed or not."—Excellent young creature!—

Excellent young creature! echoed the Ladies, with their handkerchiefs at their eyes, attended with noſe-muſic.

Lovel. By my ſoul, Miſs Patty, you weep in the wrong place: You ſhall never go with me to a Tragedy.

Lady Betty. Hardened wretch.

His Lordſhip had pulled off his ſpectacles to wipe them. His eyes were miſty; and he thought the fault in his ſpectacles.

I ſaw they were all cocked and primed—To be ſure that is a very pretty ſentence, ſaid I——that is the excellency of this Lady, that in every line, as ſhe writes on, ſhe improves upon herſelf. Pray, my Lord, proceed—I know her ſtyle; the next ſentence will ſtill riſe upon us.

Lord M. Damn'd fellow! [again ſaddling, and reading] "But I have been moſt egregiouſly miſtaken "in Mr. Lovelace!"—[Then they all clamoured again] "The *only* man, I perſuade myſelf——"

Lovel. Ladies may perſuade themſelves to anything: But how can ſhe anſwer for what *other* men would or would not have done in the ſame circumſtances.

I was forced to ſay any thing to ſtifle their outcries. Pox take ye all together, thought I; as if I had not vexation enough in loſing her!

Lord M. [reading] "The only man, I perſuade "myſelf, pretending to be a gentleman, in whom "I could have been ſo much miſtaken."

They were all beginning again—Pray, my Lord, proceed!—Hear, hear—Pray, Ladies, hear!—Now, my Lord, be pleaſed to proceed. The Ladies are ſilent.

So they were; loſt in admiration of me, hands and eyes uplifted.

Lord M. I will, to thy confuſion; for he had looked over the next ſentence.

What wretches, Belford, what ſpiteful wretches, are poor mortals!—So rejoiced to ſting one another! to ſee each other ſtung!

Lord M. [reading] "For while I was endeavour-"ing to ſave a drowned wretch, I have been, not "accidentally, but premeditatedly, and of ſet pur-"poſe, drawn in after him."—What ſay you to this, Sir-r?

Lady S. } Ay, Sir, what ſay you to this?
Lady B. }

Lovel.

Lovel. Say! Why I ſay it is a very pretty metaphor, if it would but hold.—But, if you pleaſe, my Lord, read on. Let me hear what is further ſaid, and I will ſpeak to it all together.

Lord M. I will. "And he has had the glory to "add to the liſt of thoſe he has ruined, a name that "I will be bold to ſay, would not have diſparaged his "own."

They all looked at me, as expecting me to ſpeak.

Lovel. Be pleaſed to proceed, my Lord: I will ſpeak to this by-and-by—How came ſhe to know, I *kept a liſt?*—I will ſpeak to this by-and-by.

Lord M. [reading on] "And this, Madam, by "means that would ſhock humanity to be made ac-"quaint with."

Then again, in a hurry, off went the ſpectacles.

This was a plaguy ſtroke upon me. I thought myſelf an oak in impudence; but, by my troth, this had almoſt felled me.

Lord M. What ſay you to this, SIR-R!——

Remember, Jack, to read all their *Sirs* in this dialogue with a double *rr*, *Sir-r!* denoting indignation rather than reſpect.

They all looked at me, as if to ſee if I could bluſh.

Lov. Eyes off, my Lord!——Eyes off, Ladies! [looking baſhfully, I believe]—What ſay I to this, my Lord!—Why, I ſay, that this Lady has a ſtrong manner of expreſſing herſelf!—That's all—There are many things that paſs among Lovers, which a man cannot explain himſelf upon before grave people.

Lady Betty. Among Lovers, Sir-r! But, Mr. Lovelace, can you ſay that this Lady behaved either like a weak, or a credulous perſon?—Can you ſay——

Lovel. I am ready to do the Lady all manner of juſtice.—But, pray now, Ladies, if I am to be thus interrogated, let me know the contents of the reſt of the Letter, that I may be prepared for my defence,

as

as you are all for my arraignment. For, to be required to anſwer piecemeal thus, without knowing what is to follow, is a curſed enſnaring way of proceeding.

They gave me the Letter: I read it thro' to myſelf:—And by the repetition of what I ſaid, thou wilt gueſs at the remaining contents.

You ſhall find, Ladies, you ſhall find, my Lord, that I will not ſpare myſelf. Then holding the Letter in my hand, and looking upon it, as a Lawyer upon his Brief;

Miſs Harlowe ſays, "That when your Ladyſhip" [turning to Lady Betty] "ſhall know, that, in the "progreſs to her ruin, wilful falſhoods, repeated for-"geries, and numberleſs perjuries, were not the leaſt "of my crimes, you will judge that ſhe can have no "principles that will make her worthy of an alliance "with Ladies of yours, and your noble Siſter's cha-"racter, if ſhe could not, from her foul, declare, that "ſuch an alliance can never now take place."

Surely, Ladies, this is paſſion! This is not reaſon. If our family would not think themſelves diſhonoured by my marrying a perſon whom I had ſo treated; but, on the contrary, would rejoice that I did her this juſtice; and if ſhe has come out pure gold from the aſſay; and has nothing to reproach herſelf with; why ſhould it be an impeachment of her principles, to conſent that ſuch an alliance ſhould take place?

She cannot think herſelf the worſe, *juſtly* ſhe cannot, for what was done againſt her will.

Their countenances menaced a general uproar—— But I proceeded.

Your Lordſhip re'd to us, That ſhe had an *hope*, a *preſumptuous* one; nay, a *puniſhably preſumptuous* one, ſhe calls it; "that ſhe might be a means in the "hand of Providence, to reclaim me; and that this, "ſhe knew, if effected, would give her a merit with "you all." But from *what* would ſhe reclaim me?

—She

—She had *heard*, you'll ſay (but ſhe had *only* heard, at the time ſhe entertained *That Hope)* that, to expreſs myſelf in the womens dialect, I was a *a very wicked fellow!*—Well, and what then?—Why, truly, the very moment ſhe was *convinced*, by her own experience, that the charge againſt me was *more* than *hearſay*; and that, of conſequence, I was a fit ſubject for *her generous endeavours* to work upon; ſhe would needs give me up. Accordingly, ſhe flies out, and declares, that the Ceremony which would repair all, ſhall never take place!—Can this be from any other motive than *female reſentment?*

This brought them all upon me, as I intended it ſhould: It was as a tub to a whale; and after I had let them play with it a while, I claimed their attention, and, knowing that they always loved to hear me prate, went on.

The Lady, it is plain, thought, that the reclaiming of a man from bad habits was a much *eaſier taſk* than, in the *nature of things*, it *can* be.

She writes, as your Lordſhip has re'd, "That, in "endeavouring to ſave a drowning wretch, ſhe had "been, not accidentally, but premeditatedly, and of "ſet purpoſe, draw in after him." But how is this, Ladies?——You ſee by her own words, that I am ſtill far from being out of danger myſelf. Had ſhe found me, in a quagmire ſuppoſe, and I had got out of it by her means, and left her to periſh in it; that would have been a crime indeed.—But is not the fact quite otherwiſe? Has ſhe not, if her allegory prove what ſhe would have it prove, got out herſelf, and left me floundering ſtill deeper and deeper in?—What ſhe ſhould have done, had ſhe been in earneſt to ſave me, was, to join her hand with mine, that ſo we might by our united ſtrength help one another out.—I held out my hand to her, and beſought her to give me her's:—But, no truly! ſhe was determined to get out herſelf as faſt as ſhe could, let me *ſink* or *ſwim:* Refuſing

fuſing her aſſiſtance (againſt her own principles) becauſe ſhe ſaw I wanted it.—You ſee, Ladies, you ſee, my Lord, how pretty tinkling words run away with ears inclined to be muſical.

They were all ready to exclaim again: But I went on, *proleptically*, as a Rhetorician would ſay, before their voices would break out into words.

But my fair accuſer ſays, That, "I have added to "the Liſt of thoſe I have ruined, a name, that would "not have diſparaged my own." It is true, I have been gay and enterprizing. It is in my conſtitution to be ſo. I know not how I came by ſuch a conſtitution: But I was never accuſtomed to check or controul; that you all know. When a man finds himſelf hurried by paſſion into a ſlight offence, which, however ſlight, will not be forgiven, he may be made deſperate: As a thief, who only intends a robbery, is often by reſiſtance, and for ſelf-preſervation, drawn in to commit murder.

I was a ſtrange, a horrid wretch with every one. But he muſt be a ſilly fellow who has not ſomething to ſay for himſelf, when every cauſe has its black and its white ſide.—Weſtminſter-hall, Jack, affords every day as confident defences as mine.

But what right, proceeded I, has this Lady to complain of me, when ſhe as good as ſays—Here, Lovelace, you have acted the part of a villain by me—— You would *repair your fault*: But I won't let you, that I may have the ſatisfaction of expoſing you; and the pride of refuſing you.

But, was that the caſe? Was that the caſe? Would I pretend to ſay, I would *now* marry the Lady, if ſhe would have me?

Lovel. You find ſhe renounces Lady Betty's mediation——

Lord M. [interrupting me] *Words are wind*; *but deeds are mind*: What ſignifies your curſed quibbling, Bob?—Say plainly, If ſhe will have you, will you have

have her? Anſwer me, Yes or no; and lead us not *a wild gooſe-chace* after your meaning.

Lovel. She knows I would. But here, my Lord, if ſhe thus goes on to expoſe herſelf and me, ſhe will make it a diſhonour to us both to marry.

Charl. But how muſt ſhe have been treated—

Lovel [interrupting her] Why now, Couſin Charlotte, chucking her under the chin, would you have me tell you all that has paſſed between the Lady and me? Would *You* care, had you a bold and enterprizing Lover, that Proclamation ſhould be made of every little piece of amourous roguery, that he offered to you?

Charlotte reddened. They all began to exclaim. But I proceeded.

The Lady ſays, "She has been diſhonoured" (devil take me, if I ſpare myſelf?) "by means that would "ſhock humanity to be made acquainted with them." She is a very innocent Lady, and may not be a *judge* of the means ſhe hints at. *Over-niceneſs may be Under-niceneſs:* Have you not ſuch a proverb, my Lord? —tatamount to, *One extreme produces another!* ——— Such a Lady as This, may poſſibly think her caſe more extraordinary than it is. This I will take upon me to ſay, That if ſhe has met with the only man in the world who would have treated her, as ſhe ſays I have treated her, I have met in her with the *only woman in the world* who would have made ſuch a rout about a caſe that is uncommon only from the circumſtances that attend it.

This brought them all upon me; hands, eyes, voices, all lifted up at once. But my Lord M. who has in his *head* (the laſt ſeat of retreating lewdneſs) as much wickedneſs as I have in my *heart*, was forced (upon the air I ſpoke this with, and Charlotte's and all the reſt reddening) to make a mouth that was big enough to ſwallow up the other half of his face; crying out, to avoid laughing, Oh! Oh!—as if under the power of a gouty twinge.

Hadſt

Hadſt thou ſeen how the two tabbies and the young grimalkins looked at one another, at my Lord, and at me, by turns, thou would have been ready to ſplit thy ugly face juſt in the middle. Thy mouth hath already done half the work. And, after all, I found not ſeldom in this converſation, that my humorous undaunted airs forced a ſmile into my ſervice from the prim mouths of the young Ladies. They perhaps, had they met with ſuch another intrepid fellow as myſelf, who had firſt gained upon their affections, would not have made ſuch a rout as my Beloved has done, about ſuch an affair as that we were aſſembled upon. Young Ladies, as I have obſerved on an hundred occaſions, fear not half ſo much for *themſelves*, as their Mothers do for them. But here the Girls were forced to put on grave airs, and to ſeem angry, becauſe the Antiques made the matter of ſuch high importance. Yet ſo lightly ſat anger and fellowfeeling at their hearts, that they were forced to purſe in their mouths, to ſuppreſs the ſmiles I now-and then laid out for: While the Elders having had Roſes (that is to ſay, Daughters) of their own, and knowing how fond men are of a Trifle, would have been very loth to have had them nipt in the bud, without ſaying to the mother of them, By your leave, Mrs. Roſe-buſh.

The next article of my indictment was for Forgery; and for perſonating of Lady Betty and my Couſin Charlotte. Two ſhocking charges, thou'lt ſay: And ſo they were!—The Peer was outrageous upon the *Forgery* charge. The Ladies vowed never to forgive the *perſonating* part. Not a peace-maker among them. So we all turned woman, and ſcolded.

My Lord told me, That he believed in his conſcience there was not a viler fellow upon *God's Earth* than me.—What ſignifies mincing the matter? ſaid he—And that it was not the firſt time I had forged his hand.

To

To this I anſwered, that I ſuppoſed, When the Statute of *Scandalum Magnatum* was framed, there were a good many in the Peerage, who knew they deſerved hard names; and that that Law therefore was rather made to privilege their qualities, than to whiten their characters.

He called upon me to explain myſelf with a *Sir-r*, ſo pronounced, as to ſhew, that one of the moſt ignominious words in our language was in his head.

People, I ſaid, that were fenced in by their quality, and by their years, ſhould not take freedoms that a man of ſpirit could not put up with, unleſs he were able heartily to deſpiſe the inſulter.

This ſet him in a violent paſſion. He would ſend for Pritchard inſtantly. Let Prichard be called. He would alter his Will; and all he *could* leave from me, he *would*.

Do, do, my Lord, ſaid I: I always valued my own Pleaſure above your Eſtate. But I'll let Pritchard know, that if he draws, he ſhall ſign and ſeal.

Why, what would I do to Pritchard?—Shaking his crazy head at me.

Only, what he, or any man elſe, writes with his pen, to deſpoil me of what I think my right, he ſhall ſeal with his ears; that's all, my Lord.

Then the two Ladies interpoſed.

Lady Sarah told me, That I carried things a great way; and that neither Lord M. nor any of them, deſerved the treatment I gave them.

I ſaid, I could not bear to be uſed ill by my Lord, for two reaſons; firſt, Becauſe I reſpected his Lordſhip above any man living; and next, Becauſe it looked as I if were induced by ſelfiſh conſiderations to take that from him, which nobody elſe would offer to me.

And what, returned he, ſhall be my inducement to take what I do at your hands?—Hay, Sir?

Indeed, Couſin Lovelace, ſaid Lady Betty, with great

great gravity, we do not any of us, as Lady Sarah ſays, deſerve at your hands the treatment you give us: And let me tell you, that I don't think my character and your Couſin Charlotte's, ought to be proſtituted, in order to ruin an innocent Lady. She muſt have known early the good opinion we all have of her, and how much we wiſhed her to be your wife. This good opinion of ours has been an inducement to her (You ſee ſhe ſays ſo) to liſten to your addreſs. And this, with her friends folly, has helped to throw her into your power. How you have requited her, is too apparent. It becomes the character we all bear, to diſclaim your actions by her. And let me tell you, that to have her abuſed by wicked people raiſed up to perſonate us, or any of us, makes a double call upon us to diſclaim them.

Lovel. Why this is talking ſomewhat like. I would have you all diſclaim my actions. I own I have done very vilely by this Lady. One ſtep led to another. I am curſt with an enterprizing ſpirit. I hate to be foiled.

Foiled! interrupted Lady Sarah. What a ſhame to talk at this rate!—Did the Lady ſet up a contention with you? All nobly ſincere, and plain-hearted, have I heard Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe is: Above Art, above Diſguiſe; neither the Coquette, nor the Prude!—Poor Lady! She deſerved a better fate from the man for whom ſhe took the ſtep which ſhe ſo freely blames!

This above half affected me—Had this diſpute been ſo handled by every one, I had been aſhamed to look up. I began to be baſhful.

Charlotte aſked, If I did not ſtill ſeem inclinable to do the Lady juſtice, if ſhe would accept of *me?* It would be, ſhe dared to ſay, the greateſt felicity the family could know (She would anſwer for one) that this fine Lady were of it.

They all declared to the ſame effect; and Lady Sarah put the matter home to me.

But,

But my Lord *Marplot* would have it, that I could not be ſerious for ſix minutes together.

I told his Lordſhip, that he was miſtaken; light as he thought I made of this ſubject, I never knew any that went ſo near my heart.

Miſs Patty ſaid, ſhe was glad to hear *that:* Indeed ſhe was glad to hear *that:* And her ſoft eyes gliſtened with pleaſure.

Lord M. called her Sweet Soul, and was ready to cry.

Not from humanity neither, Jack. This Peer has no bowels; as thou mayeſt obſerve by this treatment of *me*. But when people's minds are weakened by a ſenſe of their own infirmities, and when they are drawing on to their latter ends, they will be moved on the ſlighteſt occaſions, whether thoſe offer from *within* or *without* them. And this, frequently, the unpenetrating world, calls *Humanity*; when all the time, in compaſſionating the miſeries of human nature, they are but pitying themſelves; and were they in ſtrong health and ſpirits, would care as little for any body elſe as thou or I do.

Here broke they off my Tryal for this Sitting. Lady Sarah was much fatigued. It was agreed to purſue the ſubject in the morning. They all, however, retired together, and went into private conference.

LETTER LVI.

Mr. LOVELACE. *In Continuation.*

THE Ladies, inſtead of taking up the ſubject where we had laid it down, muſt needs touch upon paſſages in my fair Accuſer's Letter, which I was in hopes they would have let reſt, as we were in a tolerable way. But, truly, they muſt hear all they could hear, of our Story, and what I had to ſay to thoſe paſſages, that they might be better enabled to mediate between us, if I were really and indeed inclined to do her the hoped-for juſtice.

Theſe paſſages were, 1ſt, "That after I had com-
"pulſatorily tricked her into the act of going off with
"me, I carried her to one of the worſt houſes in
"London."

2. "That I had made a wicked attempt upon
"her; in reſentment of which, ſhe fled to Hamſtead,
"privately."

3dly, Came the Forgery, and perſonating charges again; and we were upon the point of renewing our quarrel, before we could get to the next charge: Which was ſtill worſe.

For that (4thly) was "That having betrayed her
"back to the vile houſe, I firſt robbed her of her
"Senſes, and then her Honour; detaining her after-
"wards a priſoner there."

Were I to tell thee the gloſſes I put upon theſe heavy charges, what would it be, but repeat many of the extenuating argumen's I have uſed in my Letters to thee?—Suffice it, therefore, to ſay, that I inſiſted much, by way of palliation, on the Lady's extreme niceneſs: On her diffidence in my honour: On Miſs Howe's contriving ſpirit; plots on their parts begetting plots on mine: On the high paſſions of the Sex. I aſſerted, that my whole view, in gently reſtraining her was to oblige her to forgive me, and to marry me; and this, for the honour of both families. I boaſted of my own good qualities; ſome of which none that knew me, deny; and to which few Libertines can lay claim.

They then fell into warm admirations and praiſes of the Lady; all of them preparatory, as I knew, to the grand queſtion: And thus it was introduced by Lady Sarah.

We have ſaid as much as I think we can ſay, upon theſe Letters of the poor Lady. To dwell upon the miſchiefs that may enſue from the abuſe of a perſon of her rank, if all the reparation be not made that now can be made, would perhaps be to little purpoſe. But

you

you ſeem, Sir, ſtill to have a juſt opinion of her, as well as affection for her. Her virtue is not in the leaſt queſtionable. She could not reſent as ſhe does, had ſhe any-thing to reproach herſelf with. She is, by every-body's account, a fine woman; has a good eſtate in her own right; is of no contemptible family; tho' I think, with regard to her, they have acted as imprudently as unworthily. For the excellency of her mind, for good œconomy, the common ſpeech of her, as the worthy Dr. Lewen once told me, is *That her prudence would enrich a poor man, and her piety reclaim a licentious one.* I, who have not been abroad twice this twelvemonth, came hither purpoſely, ſo did Lady Betty, to ſee if juſtice may not be done her; and alſo whether we, and my Lord M. (your neareſt relations, Sir) have, or have not, any influence over you. And, for my own part, as your determination ſhall be in this article, ſuch ſhall be mine, with regard to the diſpoſition of all that is within my power.

Lady Betty. And mine.

And mine, ſaid my Lord: And valiantly he ſwore to it.

Lovel. Far be it from me to think ſlightly of favours you may any of you be glad I would deſerve! But as far be it from me to enter into conditions againſt my own liking, with ſordid views!—As to future miſchiefs, let them come. I have not done with the Harlowes yet. They were the aggreſſors; and I ſhould be glad they would let me hear from them, in the way they ſhould hear from me, in the like caſe. Perhaps I ſhould not be ſorry to be *found*, rather than be obliged to *ſeek*, on this occaſion.

Miſs Charlotte [reddening]. Spoke like a man of violence, rather that a man of reaſon! I hope you'll allow that, Couſin.

Lady Sarah. Well, but ſince what is done *is* done, and cannot be undone, let us think of the next beſt.

Have you any objection againſt marrying Miſs Harlowe, if ſhe will have you?

Lovel. There can poſſibly be but one: That ſhe is to every-body, no doubt, as well as to Lady Betty, purſuing that maxim peculiar to herſelf *(and let me tell you, ſo it ought to be)*: That what ſhe cannot conceal from herſelf, ſhe will publiſh to all the world.

Miſs Patty. The Lady, to be ſure, writes this in the bitterneſs of her grief, and in deſpair.——

Lovel. And ſo when her grief is allayed; when her deſpairing fit is over—And this from *you*, Couſin Patty! —*Sweet girl!* And would *you*, my dear, in the like caſe [whiſpering her] have yielded to entreaty—Would you have meant no more by the like exclamations?

I had a rap with her fan, and a bluſh; and from Lord M. a reflection, That I turn'd into jeſt everything they ſaid.

I aſked, if they thought the Harlowes deſerved any conſideration from me! and whether that family would not exult over me, were I to marry their Daughter, as if I *dared* not to do otherwiſe?

Lady Sarah. Once I was angry with that family, as we all were. But now I pity them; and think, that you have but too well juſtified the worſe treatment they gave you.

Lord M. Their family is of ſtanding. All gentlemen of it, and rich, and reputable. Let me tell you, that many of our coronets would be glad they could derive their deſcents from no worſe a ſtem than theirs.

Lovel. The Harlowes are a narrow-ſouled and implacable family. I hate them: and tho' I revere the Lady, ſcorn all relation to them.

Lady Betty. I wiſh no worſe could be ſaid of *him*, who is ſuch a ſcorner of common failings in *others*.

Lord M. How would my Siſter Lovelace have reproached herſelf for all her indulgent folly to this favourite

vorite Boy of hers, had ſhe lived till now, and been preſent on this occaſion!

Lady Sarah. Well, but, begging your Lordſhip's pardon, let us ſee if any thing can be done for this poor Lady.

Miſs Ch. If Mr. Lovelace has nothing to object againſt the Lady's character, (and I preſume to think he is not *aſhamed* to do her juſtice, tho' it may make againſt himſelf) I cannot ſee but honour and generoſity will compel from him all that we expect. If there be any levities, any weakneſſes, to be charged upon the Lady, I ſhould not open my lips in her favour; tho' in private I would pity her, and deplore her hard hap. And yet, even then, there might not want arguments, from honour and gratitude, in ſo particular a caſe, to engage you, Sir, to make good the vows it is plain you have broken.

Lady Betty. My Niece Charlotte has called upon you ſo juſtly, and has put the queſtion to you ſo properly, that I cannot but wiſh you would ſpeak to it directly, and without evaſion.

All in a breath then beſpoke my ſerioufneſs, and my juſtice: And in this manner I delivered myſelf, aſſuming an air ſincerely ſolemn.

"I am very ſenſible, that the performance of the "taſk you have put me upon, will leave me without "excuſe: But I will not have recourſe either to eva-"ſion or palliation.

"As my couſin Charlotte has ſeverely obſerved, "I am not *aſhamed* to do juſtice to Miſs Harlowe's "merit.

"I own to you all, and, what is more, with high "regret (if not with *ſhame*, Couſin Charlotte) that I "have a great deal to anſwer for in my uſage of this "Lady. The Sex has not a nobler mind, nor a "lovelier perſon of it. And, for *virtue*, I could not "have believed, (Excuſe me Ladies) that there ever "was a woman who *gave*, or *could* have given, ſuch

" illuſtrious, ſuch uniform proofs of it: For, in her " whole conduct, ſhe has ſhewn herſelf to be equally " above Temptation and Art; and, I had almoſt ſaid, " Human frailty.

" The ſtep ſhe ſo freely blames herſelf for taking, " was truely what ſhe calls *compulſatory*: For tho' " ſhe was provoked to *think* of going off with me, " ſhe intended it not, nor was provided to do ſo: " Neither would ſhe ever have had the *thought* of it, " had her relations left her free, upon her offered " compoſition to renounce the man ſhe did *not* hate, " in order to avoid the man ſhe *did*.

" It piqued my pride, I own, that I could ſo little " depend upon the force of thoſe impreſſions which I " had the vanity to hope I had made in a heart ſo " delicate; and in my worſt devices againſt her, I " encouraged myſelf, that I abuſed no confidence; " for none had ſhe in my honour.

" The evils ſhe has ſuffered, it would have been " more than a miracle had ſhe avoided. Her watch- " fulneſs rendered more plots abortive, than thoſe " which contributed to her fall; and they were " many and various. And all her greater trials and " hardſhips were owing to her noble reſiſtance, and " juſt reſentment.

" I know, proceeded I, how much I condemn " myſelf in the juſtice I am doing to this excellent " creature. But yet I *will* do her juſtice, and can- " not help it if I would. And I hope this ſhews, that " I am not ſo totally abandoned, as I have been " thought to be.

" Indeed, with me, ſhe has done more honour to " her Sex in her fall, if it be to be called a fall (in " truth it ought not) than ever any other could do " in her ſtanding.

" When, at length, I had given her watchful vir- " tue cauſe of ſuſpicion, I was then indeed obliged to " make uſe of Power and Art to prevent her eſcaping

" from

"from me. She then formed contrivances to elude "mine; but all *hers* were ſuch as ſtrict truth and "punctilious honour would juſtify. She could not "ſtoop to deceit and falſehood, no, not to ſave her-"ſelf. More than once juſtly did ſhe tell me, fired "by conſcious worthineſs, that her Soul was my "Soul's ſuperior!—Forgive me, Ladies, for ſaying, "that till I knew *her*, I queſtioned a Soul in a ſex, "created, as I was willing to ſuppoſe, only for tem-"porary purpoſes.—It is not to be imagined into "what abſurdities men of free principles run in "order to juſtify to themſelves their free practices; "and to make a Religion to their minds: And yet, "in this reſpect, I have not been ſo faulty as ſome "others.

"No wonder that ſuch a noble creature as this "looked upon every ſtudied artifice, as a degree of "baſeneſs not to be forgiven: No wonder that ſhe "could ſo eaſily become averſe to the man (tho' "once ſhe beheld him with an eye not wholly in-"different) whom ſhe thought capable of premeditated "guilt.—Nor, give me leave, on the other hand, to "ſay, is it to be wondered at, that the man who "found it ſo difficult to be forgiven for the *ſlighter* "offences, and who had not the grace to recede or "repent (made deſperate) ſhould be hurried on to the "commiſſion of the *greater*.

"In ſhort, Ladies, in a word, my Lord, Miſs "Clariſſa Harlowe is an Angel; if ever there was or "could be one in human Nature: And is, and ever "was, as pure as an Angel in her will: And this "Juſtice I muſt do her, altho' the queſtion, I ſee by "every gliſtening eye, is ready to be aſked, What, "then, Lovelace, art you?—"

Lord M. A devil!—A damn'd devil! I muſt an-ſwer. And may the curſe of God follow you in all you undertake, if you do not make her the beſt a-mends now in your power to make her!

Lovel. From you, my Lord, I could expect no other: But from the Ladies I hope for leſs violence from the ingenuouſneſs of my confeſſion.

The Ladies, elder and younger, had their handkerchiefs to their eyes, at the juſt teſtimony which I bore to the merits of this exalted creature; and which I would make no ſcruple to bear at the Bar of a Court of Juſtice, were I to be called to it.

Lady Betty. Well, Sir, this is a noble character. If you think as you ſpeak, ſurely you cannot refuſe to do the Lady all the juſtice now in your power to do her.

They all join'd in this demand.

I pleaded, that I was ſure ſhe would not have me: That, when ſhe had taken a reſolution, ſhe was not to be moved: Unperſuadableneſs was an Harlowe ſin: That, and her name, I told them, were all ſhe had of theirs.

All were of opinion, that ſhe might, in her preſent deſolate circumſtances, be brought to forgive me. Lady Sarah ſaid, that Lady Betty and ſhe would endeavour to find out the *Noble Sufferer*, as they juſtly called her; and would take her into their protection, and be guarantees of the juſtice that I would do her; as well after Marriage as before.

It was ſome pleaſure to me, to obſerve the placability of theſe Ladies of my own family, had they, any or either of them, met with a LOVELACE. But 'twould be hard upon us honeſt fellows, Jack, if all women were CLARISSAS.

Here I am obliged to break off.

LETTER LVII.

Mr. LOVELACE. *In Continuation.*

IT is much better, Jack, to tell your own Story, when it *muſt* be known, than to have an adverſary tell it for you. Conſcious of this, I gave them a particular

ticular account how urgent I had been with her to fix upon the Thurſday after I left her (it being her Uncle Harlowe's anniverſary Birth-day, and named to oblige her) for the private Celebration; having ſome days before actually procured a Licence, which ſtill remained with her.

That, not being able to prevail upon her to promiſe any thing, while under a ſuppoſed reſtraint; I offered to leave her at full liberty, if ſhe would give me the leaſt hope for that day. But neither did this offer avail me.

That this inflexibleneſs making me deſperate; I reſolved to add to my former fault, by giving directions, that ſhe ſhould not either go or correſpond out of the houſe, till I returned from M. Hall; well knowing, that if ſhe were at full liberty, I muſt for ever loſe her.

That this conſtraint had ſo much incenſed her, that altho' I wrote no leſs than four different Letters, I could not procure a ſingle word in anſwer; tho' I preſſed her but for four words to ſignify the Day and the Church.

I referred to my two Couſins to vouch for me the extraordinary methods I took to ſend meſſengers to town, tho' they knew not the occaſion: Which now I told them was *this*.

I acquainted them, that I even had wrote to you, Jack, and to another gentleman of whom I thought ſhe had a good opinion, to attend her, in order to preſs for her compliance; holding myſelf in readineſs the laſt Day, at Salt-hill, to meet the meſſenger they ſhould ſend, and proceed to London, if his meſſage were favourable: But that, before they could attend her, ſhe had found means to fly away once more: And is now, ſaid I, perched perhaps ſomewhere under Lady Betty's window at Glenham-Hall; and there, like the ſweet Philomela, a thorn in her breaſt,

warbles forth her melancholy complaints againſt her barbarous Tereus.

Lady Betty declared, That ſhe was not with *her*; nor did ſhe know where ſhe was. She ſhould be, ſhe added, the moſt welcome gueſt to her, that ſhe ever received.

In truth I had a ſuſpicion, that ſhe was already in their knowledge, and taken into their protection; for Lady Sarah I imagined incapable of being rouz'd to this ſpirit by a Letter only from Miſs Harlowe, and that not directed to herſelf; ſhe being a very indolent and melancholy woman. But her ſiſter, I find, had wrought her up to it: For Lady Betty is as officious and managing a woman as Mrs. Howe; but of a much more generous and noble diſpoſition—She is *my Aunt*, Jack.

I ſuppoſed, I ſaid, that her Ladyſhip might have a private direction where to ſend to her. I ſpoke as I wiſhed: I would have given the world to have heard that ſhe was inclined to cultivate the intereſt of any of my family.

Lady Betty anſwered, that ſhe had no direction but what was in the Letter; which ſhe had ſcratched out, and which, it was probable, was only a temporary one, in order to avoid me: Otherwiſe ſhe would hardly have directed an Anſwer to be left at an Inn. And ſhe was of opinion, that to apply to Miſs Howe would be the only certain way to ſucceed in any application for forgiveneſs, would I enable that young Lady to intereſt herſelf in procuring it.

Miſs Charlotte. Permit me to make a propoſal.—— Since we are all of one mind in relation to the juſtice due to Miſs Harlowe, if Mr. Lovelace will oblige himſelf to marry her, I will make Miſs Howe a viſit, little as I am acquainted with her; and endeavour to engage her intereſt to forward the deſired Reconciliation. And if this can be done, I make no queſtion but all may be happily accommodated; for every-body knows the Love there is between Miſs Harlowe and Miſs Howe.

MAR-

MARRIAGE, *with theſe Women, thou ſeeſt, Jack, is an Atonement for all we can do to them. A true Dramatic Recompence!*

This motion was highly approved of; and I gave my honour, as deſired, in the fulleſt manner they could wiſh.

Lady Sarah. Well then, Couſin Charlotte, begin your Treaty with Miſs Howe, out of hand.

Lady Betty. Pray do. And let Miſs Harlowe be told, that I am ready to receive her as the moſt welcome of gueſts: And I will not have her out of my ſight till the knot is tied.

Lady Sarah. Tell her from me, that ſhe ſhall be my Daughter!—Inſtead of my poor Betſey;——And ſhed a tear in remembrance of her loſt Daughter.

Lord M. What ſay you, Sir, to this?

Lovel. CONTENT, my Lord, I ſpeak in the language of your Houſe.

Lord M. We are not to be fooled, Nephew. No quibbling. We will have no ſlur put upon us.

Lovel. You ſhall not. And yet, I did not intend to marry, if ſhe exceeded the appointed Thurſday. But, I think (according to her own notions) that I have injured her beyond reparation, altho' I were to make her the beſt of Huſbands; as I am reſolved to be, if ſhe will *condeſcend*, as I will call it, to have me. And be this, Couſin Charlotte, *my* part of your commiſſion to ſay.

This pleaſed them all.

Lord M. Give me thy hand, Bob!—Thou talkeſt like a man of honour at laſt. I hope we may depend upon what thou ſayeſt!

The Ladies eyes put the ſame queſtion to me.

Lovel. You may, my Lord. You may, Ladies—Abſolutely you may.

Then was the perſonal character of the Lady, as well as her more extraordinary talents and endowments again expatiated upon: And Miſs Patty, who had

once ſeen her, launched out more than all the reſt in her praiſe. Theſe were followed by ſuch Enquiries as are never forgotten to be made in Marriage treaties, and which generally are the *principal motives* with the *Sages* of a family, tho' the *leaſt to be mentioned* by the *Parties* themſelves, and yet even by *them*, perhaps, the *firſt* thought of: That is to ſay, inquiſition into the Lady's fortune; into the particulars of the Grandfather's Eſtate; and what her Father, and her ſingle-ſouled Uncles, will probably do for her, if a Reconciliation be effected; as, by their means, they make no doubt but it will, between both Families, if it be not my Fault. The two Venerables [No longer Tabbies with me now] hinted at rich preſents on their own parts; and my Lord declared, that he would make ſuch overtures in my behalf, as ſhould render my Marriage with Miſs Harlowe the beſt Day's Work I ever made; and what, he doubted not, would be as agreeeable to that family, as to myſelf.

Thus, at preſent, by a ſingle Hair, hangs over my head the Matrimonial Sword. And thus ended my Tryal. And thus are we all friends, and Couſin and Couſin, and Nephew and Nephew, at every word.

Did ever Comedy end more happily, than this long Tryal?

LETTER LVIII.

Mr. Lovelace, *To* John Belford, *Eſq.*

Wedn. July 12.

SO, Jack, they think they have gained a mighty point. But, *were* I to change my mind, *were* I to repent, I fanſy I am ſafe.—And yet this very moment it riſes to my mind, that 'tis hard truſting too; for ſurely there muſt be ſome embers, where there was fire ſo lately, that may be ſtirred up to give a blaze to combuſtibles ſtrewed lightly upon them. Love like

ſome

ſome ſelf-propagating plants, or roots, which have taken ſtrong hold in the earth) when once got deep into the heart, is hardly ever *totally* extirpated, except by Matrimony indeed, which is the Grave of Love, becauſe it allows of the end of Love. Then theſe Ladies, all advocates *for* herſelf, *with* herſelf, Miſs Howe at their Head, perhaps——Not in favour to me —I don't expect That from Miſs Howe—But perhaps in favour to *herſelf:* For Miſs Howe has reaſon to apprehend vengeance from me, I ween. Her Hickman will be ſafe too, as ſhe may think, if I marry her beloved friend: For he has been a buſy fellow, and I have long wiſhed to have a ſlap at him!—The Lady's caſe deſperate with her friends too; and likely to be ſo, while ſingle, and her character expoſed to cenſure.

A Huſband is a charming cloak, a fig-leafed apron for a Wife: And for a Lady to be protected in liberties, in diverſions, which her heart pants after—and all her faults, even the moſt criminal, were ſhe to be detected, to be thrown upon the huſband, and the ridicule too; a charming privilege for a Wife!

But I ſhall have one comfort, If I marry, which pleaſes me not a little. If a man's Wife has a dear friend of her Sex, a hundred liberties may be taken with that friend, which could *not* be taken, if the *ſingle Lady* (knowing what a title to freedoms Marriage has given him with her *friend)* was not leſs ſcrupulous with him than ſhe ought to be, as to *herſelf.* Then there are *broad* freedoms (ſhall I call them?) that may be taken by the Huſband with his Wife, that may not be *quite* ſhocking, which, if the wife *bears before her Friend,* will ſerve for a leſſon to *that Friend*; and if that Friend *bears* to be preſent at them without check or baſhfulneſs, will ſhew a ſagacious fellow that ſhe can bear as much herſelf, at *proper time* and *place.*

Chaſtity, Jack, like *Piety,* is an uniform thing. If in *look,* if in *ſpeech,* a girl give way to undue levity, depend

depend upon it, the devil has got one of his cloven feet in her heart already—So, Hickman, take care of thyſelf, I adviſe thee, whether I marry or not.

Thus, Jack, have I at once reconciled myſelf to all my relations—And if the Lady refuſes me, thrown the fault upon her. This, I knew, would be in my power to do at any time: And I was the more arrogant to them, in order to heighten the merit of my compliance.

But after all, it would be very whimſical, would it not, if all my plots and contrivances ſhould end in wedlock? What a puniſhment ſhould this come out to be, upon myſelf too, that all this while I have been plundering my own treaſury?

And then, can there be ſo much harm done, if it can be ſo eaſily repaired by a few magical words; as *I, Robert*, take thee, Clariſſa; and I, Clariſſa, take thee Robert, with the reſt of the for-better and for-worſe Legerdemain, which will hocus pocus all the wrongs the crying wrongs, that I have done to Miſs Harlowe, into acts of kindneſs and benevolence to Mrs. Lovelace?

But, Jack, two things I muſt inſiſt upon with thee, if this is to be the caſe.—Having put ſecrets of ſo high a nature between me and my Spouſe into thy power, I muſt, for my own honour, and for the honour of my Wife and my illuſtrious Progeny, firſt oblige thee to give up the Letters I have ſo profuſely ſcribbled to thee; and, in the next place, do by thee, as I have heard whiſpered in France was done by the *true* father of a certain Monarque; that is to ſay, cut thy throat, to prevent thy telling of tales.

I have found means to heighten the kind opinion my friends here have begun to have of me, by communicating to them the contents of the four laſt Letters which I wrote to preſs my elected Spouſe to ſolemnize. My Lord has repeated one of his phraſes in my favour, that he hopes it will come out, *That the devil is not quite ſo black as he is painted.*

Now

Now pr'ythee, dear Jack, ſince ſo many good conſequences are to flow from theſe our Nuptials (one of which to *thyſelf*; ſince the ſooner thou dieſt, the leſs thou wilt have to anſwer for); and that I now-and-then am apt to believe there may be ſomething in the old fellow's notion, who once told us, that he who kills a man, has all that man's ſins to anſwer for, as well as his own, becauſe he gave him not the time to repent of them, that Heaven deſigned to allow him [A fine thing for thee, if thou conſenteſt to be knocked of the head; but a curſed one for the manſlayer!]; and ſince there may be room to fear, that Miſs Howe will not give us her help; I pry'thee now exert thyſelf to find out my Clariſſa Harlowe, that I may make a LOVELACE of her. Set all the City Bellmen, and the Country Criers, for ten Miles round the metropolis, at work, with their "Oyes's! and if any man, "woman, or child, can give tale or tidings"—Adverti ſe her in all the News-papers; and let her know, "That if ſhe will repair to Lady Betty Lawrance, or "to Miſs Charlotte Montague, ſhe may hear of ſome-"thing greatly to her advantage."

* * * * *

MY two Couſins Montague are actually to ſet out to-morrow, to Mrs. Howe's, to engage her vixen Daughter's intereſt with her friend. They will flaunt it away in a chariot and ſix, for the greater ſtate and ſignificance.

Confounded mortification to be reduced thus low! —My pride hardly knows how to brook it.

Lord M. has engaged the two Venerables to ſtay here, to attend the iſſue: And I, ſtanding very high at preſent in their good graces, am to gallant them to Oxford, to Blenheim, and ſeveral other places.

LET-

LETTER LIX.

Miſs Howe, *To Miſs* Clarissa Harlowe,

Thurſday Night, July 13.

COllins ſets not out to morrow. Some domeſtic occaſion hinders him. Rogers is but now returned from you, and cannot well be ſpared. Mr. Hickman is gone upon an affair of my Mother's, and has taken both his ſervants with him, to do credit to his employer: So I am forced to venture this by the Poſt, directed by your aſſumed name.

I am to acquaint you, that I have been favoured with a viſit from Miſs Montague and her Siſter, in Lord M.'s chariot-and-ſix. My Lord's gentleman rode here yeſterday, with a requeſt that I would receive a viſit from the two young Ladies, on a *very particular occaſion*; the greater favour if it might be the next day.

As I had ſo little perſonal knowledge of either, I doubted not but it muſt be in relation to the intereſts of my dear friend; and ſo conſulting with my Mother, I ſent them an invitation to favour me (becauſe of the diſtance) with their company at dinner; which they kindly accepted.

I hope, my dear, ſince things have been ſo *very* bad, that their errand to me will be as agreeable to you, as any thing that can now happen. They came in the name of Lord M. and Lady Sarah and Lady Betty his two Siſters, to deſire my intereſt to engage you to put yourſelf into the protection of Lady Betty; who will not part with you till ſhe ſees all the juſtice done you that now can be done.

Lady Sarah had not ſtirred out for a twelvemonth before; never ſince ſhe loſt her agreeable Daughter whom you and I ſaw at Mrs. Benſon's: But was induced to take this journey by Lady Betty, purely to procure you reparation, if poſſible. And

their

their joint ſtrength, united with Lord M.'s, has ſo far ſucceeded, that the wretch has bound himſelf to them, and to theſe young ladies, in the ſolmneſt manner, to wed you in their preſence, if they can prevail upon you to give him your hand.

This conſolation you may take to yourſelf, that all this honourable family have a *due* (that is, the *higheſt*) ſenſe of your merit, and greatly admire you. The horrid creature has not ſpared himſelf in doing juſtice to your virtue; and the young Ladies give us ſuch an account of his confeſſions, and ſelf-condemnation, that my Mother was quite charmed with you; and we all four ſhed tears of joy, that there is one of our Sex [I, that that one is my deareſt friend] who has done ſo much honour to it, as to deſerve the exalted praiſes given you by a wretch ſo ſelf-conceited; tho' pity for the excellent creature mixed with your joy.

He promiſes by them to make the beſt of Huſbands; and my Lord, and Lady Sarah, and Lady Betty, are all three to be guarantees that he will be ſo. Noble Settlements, noble Preſents, they talked of: They ſay, they left Lord M. and his two Siſters talking of nothing elſe but of thoſe Preſents and Settlements, how moſt to do you honour, the greater in proportion for the indignities you have ſuffered; and of changing of names by Act of Parliament, preparative to the intereſt they will all join to make to get the Titles to go where the Bulk of the Eſtate muſt go, at my Lord's death, which they apprehend to be nearer than they wiſh. Nor doubt they of a thorough Reformation in his morals, from your example and influence over him.

I made a great many objections for you—All, I believe, that you could have made yourſelf, had you been preſent. But I have no doubt to adviſe you, my dear, (and ſo does my Mother) inſtantly to put yourſelf into Lady Betty's protection, with a reſolution to take the wretch for your Huſband. All his future

grandeur

grandeur [He wants not pride] depends upon his ſincerity to you; and the young Ladies vouch for the depth of his concern for the wrongs he has done you.

All his apprehenſion is, in your readineſs to communicate to every one, as he fears, the evils you have ſuffered; which he thinks will expoſe you both. But had you not revealed them to Lady Betty, you had not had ſo warm a friend; ſince it is owing to two Letters you wrote to her, that all this good, as I hope it will prove, was brought about. But I adviſe you to be more ſparing in expoſing what is paſt, whether you have thoughts of accepting him or not: For what my dear, can that avail now, but to give a handle to vile wretches to triumph over your friends; ſince every one will not know how much to your honour your very ſufferings have been?

Your melancholy Letter brought by Rogers (*a*), with his account of your indifferent health, confirmed to him by the woman of the houſe, as well as by your looks, and by your faintneſs while you talked with him, would have given me inexpreſſible affliction, had I not been cheared by this agreeable viſit from the young Ladies. I hope you will be equally ſo on my imparting the ſubject of it to you.

Indeed, my dear, you muſt not heſitate. You *muſt* oblige them. The alliance is ſplendid and honourable. Very few will know any-thing of his brutal baſeneſs to you. All muſt end, in a little while, in a general Reconciliation; and you will be able to reſume your courſe of doing the good to every deſerving object, which procured you bleſſings wherever you ſet your foot.

I am concerned to find, that your Father's inhuman curſe affects you ſo much as it does. Yet you are a noble creature to put it, as you put it—I hope you are indeed more ſolicitous to get it revoked for their ſakes than for your own. It is for *them* to be

(*a*) See p. 192, & ſeq.

penitent,

penitent, who hurried you into evils you could not well avoid. You are apt to judge by the unhappy event, rather than upon the true merits of your caſe. Upon my honour, I think you faultleſs almoſt in every ſtep you have taken. What has not that vilely inſolent and ambitious, yet ſtupid, Brother of yours to anſwer for?—That ſpiteful thing your Siſter too!

But come, ſince what is paſt cannot be helped, let us look forward. You have now happy proſpects opening to you: A family, *already noble*, prepared to receive and embrace you with open arms, and joyful heart; and who, by their Love to you, will teach another family (who know not what an excellence they have confederated to perſecute) how to value you. Your prudence, your piety, will crown all. You will reclaim a wretch, that for an hundred ſakes more than for his own, one would wiſh to be reclaimed.

Like a traveller, who has been put out of his way, by the overflowing of ſome rapid ſtream, you have only had the fore-right path you were in overwhelmed. A few miles about, a day or two only loſt, as I may ſay, and you are in a way to recover it; and, by quickening your ſpeed, will get up the loſt time. The hurry upon your ſpirits, mean time, will be all your inconvenience; for it was not your fault you were ſtopped in your progreſs.

Think of this, my dear; and improve upon the allegory, as you know how. If you can, without impeding your progreſs, be the means of aſſuaging the inundation, of bounding the waters within their natural channel, and thereby of recovering the overwhelmed path for the ſake of future paſſengers who travel the ſame way, what a merit will yours be!

I ſhall impatiently expect your next letter. The young Ladies propoſed, that you ſhould put yourſelf, if in town, or near it, into the Reading Stage coach, which inns ſomewhere in Fleet-ſtreet: And if you give notice of the day, you will be met on the road,

and

and that pretty early in your journey, by ſome of both Sexes; one of whom you won't be ſorry to ſee.

Mr. Hickman ſhall attend you at Slough; and Lady Betty herſelf, and one of the Miſs Montagues, with proper Equipages, will be at Reading to receive you; and carry you directly to the ſeat of the former: For I have expreſly ſtipulated, that the wretch himſelf ſhall not come into your preſence till your Nuptials are to be ſolemnized, unleſs you give leave.

Adieu, my deareſt friend. Be happy: And hundreds will then be happy of conſequence. Inexpreſſibly ſo, I am ſure, will then be

Your ever-affectionate

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER LX.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

My deareſt Friend, *Sunday Night, July 16.*

WHY ſhould you permit a mind ſo much devoted to your ſervice, to labour under ſuch an impatience as you muſt know it *would* labour under, for want of an Anſwer to a Letter of ſuch conſequence to *you*, and therefore to *me*, as was mine of Thurſday night?—Rogers told me on Thurſday, you were *ſo* ill; your Letter ſent by him was *ſo* melancholy!—Yet you muſt be ill indeed, if you could not write ſomething to ſuch a Letter; were it but a line, to ſay you would write as ſoon as you could. Sure you have received it. The maſter of your neareſt Poſt-office will pawn his reputation that it went ſafe: I give him particular charge of it.

God ſend me good news of your health, of your ability to write; and then I will chide you—Indeed I will—as I never yet did chide you.

I ſuppoſe your excuſe will be, that the ſubject required conſideration—Lord! my dear, ſo it might; But you have ſo right a mind, and the matter in queſtion

ſtion is ſo obvious, that you could not want half an hour to determine—Then you intended, probably, to wait Collins's call for your Letter as on to-morrow!—Suppoſe—Miſs!—(indeed I am angry with you!—ſuppoſe) ſomething were to happen, as it did on Friday, that he ſhould not be able to go to town to-morrow?—How, child, could you ſerve me ſo!—I know not how to leave off ſcolding you!

Dear, honeſt Collins, make haſte: He will: He will. He ſets out, and travels all night: For I have told him, that the deareſt friend I have in the world has it in her own choice to be happy, and to make me ſo; and that the Letter he will bring from her, will aſſure it to me.

I have ordered him to go directly (without ſtopping at the Saracen's-head Inn) to you at your lodgings. Matters are now in ſo good a way, that he ſafely may.

Your expected Letter is ready written I hope: If it be not, he will call for it at your hour.

You can't be ſo happy as you deſerve to be: But I doubt not that you will be as happy as you *can*; that is, that you will chuſe to put yourſelf inſtantly into Lady Betty's protection. If you would not have the wretch for *your own* ſake; have him you muſt, for *mine*, for your *family*'s, for your *honour*'s ſake!—Dear, honeſt Collins, make haſte! make haſte! and relieve the impatient heart of my Beloved's

Ever-faithful, ever-affectionate,

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER LXI.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CHARLOTTE MONTAGUE.

Madam, *Tueſday Morn. July* 18.

I Take the liberty to write to you, by this ſpecial meſſenger. In the phrenſy of my ſoul I write to you, to demand of you, and of any of your family who

who can tell, news of my beloved friend, who, I doubt, has been ſpirited away by the baſe arts of one of the blackeſt—O help me to a name bad enough to call him by! Her piety is proof againſt ſelf-attempts. It muſt, it muſt be He, the only wretch, who could injure ſuch an Innocent; and now—who knows what he has done with her!

If I have patience, I will give you the occaſion of this diſtracted vehemence.

I wrote to her the very moment you and your Siſter left me. But being unable to procure a ſpecial meſſenger, as I intended, was forced to ſend by the Poſt. I urged her [You know I promiſed that I would: I urged her] with earneſtneſs, to comply with the deſires of all your family. Having no anſwer, I wrote again on Sunday night; and ſent it by a particular hand, who travelled all night; chiding her for keeping a heart ſo impatient as mine in ſuch cruel ſuſpenſe, upon a matter of ſo much importance to her; and therefore to me. And very angry I was with her in my mind.

But, judge my aſtoniſhment, my diſtraction, when laſt night, the meſſenger, returning poſt-haſte, brought me word, that ſhe had not been heard of ſince Friday morning! And that a Letter lay for her at her lodings, which came by the Poſt; and muſt be mine!

She went out about Six that morning; only intending, as they believe, to go to morning prayers at Covent-Garden Church, juſt by her lodgings, as ſhe had done divers times before—Went on foot!—Left word ſhe ſhould be back in an hour—Very poorly in health!

Lord, have mercy upon me! What ſhall I do!—I was a diſtracted creature all laſt night!

O Madam! You know not how I love her!—My own Soul is not dearer to me, than my Clariſſa Harlowe!—Nay, ſhe *is* my Soul—For I now have none

—Only a miſerable one, however—For ſhe was the joy, the ſtay, the prop of my life. Never woman loved woman as we love one another. It is impoſſible to tell you half her excellencies. It was my glory and my pride, that I was capable of ſo fervent a Love of ſo pure and matchleſs a creature—But now—Who knows, whether the dear injured has not all her woes, her undeſerved woes, completed in death; or is not reſerved for a worſe fate!—This I leave to your enquiry—For—your—[ſhall I call the man——your?] relation I underſtand is ſtill with you.

Surely, my good Ladies, you were well authorized in the propoſals you made in preſence of my Mother! Surely he dare not abuſe your confidence, and the confidence of your noble relations! I make no apology for giving you this trouble, nor for deſiring you to favour with a line by this meſſenger.

Your almoſt diſtracted

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER LXII.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq.*

M. Hall, Sat. Night, June 15.

ALL undone, undone, by Jupiter!—Zounds, Jack, what ſhall I do now! A curſe upon all my plots and contrivances!—But I have it——In the very heart and ſoul of me, I have it!

Thou toldeſt me, that my puniſhments were but beginning—Canſt thou, O fatal prognoſticator! canſt thou tell me, where they will end?

Thy aſſiſtance I beſpeak. The moment thou receiveſt this, I beſpeak thy aſſiſtance. This meſſenger rides for life and death—And I hope he'll find you at your town-lodgings; if he meet not with you at Edgware; where, being Sunday, he will call firſt.

This

This curſed, curſed woman, on Friday diſpatched man and horſe with the joyful news (as ſhe thought it would be to me) in an exulting Letter from Sally Martin, that ſhe had found out my angel as on Wedneſday laſt; and on Friday morning, after ſhe had been at prayers at Covent-garden Church—praying for my Reformation perhaps—got her arreſted by two Sheriffs officers, as ſhe was returning to her lodgings, who (Villains!) put her into a chair they had in readineſs, and carried her to one of the curſed fellow's houſes.

She has arreſted her for 150*l.* pretendedly due for Board and Lodging: A ſum (beſides the low villainy of the proceeding) which the dear Soul could not poſſibly raiſe; all her cloaths and effects, except what ſhe had on and with her when ſhe went away, being at the old devil's.

And here, for an aggravation, has the dear creature lain already two days; for I muſt be gallanting my two Aunts and my two Couſins, and giving Lord M. an airing after his lying-in—Pox upon the whole family of us! And returned not till within this hour: And now returned to my diſtraction, on receiving the curſed Tidings, and the exulting Letter.

Haſten, haſten, dear Jack; for the Love of God, haſten to the injured Charmer! My heart bleeds for her—She deſerved not This!—I dare not ſtir. It will be thought done by my contrivance—And if I am abſent from this place, that will confirm the ſuſpicion.

Damnation ſeize quick this accurſed woman!—Yet ſhe thinks ſhe has made no ſmall merit with me. Unhappy, thrice unhappy circumſtance!—At a time too, when better proſpects were opening for the ſweet Creature!

Haſten to her!—Clear me of this curſed job. Moſt ſincerely, by all that's Sacred, I ſwear you may?—— Yet have I been ſuch a villainous plotter, that the charming

charming Sufferer will hardly believe it: altho' the proceeding be ſo dirtily low.

Set her free the moment you ſee her: Without conditioning, free!—On your knees, for me, beg her pardon: And aſſure her, that, where-ever ſhe goes, I will not moleſt her: No, nor come near her without her leave: And be ſure allow not any of the damned crew to go near her—Only let her permit *you* to receive her commands from time to time.—You have always been her friend and advocate. What would I now give, had I permitted you to have been a ſucceſsful one!

Let her have all her Cloaths and Effects ſent her inſtantly, as a ſmall proof of my ſincerity. And force upon the dear creature, who muſt be moneyleſs, what ſums you can get her to take. Let me know how ſhe has been treated. If roughly, woe be to the guilty!

Take thy watch in thy hand, after thou haſt freed her, and damn the whole brood, dragon and ſerpents, by the hour, till thou'rt tired; and tell them, I bid thee do ſo for their curſed officiouſneſs.

They had nothing to do when they had found her, but to wait my orders how to proceed.

The great devil fly away with them all, one by one, thro' the roof of their own curſed houſe, and daſh them to pieces againſt the tops of chimneys as he flies; and let the leſſer devils collect their ſcattered ſcraps, and bag them up, in order to put them together again in their allotted place, in the element of fire, with cements of molten lead.

A line! A line! A kingdom for a line! with tolerable news, the firſt moment thou canſt write!—This fellow waits to bring it.

LETTER LXIII.

Miſs CHARLOTTE MONTAGUE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

M. Hall, Tueſday Afternoon.

Dear Miſs HOWE,

YOUR Letter has infinitely diſturbed us all.

This wretched man has been half diſtracted ever ſince Saturday night.

We knew not what ailed him, till your Letter was brought.

Vile wretch, as he is, he is however innocent of this new evil.

Indeed he is, he *muſt* be; as I ſhall more at large acquaint you.

But will not now detain your meſſenger.

Only to ſatisfy your juſt impatience, by telling you, that the dear young Lady is ſafe, and, we hope, well.

A horrid miſtake of his general orders has ſubjected her to the terror and diſgrace of an Arreſt.

Poor dear Miſs Harlowe!—Her ſufferings have endeared her to us, almoſt as much as her Excellencies can have endeared her to you.

But ſhe muſt be now quite at liberty.

He has been a diſtracted man, ever ſince the news was brought him; and we knew not what ailed him.

But that I ſaid before.

My Lord M. my Lady Sarah Sadleir, and my Lady Betty Lawrance, will all write to you this very afternoon.

And ſo will the wretch himſelf.

And ſend it by a ſervant of their own, not to detain yours.

I know not what I write.

But you ſhall have all the particulars, juſt, and true, and fair, from *Dear Madam,*

Your moſt faithful and obedient Servant,

CH. MONTAGUE.

LET-

LETTER LXIV.

Miſs Montague, *To Miſs* Howe.

Dear Madam, *M. Hall, July* 18.

IN purſuance of my promiſe, I will minutely inform you of every-thing we know, relating to this ſhocking tranſaction.

When we returned from you on Thurſday night, and made our report of the kind reception both we and our meſſage met with, in that you had been ſo good as to promiſe to uſe your intereſt with your dear friend; it put us all into ſuch good humour with one another, and with my couſin Lovelace, that we reſolved upon a little tour of two days, the Friday and Saturday, in order to give an airing to my Lord, and Lady Sarah; both having been long confined, one by illneſs, the other by melancholy. My Lord, Lady Sarah, Lady Betty, and myſelf, were in the coach; and all our talk was of dear Miſs Harlowe, and of our future happineſs with her. Mr. Lovelace and my Siſter (who is his favourite, as he is hers) were in his Phaeton: and whenever we joined company, that was ſtill the ſubject.

As to him, never man praiſed woman, as he did her: Never man gave greater hopes, and made better reſolutions. He is none of thoſe that are governed by Intereſt. He is too proud for that. But moſt ſincerely delighted was he in talking of her; and of his hopes of her returning favour. He ſaid, however, more than once, that he feared ſhe would not forgive him; for, from his heart, he muſt ſay, he deſerved not her forgiveneſs: And often and often, that there was not ſuch a woman in the world.

This I mention to ſhew you, Madam, that he could not at this time be privy to ſuch a barbarous and diſgraceful treatment of her.

We returned not till Saturday night, all in as good

humour with one another as we went out. We never had ſuch pleaſure in his company before. If he would be good, and as he ought to be, no man would be better beloved by relations than he. But never was there a greater alteration in man when he came home, and received a Letter from a meſſenger, who, it ſeems, had been flattering himſelf in hopes of a reward, and had been waiting for his return from the night before. In *ſuch* a fury!—The man fared but badly. He inſtantly ſhut himſelf up to write, and ordered man and horſe to be ready to ſet out before day-light the next morning, to carry the Letter to a friend in London.

He would not ſee us all that night; neither breakfaſt nor dine with us next day. He ought, he ſaid, never to ſee the light; and bid my Siſter, whom he called an *Innocent* (and who was very deſirous to know the occaſion of all this) ſhun him; ſaying, He was a wretch, and made ſo by his own inventions, and the conſequences of them.

None of us could get out of him what ſo diſturbed him. We ſhould too ſoon hear, he ſaid, to the utter diſſipation of all *his* hopes, and of all *ours*.

We could eaſily ſuppoſe, that all was not right with regard to the worthy young Lady and him.

He was out each day; and ſaid he wanted to run away from himſelf.

Late on Monday night he received a Letter from Mr. Belford, his moſt favoured friend, by his own meſſenger; who came back in a foam, man and horſe. Whatever were the contents, he was not eaſier, but like a madman rather: But ſtill would not let us know the occaſion. But to my Siſter he ſaid, Nobody, my dear Patſey, who can think but of half the plagues that purſue an intriguing ſpirit, would ever quit the fore-right path.

He was out, when your meſſenger came: But ſoon came in; and bad enough was his reception from

us all. And he ſaid, that his own torments were greater than ours, than Miſs Harlowe's, or yours, Madam, all put together. He would ſee your Letter. He always carries every thing before him: And ſaid, when he had read it, that he thanked God, he was not ſuch a villan, as you, with too great an appearance of reaſon, thought him.

Thus then he owned the matter to be.

He had left general directions to the people of the lodgings the dear Lady went from, to find out where ſhe was gone to, if poſſible, that he might have an opportunity to importune her to be his, before their difference was public. The wicked people (*officious* at leaſt, if not wicked) diſcovered where ſhe was on Wedneſday; and, for fear ſhe ſhould remove before they could have his orders, they put her under a *gentle reſtraint*, as they call it; and diſpatched away a meſſenger to acquaint him with it; and to take his orders.

This meſſenger arrived on Friday afternoon; and ſtaid here till we returned on Saturday night:—And when he read the Letter he brought—I have told you, Madam, what a fury he was in.

The Letter he retired to write, and which he diſpatched away ſo early on Sunday morning, was to conjure his friend Mr. Belford, on receipt of it, to fly to the Lady, and ſet her free; and to order all her things to be ſent her; and to clear him of ſo *black* and *villainous* a fact, as he juſtly called it.

And by this time he doubts not that all is happily over; and the Beloved of his Soul (as he calls her at every word) in an eaſier and happier way than ſhe was before the horrid fact. And now he owns, that the reaſon why Mr. Belford's Letter ſet him into ſtronger ravings, was becauſe of his keeping him wilfully (and on purpoſe to torment him) in ſuſpenſe; and reflecting very heavily upon him (for Mr. Belford, he ſays, was ever the Lady's friend and advocate); and

only mentioning, that he had waited upon her; referring to his next for further particulars; which Mr. Belford could have told him at the time.

He declares, and we can vouch for him, that he has been, ever ſince laſt Saturday night, the moſt miſerable of men.

He forbore going up himſelf, that it might not be imagined he was guilty of ſo black a contrivance; and that he went up to complete any baſe views in conſequence of it.

Believe us all, dear Miſs Howe, under the deepeſt concern at this unhappy accident; which will, we fear, exaſperate the charming Sufferer; not too much for the occaſion, but too much for our hopes.

O what wretches are theſe free-living men, who love to tread in intricate paths; and, when once they err, know not how far out of the way their headſtrong courſe may lead them!

My Siſter joins her thanks with mine to your good Mother and Self, for the favours you heaped upon us laſt Thurſday. We beſeech your continued intereſt as to the ſubject of our viſit. It ſhall be all our ſtudies to oblige and recompence the dear Lady to the utmoſt of our power, for what ſhe has ſuffered from the unhappy man.

We are, dear Madam,

Your obliged and faithful Servants,

CHARLOTTE } MONTAGUE.
MARTHA }

Dear Miſs HOWE.

WE join in the above requeſt of Miſs Charlotte and Miſs Patty Montague, for your favour and intereſt; being convinced, that the accident was an accident; and no plot or contrivance of a wretch too full of them. We are, Madam,

Your moſt obedient humble Servants,

M.
SARAH SADLIR.
ELIZ. LAWRANCE.

Dear Miſs HOWE,

AFTER what is written above, by names and characters of ſuch unqueſtionable honour, I might have been excuſed ſigning a name almoſt as hateful to myſelf, as I KNOW it is to you. But the *above* will have it ſo. Since therefore I *muſt* write, it ſhall be the truth; which is, That, if I may be once more admitted to pay my duty to the moſt deſerving and moſt injured of her Sex, I will be content to do it with a Halter about my neck; and, attended by a Parſon on my right-hand, and the Hangman on my left, be doomed, at her will, either to the Church or the Gallows.

Tueſday, July 18.

Your moſt humble Servant,
ROBERT LOVELACE.

LETTER LXV.

Mr. BELFORD, *To* ROBERT LOVELACE, *Eſq.*

Sunday Night, July 16.

WHAT a curſed piece of work haſt thou made of it, with the moſt excellent of women! Thou mayeſt be in earneſt, or in jeſt, as thou wilt; but the poor Lady will not be long either thy ſport, or the ſport of fortune!

I will give thee an account of a ſcene that wants but her affecting pen to repreſent it juſtly; and it would wring all the black blood out of thy callous heart.

Thou only, who art the author of her calamities, ſhouldſt have attended her in her priſon. I am unequal to ſuch a taſk: Nor know I any other man but would.

This laſt act, however unintended by thee, yet a conſequence of thy general orders, and too likely to be thought agreeable to thee, by thoſe who know thy other villainies by her, has finiſhed thy barbarous

work. And I adviſe thee to trumpet forth every-where, how much in earneſt thou art to marry her, whether true or not.

Thou mayeſt *ſafely* do it. She will not live to put thee to the trial; and it will a little palliate for thy enormous uſage of her, and be a means to make mankind, who know not what I know of the matter, herd a little longer with thee, and forbear to hunt thee to thy fellow-ſavages in the Lybian wilds and deſerts.

Your meſſenger found me at Edgware, expecting to dinner with me ſeveral friends, whom I had invited three days before. I ſent apologies to them, as in a caſe of life and death; and ſpeeded to town to the wicked woman's: For how knew I but ſhocking attempts might be made upon her by the curſed wretches: perhaps by your connivance, in order to mortify her into your meaſures?

Little knows the public what villanies are committed by vile wretches, in theſe abominable houſes upon innocent creatures drawn into their ſnares.

Finding the Lady not there, I poſted away to the Officer's, altho' Sally told me, that ſhe had been juſt come from thence; and that ſhe had refuſed to ſee her, or (as ſhe ſent down word) any-body elſe; being reſolved to have the remainder of that Sunday to herſelf, as it might, perhaps, be the laſt ſhe ſhou'd ever ſee.

I had the ſame thing told me, when I got thither.

I ſent up to let her know, that I came with a commiſſion to ſet her at liberty. I was afraid of ſending up the name of a man known to be your friend She abſolutely refuſed to ſee *any man*, however, for that day, or to anſwer further to any-thing ſaid from me.

Having therefore informed myſelf of all that the Officer, and his wife, and ſervant, could acquaint me with, as well in relation to the horrid arreſt, as to her behaviour, and the women's to her; and her ill ſtate of health; I went back to Sinclair's, as I will ſtill call her, and heard the three women's ſtory.

From

From all which, I am enabled to give you the following ſhocking particulars: Which may ſerve till I can ſee the unhappy Lady herſelf to-morrow, if then I gain admittance to her. You will find, that I have been very minute in my enquiries.

Your villain it was that *ſet* the poor Lady, and had the impudence to appear, and abet the Sheriff's Officers in the curſed tranſaction. He thought, no doubt, that he was doing the moſt acceptable ſervice to his bleſſed maſter. They had got a Chair; the head ready up, as ſoon as Service was over. And as ſhe came out of the Church, at the door fronting Bedford-ſtreet, the Officers, ſtepping to her, whiſpered, that they had an Action againſt her.

She was terrified, trembled, and turned pale.

Action! ſaid ſhe. What is that?——I have committed *no bad action!*——Lord bleſs me! Men, what mean you?

That you are our priſoner, Madam.

Priſoner, Sirs!—What—How—Why—What have I done?

You muſt go with us. Be pleaſed, Madam, to ſtep into this chair.

With *you!*—With *men!* Muſt go with *men!*—I am not uſed to go with *ſtrange men!*——Indeed you muſt excuſe me!

We can't excuſe you: We are Sheriff's Officers. We have a Writ againſt you. You *muſt* go with us, and you ſhall know at whoſe Suit.

Suit! ſaid the charming innocent; I don't know what you mean. Pray, men don't lay hands upon me; (they offering to put her into the chair.) I am not uſed to be thus treated—I have done nothing to deſerve it.

She then ſpied thy villain—O thou wretch, ſaid ſhe, where is thy vile maſter?—Am I again to be *his Priſoner?* Help, good people!

A croud had before begun to gather.

My maſter is in the country, Madam, many miles off. If you pleaſe to go with theſe men, they will treat you civilly.

The people were moſt of them ſtruck with compaſſion. A fine young creature!—A thouſand pities cried ſome. While ſome few threw out vile and ſhocking reflections! But a gentleman interpoſed, and demanded to ſee the fellow's authority.

They ſhewed it. Is your name Clariſſa Harlowe, Madam? ſaid he.

Yes, yes, indeed, ready to ſink, my name *was* Clariſſa Harlowe:—But it is now *Wretchedneſs!*—Lord be merciful to me, what is to come next?

You *muſt* go with theſe men, Madam, ſaid the gentleman: They have authority for what they do.

He pitied her, and retired.

Indeed you muſt, ſaid one chairman.

Indeed you muſt, ſaid the other.

Can nobody, joined in another gentleman, be applied to, who will ſee that ſo fine a creature is not ill uſed?

Thy villain anſwered, Orders were given particularly for that. She had rich relations. She need but aſk and have. She would only be carried to the Officer's houſe, till matters could be made up. The people ſhe had lodged with, loved her: But ſhe had left her lodgings privately.

O! had ſhe thoſe tricks already? cried one or two.

She heard not this—But ſaid—Well, if I muſt go, I muſt—I cannot reſiſt—But I will not be carried to the Woman's! I will rather die at your feet, than be carried to the Woman's.

You won't be carried there, Madam, cried thy fellow.

Only to my houſe, Madam, ſaid one of the Officers.

Where is that?

In High-Holbourn, Madam.

I know not where High-Holbourn is: But anywhere, except to the Woman's.——But am I to go with *Men* only? Look-

Looking about her, and ſeeing the three paſſages, to wit, that leading to Henrietta-ſtreet, that to King-ſtreet, and the fore-right one, to Bedford-ſtreet, crouded, ſhe ſtarted—Any-where—Any-where, ſaid ſhe, but to the Woman's! And ſtepping into the chair, threw herſelf on the ſeat, in the utmoſt diſtreſs and confuſion—Carry me, carry me out of ſight—Cover me——Cover me up——for ever——were her words.

Thy villain drew the curtain: She had not power: And they went away with her through a vaſt croud of people.

Here I muſt reſt. I can write no more at preſent. Only, Lovelace, remember, *All this was to a Clariſſa!*

* * * * *

THE unhappy Lady fainted away when ſhe was taken out of the chair at the Officer's houſe.

Several people followed the chair to the very houſe, which is in a wretched Court. Sally was there; and ſatisfied ſome of the enquirers, that the young gentlewoman would be exceedingly well uſed: And they ſoon diſperſed.

Dorcas was alſo there; but came not in her ſight. Sally, as a favour, offered to carry her to her former lodgings: But ſhe declared, they ſhould carry her thither a corpſe, if they did.

Very gentle uſage the women boaſt of: So would a vulture, could it ſpeak, with the entrails of its prey upon its rapacious talons. Of this you'll judge from what I have to recite.

She aſked, what was meant by this uſage of her? People told me, ſaid ſhe, that I *muſt* go with the men:—That they had authority to take me: So I ſubmitted. But now, what is to be the end of this diſgraceful violence?

The end, ſaid the vile Sally Martin, is, for honeſt people to come at their own.

Bleſs me! have I taken away any-thing that belongs to thoſe who have obtained this power over me? —I have left very valuable things behind me; but have taken nothing away that is not my own.

And who do you think, *Miſs Harlowe*; for I underſtand, ſaid the curſed creature, you are not married; who do you think is to pay for your Board and your Lodgings! ſuch handſome Lodgings! for ſo long a time as you were at Mrs. Sinclair's.

Lord have mercy upon me)!—Miſs Martin (I think you are Miſs Martin)!—And is this the cauſe of ſuch a diſgraceful inſult upon me in the open ſtreets?

And cauſe enough, *Miſs Harlowe* (fond of gratifying her jealous revenge, by calling her *Miſs*)—One hundred and fifty guineas, or pounds, is no ſmall ſum to loſe—And by a young creature who would have bilked her lodgings.

You amaze me, Miſs Martin!—What language do you talk in?——*Bilk my l dgings!*——What is that?

She ſtood aſtoniſhed, and ſilent for a few moments.

But recovering herſelf, and turning from her to the window, ſhe wrung her hands [The curſed Sally ſhewed me how!] and liſting them up—— *Now*, Lovelace: Now indeed do I think I *ought* to forgive thee!—But who ſhall forgive Clariſſa Harlowe!—— O my Siſter!—O my Brother!——Tender mercies were your cruelties to *this!*

After a pauſe, her handkerchief drying up her falling tears, ſhe turned to Sally: *Now*, have I nothing to do but acquieſce—Only let me ſay, That if this Aunt of yours, This Mrs. Sinclair, or This Man, This Mr. Lovelace, come near me; or if I am carried to the horrid houſe (for that, I ſuppoſe, is the deſign of this new outrage); God be merciful to the poor Clariſſa Harlowe!——Look to the conſequence! —— Look, I charge you, to the conſequence!

The vile wretch told her, It was not deſigned to carry

carry her any whither againſt her will: But, if it were, they ſhould take care not to be frighted again by a *penknife*.

She caſt up her eyes to Heaven, and was ſilent—And went to the fartheſt corner of the room, and, ſitting down, threw her handkerchief over her face.

Sally aſked her ſeveral queſtions; but not anſwering her, ſhe told her, ſhe would wait upon her by-and-by, when ſhe had found her ſpeech.

She ordered the people to preſs her to eat and drink. She muſt be faſting—Nothing but her prayers and tears, poor thing!—were the mercileſs devil's words, as ſhe owned to me.—Doſt think I did not curſe her?

She went away; and, after her own dinner, returned.

The unhappy Lady, by this devil's account of her, then ſeemed either mortified into meekneſs, or to have made a reſolution not to be provoked by the inſults of this curſed creature.

Sally enquired, in her preſence, whether ſhe had eat or drank any-thing; and being told by the woman, that ſhe could not prevail upon her to taſte a morſel, or drink a drop, ſhe ſaid, This is wrong, *Miſs Harlowe!* Very wrong!—Your Religion, I think, ſhould teach you, that ſtarving yourſelf is Self-murder.

She anſwered not.

The wretch owned, ſhe was reſolved to make her ſpeak.

She aſked, if Mabell ſhould attend her, till it were ſeen what her friends would do for her, in diſcharge of the debt? Mabell, ſaid ſhe, has not *yet* earned the cloaths you were ſo good as to give her.

Am I not worthy an anſwer, *Miſs Harlowe!*

I would anſwer you (ſaid the ſweet Sufferer, without any emotion) If I knew how.

I have ordered pen, ink, and paper, to be brought you

you *Miſs Harlowe*. There they are. I know you love writing. You may write to whom you pleaſe. Your friend, Miſs Howe, will expect to hear from you.

I have no friend, ſaid ſhe, I deſerve none.

Rowland, for that's the Officer's name, told her, She had friends enow to pay the debt, if ſhe would write.

She would trouble nobody; ſhe had no friends; was all they could get from her, while Sally ſtaid: But yet ſpoken with a patience of ſpirit, as if ſhe enjoyed her griefs.

The inſolent creature went away, ordering them, in the Lady's hearing, to be very civil to her, and to let her want for nothing. Now had ſhe, ſhe owned, the triumph of her heart over this haughty Beauty, who kept them all at ſuch a diſtance in their own houſe!

What thinkeſt thou, Lovelace, of this!—This wretch's triumph was over a Clariſſa!

About Six in the evening, Rowland's wife preſſed her to drink tea. She ſaid, ſhe had rather have a glaſs of water; for her tongue was ready to cleave to the roof of her mouth.

The woman brought her a glaſs, and ſome bread and butter. She tried to taſte the latter; but could not ſwallow it: But eagerly drank the water; lifting up her eyes in thankfulneſs for that!!!

The divine Clariſſa, Lovelace—reduced to rejoice for a cup of cold water!—By whom *reduced!*

About nine o'clock ſhe aſked, if any body were to be her bedfellow.

Their maid, if ſhe pleaſed; or, as ſhe was ſo weak and ill, the girl ſhould ſit up with her, if ſhe choſe ſhe ſhould.

She choſe to be alone both night and day, ſhe ſaid. But might ſhe not be truſted with the keys of the room where ſhe was to lie down; for ſhe ſhould not put off her cloaths!

That, they told her, could not be.

She

She was afraid not, ſhe ſaid.—But indeed ſhe would not get away, if ſhe could.

They told me, that they had but one bed, beſides that they lay in themſelves (which they would fain have had her accept of) and beſides *that* their maid lay in, in a garret, which they called a hole of a garret: And that *that* one bed was the priſoner's bed; which they made ſeveral apologies to me about. I ſuppoſe it is ſhocking enough.

But the Lady would not lie in theirs. Was ſhe not a priſoner? ſhe ſaid—Let her have the priſoners room.

Yet they owned that ſhe ſtarted, when ſhe was conducted thither. But recovering herſelf, Very well, ſaid ſhe—Why ſhould not all be of a piece?—Why ſhould not my wretchedneſs be complete?

She found fault, that all the faſtenings were on the outſide, and none within; and ſaid, She could not truſt herſelf in a room, where others could come in at their pleaſure, and ſhe not go out. She had not *been uſed* to it!!!

Dear, dear Soul!—My tears flow as I write!——Indeed, Lovelace, ſhe had not been uſed to ſuch treatment.

They aſſured her, that it was as much their duty to protect her from other perſons inſults, as from eſcaping herſelf.

Then they were people of more honour, ſhe ſaid, than ſhe had been of late uſed to.

She aſked, if they knew Mr. Lovelace?

No, was their anſwer.

Have you heard of him?

No.

Well then, you may be good ſort of folks in your way.

Pauſe here a moment, Lovelace!—and reflect—I muſt.

* *

AGAIN they aſked her, If they ſhould ſend any word to her lodgings?

Theſe

Theſe are my lodgings now; are they not?—was all her anſwer.

She ſat up in a chair all night, the back againſt the door; having, it ſeems, thruſt a broken piece of a poker thro' the ſtaples where a bolt had been on the inſide.

* * * * * *

Next morning Sally and Poly both went to viſit her.

She had begged of Sally the day before, that ſhe might not ſee Mrs. Sinclair, nor Dorcas, nor the broken-toothed ſervant, called William.

Polly would have ingratiated herſelf with her; and pretended to be concerned for her misfortunes. But ſhe took no more notice of her than of the other.

They aſked, If ſhe had any commands?—If ſhe *had*, ſhe only need to mention what they were, and ſhe ſhould be obeyed.

None at all, ſhe ſaid.

How did ſhe like the people of the houſe? Were they civil to her?

Pretty well, conſidering ſhe had no money to give them.

Would ſhe accept of any money? They could put it to her account.

She would contract no debts.

Had ſhe any money about her?

She meekly put her hand in her pocket, and pulled out half a guinea, and a little ſilver. Yes, I have a little.———But here ſhould be fees paid, I believe. Should there not? I have heard of entrance-money to compound for not being ſtript. But theſe people are very civil people, I fancy; for they have not offered to take away my cloaths.

They have *orders* to be civil to you.

It is very kind.

But we two will bail you, *Miſs*, if you will go back with us to Mrs. Sinclair's.

Nor

Not for the world!

Hers are very handſome apartments.

The fitter for thoſe who own them!

Theſe are very ſad ones.

The fitter for *me!*

You may be very happy yet, *Miſs*, if you will.

I hope I ſhall.

If you refuſe to eat or drink, we will give bail, and take you with us.

Then I will *try* to eat and drink. Any-thing but go with you.

Will you not ſend to your new lodgings; the people will be frighted.

So they will, if I ſend. So they will, if they know where I am.

But have you no things to ſend for from thence?

There is what will pay for their lodgings and trouble: I ſhall not leſſen their ſecurity.

But perhaps letters or meſſages may be left for you there.

I have very few friends; and to thoſe I *have* I will ſpare the mortification of knowing what has befallen me.

We are ſurpriſed at your indifference *Miſs* Harlowe. Will you not write to any of your friends?

No.

Why, you don't think of tarrying *here* always?

I ſhall not *live* always.

Do you think you are to ſtay here as long as you live?

That's as it ſhall pleaſe God, and thoſe who have brought me hither.

Should you like to be at liberty?

I am miſerable!—What is Liberty to the miſerable, but to be *more* miſerable.

How miſerable, *Miſs?*—You may make yourſelf as happy as you pleaſe.

I hope *you* are both happy.

We

We are.

May you be more and more happy!

But we wiſh *you* to be ſo too.

I ſhall never be of your opinion, I believe, as to what happineſs is.

What do you take our opinion of happineſs to be?

To live at Mrs Sinclair's.

Perhaps, ſaid Sally, we were once as ſqueamiſh and narrow-minded as you.

How came it over with you?

Becauſe we ſaw the ridiculouſneſs of Prudery.

Do you come hither to perſuade me to hate Prudery, as you call it, as much as you do?

We came to offer our ſervice to you.

It is out of your power to ſerve me.

Perhaps not.

It is not in my inclination to trouble you.

You may be worſe offered.

Perhaps I may.

You are mighty ſhort, *Miſs*.

As I wiſh your viſit to be, Ladies.

They owned to me, that they cracked their fans, and laughed.

Adieu, perverſe Beauty!

Your ſervant, Ladies.

Adieu, Haughty airs!

You ſee me humbled—

As you deſerve, *Miſs* Harlowe. Pride will have a fall.

Better fall, with what *you* call pride, than ſtand with meanneſs.

Who does?

I had once a *better* opinion of you, Miſs Horton!—Indeed you ſhould not inſult the miſerable.

Neither ſhould the *miſerable*, ſaid Sally, inſult people for their civility.

I ſhould be ſorry if I did.

Mrs. Sinclair ſhall attend you by-and-by, to know if you have any commands for her.

I

I have no wiſh for any liberty, but that of refuſing to ſee her, and *one* more perſon.

What we came for, was to know if you had any propoſals to make for your enlargement.

Then, it ſeems, the officer put in. You have very good friends, Madam, I underſtand. Is it not better that you make it up? Charges will run high. A hundred and fifty guineas are eaſier paid than two hundred. Let theſe Ladies bail you, and go along with them; or write to your friends to make it up.

Sally ſaid, There is a gentleman who ſaw you taken, and was ſo much moved for you, *Miſs Harlowe*, that he would gladly advance the money for you, and leave you to pay it when you can.

See, Lovelace, what curſed devils theſe are! This is the way, we know, that many an innocent heart is thrown upon keeping, and then upon the Town. But for theſe wretches thus to go to work with ſuch an Angel at this!—How glad would have been the deviliſh Sally, to have had the leaſt handle to report to thee a liſtening ear, or patient ſpirit, upon this hint!

Sir, ſaid ſhe, with high indignation, to the Officer, did not you ſay laſt night, that it was as much your buſineſs to protect me from the inſults of others, as from eſcaping?—Cannot I be permitted to ſee whom I pleaſe? and to refuſe admitance to thoſe I like not?

Your creditors, Madam, will expect to ſee you.

Not, if I declare I will not treat with them.

Then, Madam, you will be ſent to priſon.

Priſon, friend!—What doſt thou call thy houſe?

Not a priſon, Madam.

Why theſe iron-barred windows, then! Why theſe double-locks and bolts all on the Outſide, none on the In?

And down ſhe dropt into her chair, and they could not get another word from her. She threw her hand-

We are.

May you be more and more happy!

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And down ſhe dropt into her chair, and they could not get another word from her. She threw her hand-

handkerchief over her face, as one before, which was ſoon wet with tears; and grievouſly, they own, ſhe ſobbed.

Gentle treatment, Lovelace!—Perhaps thou, as well as theſe wretches, wilt think it ſo!

Sally then ordered a dinner, and ſaid, They would ſoon be back again, and ſee that ſhe eat and drank, *as a good Chriſtian ſhould*, comporting herſelf to her condition, and making the beſt of it.

What has not this charming Creature ſuffered, what has ſhe not gone thro', in theſe laſt three months, that I know of!—Who would think ſuch a delicately framed perſon could have ſuſtained what ſhe has ſuſtained! We ſometimes talk of Bravery, of Courage, of Fortitude!—Here they are in perfection!—Such Bravoes as thou and I ſhould never have been able to ſupport ourſelves under half the perſecutions, the diſappointments, and contumelies, that *ſhe* has met with; but, like Cowards, ſhould have ſlid out of the world, baſely, by ſome back-door; that is to ſay, by a Sword, by a Piſtol, by a Halter, or Knife;—But here is a fine-principled woman, who, by dint of this noble conſideration, as I imagine [What elſe can ſupport her?]—That ſhe has *not* deſerved *the evils ſhe contends with*; and that *this world is deſigned but as a tranſitory State of Probation*; and that ſhe is *travelling to another and better*; puts up with all the hardſhips of the *journey*; and is not to be diverted from her courſe by the attacks of *thieves* and *robbers*, or any other terrors and difficulties; *being aſſured of an ample Reward at the end of it.*

If thou thinkeſt this reflection uncharacteriſtic from a companion and friend of thine, imagineſt thou, that I profited nothing by my long attendance on my Uncle in his dying ſtate; and from the pious reflections of the good clergyman, who, day by day, at the poor man's own requeſt, viſited and prayed by him?—And could I have another ſuch inſtance *as this*, to bring all theſe reflections home to me? Then

Then who can write of good perſons, and of good ſubjects, and be capable of *admiring them*, and not be made ſerious for the *time?* And hence may we gather what a benefit to the morals of men the keeping of *good* company muſt be; while thoſe who keep only *bad*, muſt neceſſarily more and more harden, and be hardened.

*** ***

'Tis twelve of the clock, Sunday night—I can think of nothing but of this excellent creature. Her diſtreſſes fill my head and my heart. I was drowſy for a quarter of an hour; but the fit is gone off. And I will continue the melancholy ſubject from the information of theſe wretches. Enough, I dare ſay, will ariſe in the viſit I ſhall make, if admitted to-morrow, to ſend by thy ſervant, as to the way I am likely to find her in.

After the women had left her, ſhe complained of her head and her heart; and ſeemed terrified with apprehenſions of being carried once more to Sinclair's.

Refuſing any-thing for breakfaſt, Mrs. Rowland came up to her, and told her (as theſe wretches owned they had ordered her, for fear ſhe ſhould ſtarve herſelf) That ſhe *muſt* and *ſhould* have Tea, and Bread and Butter: And that, as ſhe had friends who could ſupport her, if ſhe wrote to them, it was a wrong thing, both for herſelf and *them*, to ſtarve herſelf thus.

If it be for your *own ſakes* ſaid ſhe, that is another thing: Let coffee, or tea, or chocolate, or what you will, be got: And put down a chicken to my account every day, if you pleaſe, and eat it yourſelves. I will taſte it, if I can. I would do nothing to hinder you. I have friends will pay you liberally, when they know I am gone.

They wondered, they told her, at her ſtrange compoſure in ſuch diſtreſſes.

They were *nothing*, ſhe ſaid, *to what ſhe had ſuffered*

fered already from the vileſt of all men. The diſgrace of ſeizing her in the ſtreet; multitudes of people about her; ſhocking imputations wounding her ears; had indeed been very affecting to her. But that was over.—Every thing ſoon would!—And ſhe ſhould be ſtill *more* compoſed, were it not for the apprehenſions of ſeeing one man, and one woman; and being tricked or forced back to the vileſt houſe in the world.

Then were it not better to give way to the two gentlewomen's offer to bail her?—They could tell her, it was a very kind proffer; and what was not to be met with every day.

She believed ſo.

The Ladies might, poſſibly, diſpenſe with her going back to the houſe to which ſhe had ſuch an antipathy. Then the compaſionate gentleman, who was inclined to make it up with her creditors on her own bond—It was ſtrange to them ſhe hearkened not to ſo generous a propoſal.

Did the two Ladies tell you who the gentleman was?—Or, did they ſay any more on that ſubject?

Yes, they did! and hinted to me, ſaid the woman, that you had nothing to do, but to receive a viſit from the gentleman, and the money, they believed, would be laid down on your own Bond or Note.

She was ſtartled.

I charge you, ſaid ſhe, as you will anſwer it one day to my friends, that you bring no gentleman into my company. I charge you don't. If you do, you know not what may be the conſequence.

They apprehended no bad conſequence, they ſaid, in doing their Duty: And if ſhe knew not her own good, her friends would thank them for taking any innocent ſteps to ſerve her, tho' againſt her will.

Don't puſh me upon extremities, man!—Don't make me deſperate, woman!—I have no ſmall difficulty, notwithſtanding the ſeeming compoſure you juſt now took notice of, to bear, as I ought to bear the evils

evils I ſuffer. But if you bring a man or men to me, be the pretence *what* it will——

She ſtopt there, and looked ſo earneſtly, and ſo wildly, they ſaid, that they did not know but ſhe would do ſome harm to herſelf, if they diſobeyed her; and that would be a ſad thing in *their* houſe, and might be their ruin. They therefore promiſed, that no man ſhould be brought to her but by her own conſent.

Mrs. Rowland prevailed on her to drink a diſh of tea, and taſte ſome bread and butter, about eleven on Saturday morning: Which ſhe probably did, to have an excuſe not to dine with the women when they returned.

But ſhe would not quit her *priſon-room*, as ſhe called it to go into their parlour.

"Unbarred windows, and a lightſomer apartment, "ſhe ſaid, had too chearful an appearance for her "mind."

A ſhower falling, as ſhe ſpoke, "What, ſaid ſhe, "looking up, do the Elements weep for me?"

At another time, "The light of the Sun was irk-"ſome to her. The Sun ſeemed to ſhine in to mock "her woes."

"Methought, added ſhe, the Sun darting in, and "gilding theſe iron bars, plays upon me, like the two "women, who came to inſult my haggard looks by, "the word *Beauty*; and my dejected heart, by the "word *Haughty-airs!*"

Sally came again at dinner-time, *to ſee how ſhe fared*, as ſhe told her; and that ſhe did not ſtarve herſelf: And, as ſhe wanted to have ſome talk with her, if ſhe gave her leave, ſhe would dine with her.

I cannot eat.

You muſt try, *Miſs Harlowe*.

And, dinner being ready juſt then, ſhe offered her hand, and deſired her to walk down.

No; ſhe would not ſtir out of her *priſon-room*.

Theſe

Theſe ſullen airs won't do, *Miſs Harlowe:* Indeed they won't.

She was ſilent.

You will have harder uſage than any you have ever yet known, I can tell you, if you come not into ſome humour to make matters up.

She was ſtill ſilent.

Come, *Miſs*, walk down to dinner. Let me entreat you, do. Miſs Horton is below: She was once your favourite.

She waited for an anſwer: But received none.

We came to make ſome propoſals to you, for your good; though you affronted us ſo lately. And we would not let Mrs. Sinclair come in perſon, becauſe we thought to oblige you.

This is indeed obliging.

Come, give me your hand, *Miſs Harlowe:* You *are* obliged to me, I can tell you that: And let us go down to Miſs Horton.

Excuſe me: I will not ſtir out of this room.

Would you have me and Miſs Horton dine in this filthy bed-room?

It is not a bed-room to me. I have not been in bed; nor will, while I am here.

And yet you care not, as I ſee, to leave the houſe.—And ſo you won't go down, *Miſs Harlowe?*

I won't, except I am forced to it.

Well, well, let it alone. I ſha'n't aſk Miſs Horton to dine in this room, I aſſure you. I will ſend up a plate.

And away the little ſaucy toad fluttered down.

When they had dined, up they came together.

Well, Miſs, you would not eat any-thing, it ſeems?—Very pretty ſullen airs theſe!—No wonder *the honeſt gentlemen had ſuch a hand with you.*

She only held up her hands and eyes; the tears trickling down her cheeks.

Inſolent

Inſolent devils!—how much more cruel and inſulting are bad women, even than bad men!

Methinks, *Miſs*, ſaid Sally, you are little *ſoily*, to what we have ſeen you. Pity ſuch a nice Lady ſhould not have changes of apparel! Why won't you ſend to your lodgings for linen, at leaſt?

I am not nice now.

Miſs looks well and clean in any thing, ſaid Polly. But, dear Madam, why won't you ſend to your lodgings? Were it but in kindneſs to the *people?* They muſt have a concern about you. And your Miſs Howe will wonder what's become of you; for, no doubt, you correſpond.

She turned from them, and, to herſelf, ſaid, *Too much! Too much!*—She toſſed her handkerchief, wet before with her tears, from her, and held her apron to her eyes.

Don't weep, Miſs! ſaid the vile Polly.

Yet *do*, cried the viler Sally, it will be a relief. Nothing, as Mr. Lovelace once told *me*, dries ſooner than tears. For once I too wept mightily.

I could not bear the recital of this with patience. Yet I curſed them not ſo much as I ſhould have done, had I not had a mind to get from them all the particulars of their *gentle* treatment: And this for two reaſons; the one, that I might ſtab thee to the heart with the repetition; the other, that I might know upon what terms I am likely to ſee the unhappy Lady to-morrow.

Well, but, *Miſs Harlowe*, cried Sally, do you think theſe *forlorn airs* pretty? You are a good Chriſtian, child. Mrs. Rowland tells me, ſhe has got you a Bible-book—O there it lies!—I make no doubt, but you have doubled down the *uſeful places*, as honeſt Matt Prior ſays.

Then riſing, and taking it up—Ay, ſo you have—The *Book of Job!* One opens naturally here, I ſee—*My* mamma made me a fine Bible-ſcholar.—

Eccleſiaſticus too!—That's Apocrypha, as they call it——You ſee, Miſs Horton, I know ſomething of the book.

They propoſed once more to bail her, and to go home with them. A motion which ſhe received with the ſame indignation as before.

Sally told her, That ſhe had written in a very favourable manner, in her behalf, to you; and that ſhe every hour expected an anſwer; and made no doubt, that you would come up with the meſſenger, and generouſly pay the whole debt, and aſk her pardon for neglecting it.

This diſturbed her ſo much, that they feared ſhe would have fallen into fits. She could not bear your name, ſhe ſaid. She hoped ſhe ſhould never ſee you more: And were you to intrude yourſelf, dreadful conſequences might follow.

Surely, they ſaid, ſhe would be glad to be releaſed from her confinement.

Indeed ſhe *ſhould*, now they had begun to alarm her with *his* name, who was the author of all her woes: and who, ſhe now ſaw plainly, gave way to this new outrage, in order to bring her to his own infamous terms.

Why then, they aſked, would ſhe not write to her friends, to pay Mrs. Sinclair's demand?

Becauſe ſhe hoped ſhe ſhould not long trouble anybody; and becauſe ſhe knew, that the payment of the money, if ſhe ſhould be able to pay it, was not what was aimed at.

Sally owned, that ſhe told her, That, truly, ſhe had thought herſelf as well deſcended, and as well educated, as *herſelf*, tho' not entitled to ſuch conſiderable fortunes. And had the impudence to inſiſt upon it to me to be truth.

She had the inſolence to add, to the Lady, That ſhe had as much reaſon as *ſhe*, to expect Mr. Lovelace would marry her; he having contracted to do ſo

before

before he knew Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe: And that ſhe had it under his hand and ſeal too—or elſe he had not obtained his end: Therefore it was not likely ſhe ſhould be ſo officious as to do his work againſt herſelf, if ſhe thought Mr. Lovelace had deſigns upon her, like what ſhe *preſumed* to hint at: That, for her part, her only view was, to procure liberty to a young gentlewoman, who made thoſe things grievous to her which would not be made ſuch a rout about by anybody elſe—and to procure the payment of a juſt debt to her friend Mrs. Sinclair.

She beſought them to leave her. She wanted not theſe inſtances, ſhe ſaid, to convince her of the company ſhe was in: and told them, that, to get rid of ſuch viſitors, and of the ſtill worſe ſhe was apprehenſive of, ſhe would write to one friend to raiſe the money for her; tho' it would be death for her to do ſo; becauſe that friend could not do it without her Mother, in whoſe eye it would give a ſelfiſh appearance to a friendſhip that was above all ſordid alloys.

They adviſed her to write out of hand.

But how much muſt I write for? What is the ſum? Should I not have had a bill delivered me? God knows, I took not your lodgings. But he that could treat me as he has done, could do this!

Don't ſpeak againſt Mr. Lovelace, *Miſs Harlowe*. He is a man I greatly eſteem [Curſed toad!]. And, 'bating that he will take his advantage, where he can, of *Us* ſilly credulous women, he is a man of honour.

She lifted up her hands and eyes, inſtead of ſpeaking: And well ſhe might! For any words ſhe could have uſed, could not have expreſſed the anguiſh ſhe muſt feel, on being comprehended in the US.

She muſt write for one hundred and fifty guineas, at leaſt: Two hundred, if ſhe were ſhort of money, might as well be written for.

Mrs. Sinclair, ſhe ſaid, had all her cloaths. Let them be ſold, *fairly* ſold, and the money go as far as

it would go. She had alſo a few other valuables; but no money (none at all) but the poor half guinea, and the little ſilver they had ſeen. She would give Bond to pay all that her apparel, and the other matters ſhe had, would fall ſhort of. She had great effects belonging to her of right. Her bond would, and muſt, be paid, were it for a thouſand pounds. But her cloaths ſhe ſhould never want. She believed, if not too much undervalued, thoſe, and her few valuables, would anſwer every-thing. She wiſhed for no ſurplus but to diſcharge the laſt expences; and forty ſhillings would do as well for thoſe as forty pounds. "Let "my ruin, ſaid ſhe, lifting up her eyes, be LARGE! "Let it be COMPLETE, *in this life!*—For a *compoſition*, "let it be COMPLETE."—And there ſhe ſtopped.

The wretches could not help wiſhing to me for the opportunity of making ſuch a purchaſe for their own wear. How I curſed *them!* and, in my heart, *thee!*—But too probable, thought I, that this vile Sally Martin may hope [Tho' thou art incapable of it] that *her* Lovelace, as ſhe has the aſſurance, behind thy back, to call thee, may preſent her with ſome of the poor Lady's ſpoils!

Will not Mrs. Sinclair, proceeded ſhe, think my cloaths a ſecurity, till they can be ſold? They are very good cloaths. A ſuit or two but juſt put on, as it were; never worn. They coſt much more than is demanded of me. *My Father loved to ſee me fine*—All ſhall go. But let me have the particulars of her demand. I ſuppoſe I muſt pay for my *Deſtroyer* [that was her well-adapted word!] and his ſervants, as well as for myſelf.—I am content to do ſo.—Indeed I am content to do ſo—I am above wiſhing, that any-body, who could *thus* act, ſhould be ſo much as expoſtulated with, as to the juſtice and equity of this payment. If I have but enough to pay the demand, I ſhall be ſatisfied; and will leave the baſeneſs of ſuch an action as this, as an aggravation of a guilt which I thought could *not* be aggravated.

I own, Lovelace, I have malice in this particularity, in order to ſting thee to the heart. And, let me aſk thee, What now thou can'ſt think of thy barbarity, thy unprecedented barbarity, in having reduced a perſon of her rank, fortune, talents, and virtue, ſo low?

The wretched women, it muſt be owned, act but in their profeſſion; a profeſſion thou haſt been the principal means of reducing theſe two to act in. And they know what thy deſigns have been, and how far proſecuted. It is, in their opinions, uſing her *gentry*, that they have forborne to bring to her the woman ſo juſtly odious to her; and that they have not threatened her with the introducing to her ſtrange men: Nor yet brought into her company their *Spirit breakers*, and *Humbling drones* (fellows not allowed to carry ſtings) to trace and force her back to their deteſted houſe; and, when there, into all their meaſures.

Till I came, they thought thou wouldſt not be diſpleaſed at any-thing ſhe ſuffered, that could help to mortify her into a ſtate of ſhame and diſgrace; and bring her to comply with thy views, when thou ſhouldſt come to releaſe her from theſe wretches, as from a greater evil than cohabiting with thee.

When thou conſidereſt theſe things, thou wilt make no difficulty of believing, that this their own account of their behaviour to this admirable woman has been far ſhort of their inſults: And the leſs, when I tell thee, that, all together, their uſage had ſuch effects upon her, that they left her in violent hyſterics; ordering an Apothecary to be ſent for, if ſhe ſhould continue in them, and be worſe; and particularly (as they had done from the firſt) that they kept out of her way any edged or pointed inſtrument; eſpecially a penknife; which, pretending to mend a pen, they ſaid, ſhe might aſk for.

At twelve Saturday night, Rowland ſent to tell

them, that ſhe was ſo ill, that the knew not what might be the iſſue; and wiſhed her out of his houſe.

And this made them as heartily wiſh to hear from you. For their meſſenger, to their great ſurprize, was not then returned from M. Hall. And they were ſure he muſt have reached that place by Friday night.

Early on Sunday morning, both devils went to ſee how ſhe did. They had ſuch an account of her weakneſs, lowneſs, and anguiſh, that they forbore (out of compaſſion, they ſaid, finding their viſits ſo diſagreeable to her) to ſee her. But their apprehenſion of what might be the iſſue was, no doubt, their principal conſideration: Nothing elſe could have ſoftened ſuch flinty boſoms.

They ſent for the Apothecary Rowland had had to her, and gave him, and Rowland, and his wife and maid, ſtrict orders, many times repeated, for the utmoſt care to be taken of her—No doubt, with an Old-Bailey forecaſt. And they ſent up to let her know what orders they had given: But that, underſtanding ſhe had taken ſomething to compoſe herſelf, they would not diſturb her.

She had ſcrupled, it ſeems, to admit the Apothecary's viſit over-night, becauſe he was a MAN. Nor could ſhe be prevailed upon to ſee him, till they pleaded *their own ſafety* to her.

They went again, from church [Lord, Bob, theſe creatures go to church!]: But ſhe ſent them down word, that ſhe muſt have all the remainder of the day to herſelf.

When I firſt came, and told them of thy execrations for what they had done, and joined my own to them, they were aſtoniſhed. The Mother ſaid, ſhe had thought ſhe had known Mr. Lovelace better; and expected thanks, and not curſes.

While I was with them, came back halting and curſing, moſt horribly, their meſſenger; by reaſon of

of the ill-uſage he had received from you, inſtead of the reward he had been taught to expect for the ſuppoſed good news that he carried down —A pretty fellow, art thou not, to abuſe people for the conſequences of thy own faults?

Dorcas, whoſe acquaintance this fellow is, and who recommended him for the journey, had conditioned with him, it ſeems, for a ſhare in the expected bounty from you. Had ſhe been to have had *her* ſhare made good, I wiſh thou hadſt broken every bone in his ſkin.

Under what ſhocking diſadvantages, and with this addition to them, that I am thy Friend and Intimate, am I to make a viſit to this unhappy Lady to-morrow morning! In thy *name*, too!—Enough to be refuſed, that I am of a *Sex*, to which, for *thy* ſake, ſhe has ſo juſtifiable an averſion: Nor, having ſuch a tyrant of a Father, and ſuch an implacable Brother, has ſhe reaſon to make an exception in favour of *any* of it on *their* accounts.

It is three o'clock. I will cloſe here; and take a little reſt: What I have written will be a proper preparative for what ſhall offer by-and-by.

Thy ſervant is not to return without a Letter, he tells me; and that thou expecteſt him back in the morning. Thou haſt fellows enough where thou art at thy command. If I find any difficulty in ſeeing the Lady, thy meſſenger ſhall poſt away with this.—Let him look to broken bones, and other conſequences, if what he carries anſwer not thy expectation. But, if I am admitted, thou ſhalt have *this* and the reſult of my audience both together. In the former caſe, thou mayeſt ſend another ſervant to wait the next advices, from

J. Belford.

LETTER LXVI.

Mr. BELFORD, *To* ROBERT LOVELACE, *Eſq.*

Monday, July 17.

ABOUT Six this morning I went to Rowland's. Mrs. Sinclair was to follow me, in order to diſmiſs the action; but not to come in ſight.

Rowland, upon enquiry, told me, that the Lady was extremely ill; and that ſhe had deſired, that no one but his wife or maid ſhould come near her.

I ſaid, I *muſt* ſee her. I had told him my buſineſs over-night, and I *muſt* ſee her.

His wife went up: But returned preſently, ſaying, She could not get her to ſpeak to her; yet that her eyelids moved; tho' ſhe either would not, or could not, open them, to look up at her.

Oons, woman, ſaid I, the Lady may be in a Fit: The Lady may be dying—Let me go up. Shew me the way.

A horrid hole of a houſe, in an Alley they call a Court; ſtairs wretchedly narrow, even to the firſt-floor rooms: and into a den they led me, with broken walls, which had been papered, as I ſaw by a multitude of tacks, and ſome torn bits held on by the ruſty heads.

The floor indeed was clean, but the ceiling was ſmoked with variety of figures, and initials of names, that had been the woeful employment of wretches who had no other way to amuſe themſelves.

A bed at one corner, with coarſe curtains tacked up at the feet to the cieling; becauſe the curtain-rings were broken off; but a coverlid upon it with a cleaniſh look, tho' plaguily in tatters, and the corners tied up in taſſels, that the rents in it might go no farther.

The windows dark and double-barred, the tops boarded up to ſave mending; and only a little four-paned eyelet-hole of a caſement to let in air; more, however,

however, coming in at broken panes, than could come in at That.

Four old turkey-worked chairs, burſten-bottomed, the ſtuffing ſtaring out.

An old, tottering, worm-eaten table, that had more nails beſtowed in mending it to make it ſtand, than the table coſt fifty years ago, when new.

On the mantle-piece was an iron ſhove-up candleſtick, with a lighted candle in it, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, four of them, I ſuppoſe for a penny.

Near that, on the ſame ſhelf, was an old looking-glaſs, cracked thro' the middle, breaking out into a thouſand points; the crack given it, perhaps, in a rage, by ſome poor creature, to whom it gave the repreſentation of his heart's woes in his face.

The chimney had two half-tiles in it on one ſide, and one whole one on the other; which ſhewed it had been in better plight; but now the very mortar had followed the reſt of the tiles in every other place, and left the bricks bare.

An old half-barred ſtove-grate was in the chimney; and in that a large ſtone-bottle without a neck, filled with baleful Yew, as an Ever-green, withered Southernwood, dead Sweet-briar, and ſprigs of Rue in flower.

To finiſh the ſhocking deſcription, in a dark nook ſtood an old broken-bottomed cane couch, without a ſquab, or coverlid, ſunk at one corner, and unmortiſed by the failing of one of its worm-eaten legs, which lay in two pieces under the wretched piece of furniture it could no longer ſupport.

And this, thou horrid Lovelace, was the bedchamber of the divine Clariſſa!!!

I had leiſure to caſt my eye on theſe things: For, going up ſoftly, the poor Lady turned not about at our entrance; nor, till I ſpoke, moved her head.

She was kneeling in a corner of the room, near the diſmal window, againſt the table, on an old bolſter

(as it ſeemed to be) of the cane couch, half-covered with her handkerchief; her back to the door; which was only ſhut to [No need of faſtenings!]; her arms croſſed upon the table, the fore-finger of her right-hand in her Bible. She had perhaps been reading in it, and could read no longer. Paper, pens, ink, lay by her book on the table. Her dreſs was white damaſk, exceeding neat; but her ſtays ſeemed not tight-laced. I was told afterwards, that her laces had been cut, when ſhe fainted away at her entrance into this curſed place; and ſhe had not been ſolicitous enough about her dreſs, to ſend for others. Her head-dreſs was a little diſcompoſed; her charming hair, in natural ringlets, as you have heretofore deſcribed it, but a little tangled, as if not lately comb'd, irregularly ſhading one ſide of the loveliеſt neck in the world; as her diſordered rumpled handkerchief did the other. Her face [O how altered from what I had ſeen it! Yet lovely in ſpite of all her griefs and ſufferings!] was reclined, when we entered, upon her croſſed arms; but ſo, as not more than one ſide of it to be hid.

When I ſurvey'd the room around, and the kneeling Lady, ſunk with majeſty too in her white flowing robes (for ſhe had not on a hoop) ſpreading the dark, tho' not dirty, floor, and illuminating that horrid corner; her linen beyond imagination white, conſidering that ſhe had not been undreſſed ever ſince ſhe had been here; I thought my concern would have choaked me. Something roſe in my throat, I know not what, which made me, for a moment, guggle, as it were, for ſpeech: Which, at laſt, forcing its way, Con—Con—Confound you both, ſaid I, to the man and woman, is this an apartment for ſuch a Lady? And could the curſed devils of her own Sex, who viſited this ſuffering Angel, ſee her, and leave her, in ſo damn'd a nook?

Sir, we would have had the Lady to accept of our own

own bed-chamber: but ſhe refuſed it. We are poor people—And we expect nobody will ſtay with us longer than they can help it.

You are people choſen purpoſely, I doubt not, by the damn'd woman who has employed you: And if your uſage of this Lady has been but half as bad as your houſe, you had better never to have ſeen the light.

Up then raiſed the charming Sufferer her lovely face; but with ſuch a ſignificance of woe overſpreading it, that I could not, for the ſoul of me, help being viſibly affected.

She waved her hand two or three times towards the door, as if commanding me to withdraw; and diſpleaſed at my intruſion; but did not ſpeak.

Permit me, Madam—I will not approach one ſtep farther without your leave—Permit me, for one moment, the favour of your ear!

No—No—Go, go; MAN, with an emphaſis—And would have ſaid more; but, at if ſtruggling in vain for words, ſhe ſeemed to give up ſpeech for loſt, and dropped her head down once more, with a deep ſigh, upon her left arm; her right, as if ſhe had not the uſe of it (numbed, I ſuppoſe) ſelf-moved, dropping down on her ſide.

O that thou hadſt been there! and in my place!—But by what I then felt, in myſelf, I am convinced, that a capacity of being moved by the diſtreſſes of our fellow creatures, is far from being diſgaceful to a manly heart. With what pleaſure, at that moment, could I have given up my own life, could I but firſt have avenged this charming creature, and cut the throat of her *Deſtroyer*, as ſhe emphatically calls thee, tho' the friend that I beſt love: And yet, at the ſame time, my heart and my eyes gave way to a ſoftneſs of which (tho' not ſo hardened a wretch as thou) they were never before ſo ſuſceptible.

I dare not approach you, deareſt Lady, without

your leave: But on my knees I beſeech you to permit me to releaſe you from this damn'd houſe, and out of the power of the accurſed woman, who was the occaſion of your being here!

She lifted up her ſweet face once more, and beheld me on my knees. Never knew I before what it was to pray ſo heartily.

Are you not—Are you not Mr. Belford, Sir? I think your Name is Belford?

It is, Madam, and I ever was a worſhipper of your virtues, and an advocate for you; and I come to releaſe you from the hands you are in.

And in whoſe to place me?—O leave me, leave me! Let me never riſe from this ſpot! Let me never, never more believe in man!

This moment, deareſt Lady, this very moment, if you pleaſe, you may depart whitherſoever you think fit. You are abſolutely free, and your own miſtreſs.

I had now as lieve die here in this place, as anywhere. I will owe no obligation to any friend of *him* in whoſe company you have ſeen me. So, pray, Sir, withdraw.

Then turning to the Officer, Mr. Rowland I think you name is? I am better reconciled to your houſe than I was at firſt. If you can but engage that I ſhall have nobody come near me but your wife (No *Man!*) and neither of thoſe women who have ſported with my calamities; I will die with you, and in this very corner. And you ſhall be well ſatisfied for the trouble you have had with me—I have value enough for that—for, ſee, I have a diamond ring; taking it out of her boſom; and I have friends will redeem it at a high price, when I am gone.

But for *you*, Sir, looking at me, I beg you to withdraw. If you mean me well, God, I hope, will reward you for your good meaning; but to the friend of my *Deſtroyer* will I not owe an obligation.

You will owe no obligation to me, nor to any-body.

You

You have been detained for a debt you do not owe. The Action is diſmiſed; and you will only be ſo good as to give me your hand into the coach, which ſtands as near to this houſe as it could draw up. And I will either leave you at the coach-door, or attend you whitherſoever you pleaſe, till I ſee you ſafe where you would wiſh to be.

Will you then, Sir, *compel* me to be beholden to you?

You will inexpreſſibly oblige me, Madam, to command me to do you either ſervice or pleaſure.

Why then, Sir [looking at me]—But why do you mock me in that humble poſture! Riſe, Sir! I cannot ſpeak to you elſe.

I aroſe.

Only, Sir, take this ring. I have a Siſter, who will be glad to have it, at the price it ſhall be valued at, for the *former* owner's ſake!—Out of the money ſhe gives, let this man be paid! handſomely paid: And I have a few valuables more at my lodging (Dorcas, or the MAN William, can tell where that is); let them, and my cloaths at the wicked woman's, where you have ſeen me, be ſold for the payment of my lodging firſt, and next of your *friend*'s debts, that I have been arreſted for, as far as they will go; only reſerving enough to put me into the ground, any-where, or any-how, no matter——Tell your friend, I wiſh it may be enough to ſatisfy the whole demand; but if it be not, he muſt make it up himſelf; or, if he think fit to draw for it on Miſs Howe, ſhe will repay it, *and with intereſt*, if he inſiſt upon it.——And this, Sir, if you promiſe to perform, you will do me, as you offer, both pleaſure and ſervice: And ſay you *will*, and take the ring, and withdraw. If I want to ſay any-thing more to you (You ſeem to be an humane man) I will let you know——And ſo, Sir, God bleſs you.

I approached her, and was going to ſpeak——

Don't

Don't ſpeak, Sir: Here's the ring.

I ſtood off.

And won't you take it? Won't you do this laſt office for me?—I have no other perſon to aſk it of; elſe, believe me, I would not requeſt it of *you*. But take it, or not, laying it upon the table——you muſt withdraw, Sir: I am very ill. I would fain get a little reſt, if I could. I find I am going to be bad again.

And offering to riſe, ſhe ſunk down thro' exceſs of weakneſs and grief, in a fainting fit.

Why, Lovelace, waſt thou not preſent thyſelf?——Why doſt thou commit ſuch villainies, as even Thou art afraid to appear in; and yet putteſt a weaker heart and head upon encountering with them?

The maid coming in juſt then, the woman and ſhe lifted her up on a decrepit couch; and I withdrew with this Rowland; who wept like a child, and ſaid, he never in his life was ſo moved.

Yet ſo hardened a wretch art thou, that I queſtion whether thou wilt ſhed a tear at my relation,

They recovered her by hartſhorn and water. I went down mean while; for the deteſtable woman had been below ſome time. O how I did curſe her! I never before was ſo fluent in curſes.

She tried to wheedle me; but I renounced her; and, after ſhe had diſmiſſed the Action, ſent her away crying, or pretending to cry, becauſe of my behaviour to her.

You will obſerve, that I did not mention one word to the Lady about *you*. I was afraid to do it. For 'twas plain, that ſhe could not bear your name: Your *Friend*, and the *Company* you have ſeen me in, were the words neareſt to naming you, ſhe could ſpeak: And yet I wanted to clear your intention of this brutal, this ſordid looking villainy.

I ſent up again, by Rowland's wife, when I heard that the Lady was recovered, beſeeching her to quit

that

that deviliſh place; and the woman aſſured her, that ſhe was at full liberty to do ſo; for that the Action was diſmiſſed.

But ſhe cared not to anſwer her: And was ſo weak and low, that it was almoſt as much out of her power as inclination, the woman told me, to ſpeak.

I would have haſtened away for my friend Doctor H. but the houſe is ſuch a den, and the room ſhe was in ſuch a hole, that I was aſhamed to be ſeen in it by a man of his reputation, eſpecially with a woman of ſuch an appearance, and in ſuch uncommon diſtreſs; and I found there was no prevailing on her to quit it for the peoples bed-room, which was neat and lightſome.

The ſtrong room ſhe was in, the wretches told me, ſhould have been in better order, but that it was but the very morning that ſhe was brought in, that an unhappy man had quitted it; for a more eligible priſon, no doubt; ſince there could hardly be a worſe.

Being told, that ſhe deſired not to be diſturbed, and ſeemed inclined to doze, I took this opportunity to go to her lodgings in Covent-garden: to which Dorcas (who firſt diſcovered her there, as Will was the Setter from church) had before given me a direction.

The man's name is Smith, a dealer in gloves, ſnuff, and ſuch petty merchandize: His wife the ſhopkeeper: He a maker of the gloves they ſell. Honeſt people, it ſeems.

I thought to have got the woman with me to the Lady; but ſhe was not within.

I talked with the man, and told him what had befallen the Lady; owing, as I ſaid, to a miſtake of orders; and gave her the character ſhe deſerved; and deſired him to ſend his wife the moment ſhe came in, to the Lady; directing him whither; not doubting, that her attendance would be very welcome to her; which he promiſed.

He

He told me, that a Letter was left for her there on Saturday; and, about half an hour before I came, another, ſuperſcribed by the ſame hand; the firſt, by the poſt; the other, by a countryman; who having been informed of her abſence, and of all the circumſtances they could tell him of it, poſted away, full of concern, ſaying, that the Lady he was ſent from would be ready to break her heart at the tidings.

I thought it right to take the two Letters back with me; and, diſmiſſing my coach, took a chair, as a more proper vehicle for the Lady, if I (the friend of her *Deſtroyer*) could prevail upon her to leave Rowland's.

And here, being obliged to give way to an indiſpenſable avocation, I will make thee taſte a little, in thy turn, of the plague of ſuſpenſe; and break off, without giving thee the leaſt hint of the iſſue of my further proceedings. I know, that thoſe leaſt bear diſappointment, who love moſt to give it. In twenty inſtances, haſt thou afforded me proof of the truth of this obſervation. And I matter not thy raving.

Another Letter, however, ſhall be ready, ſend for it as ſoon as thou wilt. But, were it not, have I not written enough to convince thee, that I am

Thy ready and obliging Friend,

J. Belford.

LETTER LXVII.

Mr. Lovelace, *To* John Belford, *Eſq.*

Monday, July 17. Eleven at Night.

CURSE upon thy hard heart, thou vile caitiff! How haſt thou tortured me, by thy deſigned *abruption!* 'Tis impoſſible that Miſs Harlowe ſhould have ever ſuffered as thou haſt made me ſuffer, and as I now ſuffer!

That Sex is made to bear pain. It is a curſe, that the firſt of it entailed upon all her daughters, when ſhe

ſhe brought the curſe upon us all And they love thoſe beſt, whether man or child, who give them moſt—But to ſtretch upon thy damn'd tenter-hooks ſuch a ſpirit as mine—No rack, no torture, can equal my torture!

And muſt I ſtill wait the return of another meſſenger? Conſound thee for a malicious devil! I wiſh thou wert a poſt-horſe, and I upon the back of thee! How would I whip and ſpur, and harrow up thy clumſy ſides, till I make thee a ready-roaſted, ready-flayed, meſs of dog's meat; all the hounds in the county howling after thee, as I drove thee, to wait my diſmounting, in order to devour thee piece-meal; life ſtill throbbing in each churned mouthful!

Give this fellow the ſequel of thy tormenting ſcribble.

Diſpatch him away with it. Thou haſt promiſed it ſhall be ready. Every cuſhion or chair I ſhall ſit upon, the bed I ſhall lie down upon (if I go to bed) till he return, will be ſtuffed with bolt-upright awls, bodkins, corking-pins, and packing needles: Already I can fancy, that to pink my body like my mind, I need only to be put into a hogſhead ſtuck full of ſteel-pointed ſpikes, and rolled down a hill three times as high as the Monument.

But I loſe time; yet know not how to employ it till this fellow returns with the ſequel of thy ſoul-harrowing intelligence!

LETTER LXVIII.

Mr. BELFORD, *To* ROBERT LOVELACE, *Eſq.*

Monday Night, July 17.

ON my return to Rowland's, I found that the Apothecary was juſt gone up. Mrs. Rowland being above with him, I made the leſs ſcruple to go up too, as it was probable, that to aſk for leave would be to aſk to be denied; hoping alſo, that the Letters I had with me would be a good Excuſe. She

She was ſitting on the ſide of the broken couch, extremely weak and low; and, I obſerved, cared not to ſpeak to the man: And no wonder; for I never ſaw a more ſhocking fellow, of a profeſſion tolerably genteel, nor heard a more illiterate one prate—Phyſician in ordinary to this houſe, and others like it, I ſuppoſe! He put me in mind of Otway's Apothecary in his Caius Marius; as borrowed from the immortal Shakeſpeare.

Meagre and very rueful were his looks:
Sharp miſery had worn him to the bones.
——— ——Famine in his cheeks:
Need and oppreſſion ſtaring in his eyes:
Contempt and beggary hanging on his back:
The world no friend of his, nor the world's law.

As I am in black, he took me, at my entrance, I believe, to be a doctor; and ſlunk behind me with his hat upon his two thumbs, and looked as if he expected the oracle to open, and give him orders.

The Lady looked diſpleaſed, as well at me as at Rowland, who followed me, and at the Apothecary. It was not, ſhe ſaid, the leaſt of her preſent misfortunes, that ſhe could not be left to her own Sex; and to her option to ſee whom ſhe pleaſed.

I beſought her excuſe; and winking for the Apothecary to withdraw [which he did] told her, that I had been at her new lodgings, to order every thing to be got ready for her reception, preſuming ſhe would chuſe to go thither: That I had a chair at the door: That Mr. Smith and his wife [I named their names, that ſhe ſhould not have room for the leaſt fear of Sinclair's] had been full of apprehenſions for her ſafety: That I had brought two Letters, which were left there for her; the one by the poſt, the other that very morning.

This took her attention. She held out her charming hand for them; took them, and, preſſing them to

to her lips—From the only friend I have in the world! ſaid ſhe, kiſſing them again; and looking at the ſeals, as if to ſee whether they had been opened. I can't read them, ſaid ſhe, my eyes are too dim; and put them into her boſom.

I beſought her to think of quitting that wretched hole.

Whither could ſhe go, ſhe aſked, to be ſafe and uninterrupted for the ſhort remainder of her life; and to avoid being again viſited by the creatures who had inſulted her before?

I gave her the ſolemneſt aſſurances, that ſhe ſhould not be invaded in her new lodgings by any body; and ſaid, that I would particularly engage my honour, that *the perſon who had moſt offended her, ſhould not come near her, without her own conſent.*

Your honour, Sir! Are you not that man's friend!

I am not a friend, Madam, to his vile actions to the *moſt excellent of women.*

Do you flatter me, Sir? Then are you a MAN.—But Oh, Sir, your friend, holding her face forward with great earneſtneſs, your *barbarous* friend, what has he not to anſwer for!

There ſhe ſtopt: Her heart full; and putting her hand over her eyes and forehead, the tears trickled thro' her fingers: Reſenting thy barbarity, it ſeemed, as Cæſar did the ſtab from his diſtinguiſhed Brutus!

Tho' ſhe was ſo very much diſordered, I thought I would not loſe this opportunity to aſſert your innocence of this villainous Arreſt.

There is no defending the unhappy man in any of his vile actions by you, Madam; but of this laſt outrage, by all that's Good and Sacred, he is innocent.

O wretches; what a Sex is yours!—Have you all one dialect? *Good and Sacred!*—If, Sir, you can find an oath, or a vow, or an adjuration, that my ears have not been twenty times a day wounded with, then ſpeak it, and I may again believe a MAN.

I was

I was exceſſively touched at theſe words, knowing thy baſeneſs, and the reaſon ſhe had for them.

But ſay you, Sir, for I would not methinks, have the wretch capable of this ſordid baſeneſs!—Say you, that he is innocent of this *laſt* wickedneſs? Can you *truly* ſay that he is.

By the great God of Heaven!——

Nay, Sir, if you ſwear, I muſt doubt you!—If you yourſelf think your Word inſufficient, what reliance can I have on your Oath!—O that this my experience had not coſt me ſo dear! But were I to live a *thouſand* years, I would always ſuſpect the veracity of a Swearer. Excuſe me, Sir; but is it likely, that *he* who makes ſo free with his God, will ſcruple anything that may ſerve his turn with his *Fellow-creature?*

This was a moſt affecting reprimand!

Madam, ſaid I, I have a regard, a regard a gentleman *ought* to have, to my word; And whenever I forfeit it to you——

Nay, Sir, don't be angry with me. It is grievous to me to queſtion a gentleman's veracity. But your friend calls himſelf a *gentleman*—You know not what I have ſuffered by a *gentleman!*—And then again ſhe wept.

I would give you, Madam, demonſtration, if your grief and your weakneſs would permit it, that he has no hand in this barbarous baſeneſs: And that he reſents it as it ought to be reſented.

Well, well, Sir [with quickneſs] He will have his account to make up ſomewhere elſe; not to me. I ſhould not be ſorry to find him able to acquit his intention on this occaſion. Let him know, Sir, only one thing, that, when you heard me in the bitterneſs of my ſpirit, moſt vehemently exclaim againſt the undeſerved uſage I have met with from him, that even *then*, in *that* paſſionate moment, I was able to ſay [And never did I ſee ſuch an earneſt and affecting exalta-

exaltation of hands and eyes] "Give him, good "God! Repentance and Amendment; that I may "be the laſt poor creature, who ſhall be ruined by "him!—And, in thine own good time, receive to "*thy* mercy the poor wretch who had *none* on "me!—"

By my Soul, I could not ſpeak.—She had not her Bible before her for nothing.

I was forced to turn my head away, and to take out my handkerchief.

What an Angel is this!—Even the gaoler, and his wife and maid, wept.

Again, I wiſh thou hadſt been there, that thou mighteſt have ſunk down at her feet, and begun that moment to reap the effect of her generous wiſhes for thee; undeſerving, as thou art, of any-thing but perdition!

I repreſented to her, that, ſhe would be leſs free where ſhe was from viſits ſhe liked not, than at her own lodgings. I told her, that it would probably bring her, in particular, *one viſitor*, who, otherwiſe I would engage [but I durſt not ſwear again, after the ſevere reprimand ſhe had juſt given me] ſhould not come near her, without her conſent. And I expreſſed my ſurprize, that ſhe ſhould be unwilling to quit ſuch a place as this; when it was more than probable, that ſome of her friends, when it was known how bad ſhe was, would viſit her.

She ſaid, the place, when ſhe was firſt brought into it, was indeed very ſhocking to her: But that ſhe had found herſelf ſo weak and ill, and her griefs had ſo ſunk her, that ſhe did not expect to have lived till now: That therefore all places had been alike to her; for to die in a priſon, *was* to die; and equally eligible as to die in a palace [Palaces, ſhe ſaid, could have no attractions for a dying perſon]: But that, ſince ſhe feared ſhe was not ſo ſoon to be releaſed, as ſhe had hoped; ſince ſhe was ſuffered to be ſo little

miſtreſs of herſelf *here*; and ſince ſhe might, by removal, be in the way of her dear friend's Letters; ſhe would hope, that ſhe might depend upon the aſſurances I gave her, of being at liberty to return to her laſt lodgings (otherwiſe ſhe would provide herſelf with new ones, out of my knowledge as well as out of yours); and that I was too much of a gentleman, to be concerned in carrying her back to the houſe ſhe had ſo much reaſon to abhor; and to which ſhe had been once before moſt vilely betrayed to her ruin.

I aſſured her, in the ſtrongeſt terms [*but ſwore not*] that you were reſolved not to moleſt her: And, as a proof of the ſincerity of my profeſſions, beſought her to give me directions (in purſuance of my friend's expreſs deſire) about ſending all her apparel, and whatever belonged to her, to her new lodgings.

She ſeemed pleaſed; and gave me inſtantly out of her pocket her keys; aſking me, If Mrs. Smith, whom I had named, might not attend me; and ſhe would give *her* further directions? To which I chearfully aſſented; and then ſhe told me, that ſhe would accept of the chair I had offered her.

I withdrew; and took the opportunity to be civil to Rowland and his maid; for ſhe found no fault with their behaviour, for what they *were*; and the fellow ſeems to be miſerably poor. I ſent alſo for the Apothecary, who is as poor as the Officer (and ſtill poorer, I dare ſay, as to the ſkill equired in his buſineſs); and ſatisfied him beyond his hopes.

The Lady, after I had withdrawn, attempted to read the Letters I had brought her. But ſhe could read but a little way in one of them, and had great emotions upon it.

She told the woman ſhe would take a ſpeedy opportunity to acknowlege her civilities and her huſband's and to ſatisfy the Apothecary; who might ſend her his bill to her lodgings.

She gave the maid ſomething; probably the only half-

half-guinea ſhe had: And then with difficulty, her limbs trembling under her, and ſupported by Mrs. Rowland, got down-ſtairs.

I offered my arm: She was pleaſed to lean upon it. I doubt, Sir, ſaid ſhe, as ſhe moved, I have behaved rudely to you: But, if you knew all, you would forgive me.

I know enough Madam, to convince me, that there is not ſuch purity and honour in any woman upon earth; nor any one that has been ſo barbarouſly treated.

She looked at me very earneſtly. What ſhe thought I cannot ſay; but, in general, I never ſaw ſo much Soul in a woman's eyes, as in hers.

I ordered my ſervant (whoſe mourning made him leſs obſervable as ſuch, and who had not been in the Lady's eye) to keep the chair in view; and to bring me word, how ſhe did, when ſet down. The fellow had the thought to ſtep into the ſhop, juſt before the chair entered it, under pretence of buying ſnuff; and ſo enabled himſelf to give me an account, that ſhe was received with great joy by the good woman of the houſe; who told her, ſhe was but juſt come in; and was preparing to attend her in High Holborn.—O Mrs. Smith, ſaid ſhe, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw her, did you not think I was run away?—You don't know what I have ſuffered ſince I ſaw you. I have been in a priſon!——Arreſted for Debts I owe not!—But, thank God, I am here!—Will you permit your maid—I have forgot her name already——

Catharine, Madam——

Will you let Catharine aſſiſt me to bed?—I have not had my cloaths off ſince Thurday night.

What ſhe further ſaid the fellow heard not, ſhe leaning upon the maid, and going up-ſtairs.

But doſt thou not obſerve, what a ſtrange, what an uncommon openneſs of heart reigns in this Lady? *She had been in a priſon*, ſhe ſaid, before a ſtrange

in

in the ſhop, and before the maid-ſervant: And ſo, probably, ſhe would have ſaid, had there been twenty people in the ſhop.

The diſgrace ſhe cannot hide from *herſelf*, as ſhe ſays in her Letter to Lady Betty, ſhe is not ſolicitous to conceal from the *world!*

But this makes it evident to me, that ſhe is reſolved to keep no terms with thee. And yet to be able to put up ſuch a prayer for thee, as ſhe did in her priſon; [I will often mention the *priſon-room*, to teaze thee]! Does not this ſhew, that Revenge has very little ſway in her mind; tho' ſhe can retain ſo much proper Reſentment?

And this is another excellence in this admirable woman's character: For whom, before her, have we met with in the whole Sex, or in ours either, that knew how, in *practice*, to diſtinguiſh between Revenge and Resentment, for baſe and ungrateful treatment?

'Tis a curſed thing, after all, that ſuch a woman as this ſhould be treated as ſhe has been treated. Hadſt thou been a King, and done as thou haſt done by ſuch a meritorious innocent, I believe in my heart, it would have been adjuged to be a National Sin, and the ſword, the peſtilence, or famine, muſt have atoned for it?—But as thou art a private man, thou wilt certainly meet with thy puniſhment (beſides what thou mayeſt expect from the juſtice of thy country, and the vengeance of her friends) as ſhe will her reward, Hereafter.

It muſt be ſo, if there be really ſuch a thing as *future Remuneration*; as now I am more and more convinced there muſt:—Elſe, what a hard fate is hers, whoſe puniſhment, to all appearance, has ſo much exceeded her fault? And, as to thine, how can *temporary* burnings, wert thou by ſome accident, to be conſumed in thy bed, expiate for thy abominable vileneſs to her, in breach of all obligations moral and divine?

I was

I was reſolved to looſe no time in having every-thing which belonged to the Lady at the curſed woman's ſent her. Accordingly, I took coach to Smith's, and procured the Lady (to whom I ſent up my compliments, and enquiries how ſhe bore her removal) ill as ſhe ſent me down word ſhe was, to give proper directions to Mrs. Smith: Whom I took with me to Sinclair's: and who ſaw every-thing looked out, and put into the trunks and boxes they were firſt brought in, and carried away in two coaches.

Had I not been there, Sally and Polly would each of them have taken to herſelf ſomething of the poor Lady's ſpoils. This they declared: And I had ſome difficulty to get from Sally a fine Bruſſels-lace Head, which ſhe had the confidence to ſay ſhe would wear for *Miſs Harlowe*'s ſake. Nor ſhould either I or Mrs. Smith have known ſhe had got it, had ſhe not been in ſearch after the Ruffles belonging to it.

My reſentment on this occaſion, and the converſation which Mrs. Smith and I had (in which I not only expatiated on the merits of the Lady, but expreſſed my concern for her ſufferings; tho' I left her room to ſuppoſe her married, yet without averring it) gave me high credit with the good woman: So that we are perfectly well acquainted already: By which means I ſhall be enabled to give you accounts from time to time of all that paſſes; and which I will be very induſtrious to do, provided I may depend upon the ſolemn promiſes I have given the Lady, in your name, as well as in my own, that ſhe ſhall be free from all perſonal moleſtation from you. And thus ſhall I have it in my power to return *in kind* your writing favours; and preſerve my ſhort-hand beſides: Which, till this correſpondence was opened, I had pretty much neglected.

I ordered the abandoned woman to make out your account. They anſwered, *That* they would do it with a *vengeance*. Indeed they breathe nothing but re-

venge. For now they ſay, you will aſſuredly marry; and your example will be followed by all your friends and companions—As the old one ſays, to the utter ruin of her poor houſe.

LETTER LXIX.

Mr. Belford, *To* Robert Lovelace, *Eſq.*

Tueſday Morn. (*July* 18.) 6 *o'Clock.*

HAving ſat up late to finiſh and ſeal in readineſs my Letter to the above period, I am diſturbed before I wiſhed to have riſen, by the arrival of thy ſecond fellow, man and horſe in a foam.

While he baits, I will write a few lines, moſt heartily to congratulate thee on thy *expected* rage and impatince, and on thy recovery of *mental* feeling.

How much does the idea thou giveſt me of thy deſerved torments, by thy upright awls, bodkins, pins, and packing-needles, by thy rolling hogſhead, with iron ſpikes, and by thy macerated ſides, delight me!

I will, upon every occaſion that offers, drive more ſpikes into thy hogſhead, and roll thee down-hill, and up, as thou recovereſt to ſenſe, or rather returneſt back to *ſenſeleſſneſs*. Thou knoweſt therefore the terms on which thou art to enjoy my correſpondence. Am not I, who have all along, and *in time*, proteſted againſt thy barbarous and ungrateful perfidies to a woman ſo noble, entitled to drive remorſe, if poſſible, into thy hitherto callous heart?

Only let me repeat one thing, which perhaps I mentioned too ſlightly before. That the Lady was determined to remove to new lodgings, where neither you nor I ſhould be able to find her, had I not ſolemnly aſſured her, that ſhe might depend upon being free from your viſits.

Theſe aſſurances I thought I might give her, not

only becauſe of your promiſe, but becauſe it is neceſſary for you to know where ſhe is, in order to addreſs yourſelf to her by your friends.

Enable me therefore to make good to her this my ſolemn engagement; or adieu to all friendſhip, at leaſt to all correſpondence, with thee for ever.

J. BELFORD.

LETTER LXX.

Mr. BELFORD, *To* ROBERT LOVELACE, *Eſq.*

Tueſday, July 18. *Afternoon.*

I Renewed my enquiries after the Lady's health, in the morning, by my ſervant: And as ſoon as I had dined, I went myſelf.

I had but a poor account of it: Yet ſent up my compliments. She returned me thanks for all my good offices; and her excuſes, that they could not be *perſonal* juſt then, being very low and faint: But if I gave myſelf the trouble of coming about Six this evening, ſhe ſhould be able, ſhe hoped, to drink a diſh of Tea with me, and would then thank me herſelf.

I am very proud of this condeſcenſion; and think it looks not amiſs for you, as I am your avowed friend. Methinks I want fully to remove from her mind all doubts of you in this laſt villainous action: And who knows then what your noble relations may be able to do for you with her, if you hold your mind? For your ſervant acquainted me with their having actually engaged Miſs Howe in their and your favour, before this curſed affair happened. And I deſire the particulars of all from yourſelf, that I may the better know how to ſerve you.

She has two handſome apartments, a bed-chamber and dining-room, with light cloſets in each. She has already a nurſe (the people of the houſe having but one maid); a woman whoſe care, diligence, and ho-

neſty, Mrs. Smith highly commends. She has likewiſe the benefit of the voluntary attendance, and *Love*, as it ſeems, of a widow gentlewoman, Mrs. Lovick her name, who lodges over her Apartment, and of whom ſhe ſeems very fond, having found ſomething in her, ſhe thinks, reſembling the qualities of her worthy Mrs. Norton.

About Seven o'clock this morning, it ſeems, the Lady was ſo ill, that ſhe yielded to their deſires to have an Apothecary ſent for—Not the fellow, thou mayſt believe, ſhe had had before at Rowland's; but one Mr. Goddard, a man of ſkill and eminence; and of conſcience too; demonſtrated as well by general character, as by his preſcriptions to this Lady: For pronouncing her caſe to be grief, he ordered, for the preſent, only innocent juleps, by way of cordial; and, as ſoon as her ſtomach ſhould be able to bear it, light Kitchen-diet; telling Mrs. Lovick, that That, with Air, moderate Exerciſe, and chearful Company, would do her more good than all the medicines in his ſhop.

This has given me, as it ſeems it has the Lady, (who alſo praiſes his modeſt behaviour, paternal looks, and genteel addreſs) a very good opinion of the man; and I deſign to make myſelf acquainted with him, and, if he adviſes to call in a Doctor, to wiſh him, for the fair patient's ſake, more than the phyſician's, (who wants not practice) my worthy friend Dr. H.—whoſe character is above all exception, as his humanity, I am ſure, will diſtinguiſh him to the Lady.

Mrs. Lovick gratified me with an account of a Letter ſhe had written from the Lady's mouth to Miſs Howe; ſhe being unable to write herſelf with ſteadineſs.

It was to this effect; in anſwer, it ſeems, to her two Letters, whatever were the contents of them:

'That ſhe had been involved in a dreadful cala-

'mity,

'mity, which ſhe was ſure, when known, would 'exempt her from the effects of her friendly diſplea-'ſure, for not anſwering her firſt; having been put 'under an Arreſt—Could ſhe have believed it?— 'That ſhe was releaſed but the day before And was 'now ſo weak and ſo low, that ſhe was obliged to 'get a widow gentlewoman in the ſame houſe to ac-'count thus for her ſilence to her [Miſs Howe's] two 'Letters of the 13th and 16th: That ſhe would, as 'ſoon as able, anſwer them—Begged of her, mean 'time, not to be uneaſy for her; ſince (only that 'this was a calamity which came upon her when ſhe 'was far from being well; a load laid upon the 'ſhoulders of a poor wretch, ready before to ſink un-'der too heavy a burden) *it was nothing to the evil ſhe 'had before ſuffered:* And one felicity ſeemed likely 'to iſſue from it; which was, that ſhe would be at 'reſt, in an honeſt houſe, with conſiderate and kind 'hearted people; having aſſurance given her, that 'ſhe ſhould not be moleſted by the wretch, whom it 'would be death for her to ſee: So that now ſhe '[Miſs Howe] needed not to ſend to her by private 'and expenſive conveyances: Nor need Collins to 'take precautions for fear of being dogged to her 'lodgings; nor need ſhe write by a fictitious name 'to her, but by her own.'

You ſee I am in a way to oblige you: You ſee how much ſhe depends upon my engaging for your forbear-ing to intrude yourſelf into her company: Let not your flaming impatience deſtroy all; and make me look like a villain to a Lady who has reaſon to ſuſpect *every man ſhe ſees* to be ſo.—Upon this condition, you may expect all the ſervices that can flow from true friendſhip, and from

Your ſincere Well-wiſher,

J. BELFORD.

LETTER LXXI.

Mr. Belford, *To* Robert Lovelace, *Eſq.*

Tueſday Night, July 18.

I Am juſt come from the Lady. I was admitted into the Dining-room, where ſhe was ſitting in an elbow-chair, in a very weak and low way. She made an effort to ſtand up, when I entered; but was forced to keep her ſeat. You'll excuſe me, Mr. Belford: I ought to riſe, to thank you for all your kindneſs to me. I was to blame to be ſo loth to leave that ſad place; for I am in Heaven here, to what I was there; And good people about me, too! —I have not had good people about me for a long, long time before; ſo that [with a half-ſmile] I had begun to wonder whither they were all gone.

Her Nurſe and Mrs. Smith, who were preſent, took occaſion to retire: And, when we were alone, You ſeem to be a perſon of humanity, Sir, ſaid ſhe: You hinted, as I was leaving *my priſon*, that you were not a ſtranger to my ſad Story. If you know it *truly*, you muſt know that I have been moſt barbarouſly treated; and have not deſerved it at the man's hands by whom I have ſuffered.

I told her, I knew enough to be convinced, that ſhe had the merit of a ſaint, and the purity of an angel: And was proceeding, when ſhe ſaid, No ſlighty compliments! No undue attributes, Sir!

I offered to plead for my ſincerity; and mentioned the word *Politeneſs*; and would have diſtinguiſhed between That and *Flattery*. Nothing can be polite, ſaid ſhe, that is not juſt: Whatever I *may* have had; I have *now* no vanity to gratify.

I diſclaimed all intentions of compliment: All I *had* ſaid, and what I *ſhould* ſay, was, and ſhould be, the effect of ſincere veneration. My unhappy friend's account of her had entitled her to That.

I then

I then mentioned your grief, your penitence, your reſolutions of making her all the amends that were poſſible now to be made her: And in the moſt earneſt manner, I aſſerted your innocence as to the laſt villainous outrage.

Her anſwer was to this effect—It is painful to me to think of him. The amends you talk of, cannot be made. This laſt violence you ſpeak of, *is nothing to what preceded it.* That *cannot* be atoned for: nor palliated: This *may:* And I ſhall not be ſorry to be convinced, that he cannot be guilty of ſo very low a wickedneſs.——Yet, after his vile forgeries of hands —after his baſeneſs in impoſing upon me the moſt infamous perſons as Ladies of honour of his own family—what are the iniquities he is not capable of?

I would then have given her an account of the Tryal you ſtood with your friends: Your own previous reſolutions of Marriage, had ſhe honoured you with the requeſted *four words:* All your family's earneſtneſs to have the honour of her alliance: And the application of your two Couſins to Miſs Howe, by general conſent, for that young Lady's intereſt with her: But, having juſt touched upon theſe topics, ſhe cut me ſhort, ſaying, That was a cauſe before another Tribunal: Miſs Howe's Letters to her were upon that ſubject; and ſhe would write her thoughts to *her* as ſoon as ſhe was able.

I then attempted more particularly to clear you of having any hand in the vile Sinclair's officious Arreſt; a point ſhe had the generoſity to *wiſh* you cleared of: And, having mentioned the outrageous Letter you had written to me on this occaſion, ſhe aſked, If I had that Letter about me?

I owned I had.

She wiſhed to ſee it.

This puzzled me horribly: For you muſt needs think, that moſt of the free things, which, among us Rakes, paſs for Wit and Spirit, muſt be ſhocking

ſtuff to the ears of eyes of perſons of delicacy of that Sex: And then ſuch an air of Levity runs thro' thy moſt ſerious Letters; ſuch a falſe Bravery, endeavouring to carry off ludicrouſly the ſubjects that moſt affect thee; that thoſe Letters are generally the leaſt fit to be ſeen, which ought to be moſt to thy credit.

Something like this I obſerved to her; and would fain have excuſed myſelf from ſhewing it: But ſhe was ſo earneſt, that I undertook to read ſome parts of it, reſolving to omit the moſt exceptionable.

I know thou'lt curſe me for that; but I thought it better to oblige her than to be ſuſpected myſelf; and ſo not have it in my power to ſerve thee with her, when ſo good a foundation was laid for it; and when ſhe knows as bad of thee as I can tell her.

Thou remembreſt the contents, I ſuppoſe, of thy furious Letter (*a*). He remarks upon the different parts of it, which I read to her, were to the following effect:

Upon the two laſt lines, *All undone! undone, by Jupiter! Zounds, Jack, what ſhall I do now! A curſe upon all my plots and contrivances!* thus ſhe expreſſed herſelf:

'O how light, how unaffected with the ſenſe of its 'own crimes, is the heart that could dictate to the 'pen this Libertine froth?'

The paragraph which mentions the vile arreſt, affected her a good deal.

In the next I omitted thy curſe upon thy relations, whom thou wert gallanting: And re'd on the ſeven ſubſequent paragraphs down to thy execrable wiſh; which was too ſhocking to read to her. What I re'd produced the following reflections from her:

'The plots and contrivances which he curſes, and 'the exultings of the wicked wretches on finding me 'out, ſhew me, that all his guilt was premeditated: 'Nor doubt I, that his dreadful perjuries, and in-

(*a*) See Letter lxii.

'human

'human arts, as he went along, were to paſs for fine 'ſtratagems; for witty ſport; and to demonſtrate a 'ſuperiority of inventive talents?—O my cruel, cruel 'Brother! had it not been for thee, I had not been 'thrown upon ſo pernicious and ſo deſpicable a plot-'ter!—But proceed, Sir; pray proceed.'

At that part, *Canſt thou, O fatal prognoſticator! tell me where my puniſhment will end?*—ſhe ſighed: And when I came to that ſentence, *Praying for my Reformation, perhaps*—Is that there? ſaid ſhe, ſighing again. Wretched man!—And ſhed a tear for thee.—By my faith, Lovelace, I believe ſhe hates thee not! She has at leaſt a concern, a generous concern for thy future happineſs!—What a noble creature haſt thou injured!

She made a very ſevere reflection upon me, on reading theſe words—*On your knees, for me, beg her pardon*—'You had all your leſſons, Sir, ſaid ſhe, when 'you came to redeem me—You was ſo condeſcending 'as to kneel: I thought it was the effect of your own 'humanity,' and good-natured earneſtneſs to ſerve 'me—Excuſe me, Sir, I knew not, that it was in 'conſequence of a preſcribed leſſon.'

This concerned me not a little: I could not bear to be thought ſuch a wretched puppet, ſuch a Joſeph Leman, ſuch a Tomlinſon—I endeavoured, therefore, with ſome warmth, to clear myſelf of this reflection; and ſhe again aſked my excuſe: 'I was avowedly, 'ſhe ſaid, the friend of a man, whoſe friendſhip, ſhe 'had reaſon to be ſorry to ſay, was no credit to any-'body.'—And deſired me to proceed.

I did; but fared not much better afterwards: For On that paſſage where you ſay, *I had always been her friend and advocate*, This was her unanſwerable remark: 'I find, Sir, by this expreſſion, that he had 'always deſigns againſt me; and that you all along '*knew* that he had: Would to Heaven, you had had 'the goodneſs to have contrived ſome way, that might

'not have endangered your own ſafety, to give me 'notice of his baſeneſs, ſince you approved not of it! 'But you gentlemen, I ſuppoſe, had rather ſee an in-'nocent fellow-creature ruined, than be thought 'capable of an action, which, however generous, 'might be likely to looſen the bands of a wicked 'friendſhip!

After this ſevere, but juſt reflection, I would have avoided reading the following, altho' I had unawares begun the ſentence (but ſhe held me to it): *What would I now give, had I permitted you to have been a ſucceſsful advocate!* And this was her remark upon it—'So, Sir, you ſee, if you had been the happy 'means of preventing the evils deſigned me, you 'would have had your friend's thanks for it, when he 'came to his conſideration.' This ſatisfaction, I am 'perſuaded every-one, in the long run, will enjoy, 'who has the virtue to withſtand, or prevent, a 'wicked purpoſe. I was obliged, *I ſee*, to your kind 'wiſhes—But it was a point of honour with you to 'keep his ſecret; the more indiſpenſable with you, 'perhaps, the viler the ſecret. Yet permit me to 'wiſh, Mr. Belford, that you were capable of reliſh-'ing the pleaſures that ariſe to a benevolent mind from 'VIRTUOUS Friendſhip!—None *other* is worthy of 'the ſacred name. You ſeem an humane man: I 'hope for your own ſake, you will one day expe-'rience the difference: And, when you do, think 'of Miſs Howe and Clariſſa Harlowe (I find you 'know much of my ſad Story) who were the happieſt 'creatures on earth in each other's friendſhip till this 'friend of your's'—And there ſhe ſtopt, and turned from me.

Where thou calleſt thyſelf *A villainous plotter*; 'To 'take Crime to himſelf, ſaid ſhe, without Shame, O 'what a hardened wretch is this man!'

On that paſſage, where thou ſayeſt, *Let me know how ſhe has been treated: If roughly, woe be to the guilty!*

guilty! this was her remark, with an air of indignation: 'What a man is your friend, Sir!—Is ſuch a 'one as *he* to ſet himſelf up to puniſh the guilty?—All the *rough* uſage I could receive from them, was 'infinitely *leſs*'—And there ſhe ſtopt a moment or 'two: Then proceeding—'And who ſhall puniſh '*him?* What an aſſuming wretch!—Nobody but '*himſelf* is entitled to injure the Innocent!—He is, 'I ſuppoſe, on earth, to act the part, which the 'malignant Fiend is ſuppoſed to act below—Dealing 'out puniſhments, at his pleaſure, to every inferior 'inſtrument of miſchief!'

What, thought I, have I been doing! I ſhall have this ſavage fellow think I have been playing him booty, in reading part of his Letter to this ſagacious Lady! —Yet, if thou art angry, it can only, in reaſon, be at thyſelf; for who would think I might not communicate to her ſome of the leaſt exceptionable parts of a Letter (as a proof of thy ſincerity in exculpating thyſelf from a criminal charge) which thou wroteſt to thy friend, to convince *him* of thy innocence? But a bad heart, and a bad cauſe, are confounded things: And ſo let us put it to its proper account.

I paſſed over thy charge to me, to curſe them by the hour; and thy names of *Dragon* and *Serpent*, tho' ſo applicable; ſince, had I read them, thou muſt have been ſuppoſed to know from the firſt, what creatures they were; vile fellow as thou wert, for bringing ſo much purity among them! And I cloſed with thy own concluding paragraph, *A line! A line! A kingdom for a line!* &c. However, telling her (ſince ſhe ſaw that I omitted ſome ſentences) that there were further vehemences in it; but as they were better fitted to ſhew to me the ſincerity of the writer, than for ſo delicate an ear as hers to hear, I choſe to paſs them over.

You have re'd enough, ſaid ſhe—He is a wicked, wicked man!—I ſee he intended to have me in his

power at any rate; and I have no doubt of what his purpoſes were, by what his actions have been. You know his vile Tomlinſon, I ſuppoſe—You know—But what ſignifies talking?—Never was there ſuch a premeditated falſe heart in man [*Nothing can be truer, thought I!*]: What has he not vowed! What has he not invented! And all for what?—Only, to ruin a poor young creature, whom he ought to have protected; and whom he had firſt deprived of all other protection?

She aroſe and turned from me, her handkerchief at her eyes: And, after a pauſe, came towards me again—'I hope, ſaid ſhe, I talk to a man who has a 'better heart: And I thank you, Sir, for all your 'kind, tho' ineffectual pleas in my favour formerly, 'whether the motives for them were compaſſion, or 'principle, or both. That they were ineffectual, 'might very probably be owing to your want of ear-'neſtneſs; and *that*, as *you* might think, to my want 'of merit. I might not, in your eye, *deſerve* to be 'ſaved!—I might appear to you a giddy creature, who had run away from her true and natural friends; 'and who therefore ought to take the conſequence of 'the lot ſhe had drawn.'

I was afraid, for thy ſake, to let her know how *very* earneſt I had been: But aſſured her that I had been her zealous friend; and that my motives were founded upon a merit, that, I believed, was never equalled: That, however indefenſible Mr. Lovelace was, he had always done juſtice to her virtue: That to a full conviction of her untainted honour it was owing, that he ſo earneſtly deſired to call ſo ineſtimable a jewel his—And was proceeding, when ſhe again cut me ſhort—

Enough, and too much, of this ſubject, Sir!—If he will never more let me behold his face, that is all I have now to aſk of him.—Indeed, indeed, claſping her hands, *I never will*, if I can, by any means not criminally deſperate, avoid it. What

What could I ſay for thee?—There was no room, however, *at that time*, to touch this ſtring again, for fear of bringing upon myſelf a prohibition, not only of the ſubject, but of ever attending her again.

I gave ſome diſtant intimations of money-matters. I ſhould have told thee, that, when I read to her that paſſage, where thou biddeſt me force what ſums upon her I can get her to take—ſhe repeated, No, no, no no! ſeveral times with great quickneſs; and I durſt no more than juſt intimate it again—and that ſo darkly, as left her room to ſeem not to underſtand me.

Indeed I know not the perſon, man or woman, I ſhould be ſo much afraid of diſobliging, or incurring a cenſure from, as from her. She has ſo much true dignity in her manner, without pride or arrogance, (which, in thoſe who have either, one is tempted to mortify) ſuch a piercing eye, yet ſoftened ſo ſweetly with rays of benignity, that ſhe commands all one's reverence.

Methinks I have a kind of holy Love for this Angel of a woman; and it is matter of aſtoniſhment to me, that thou couldſt converſe with her a quarter of an hour together, and hold thy deviliſh purpoſes.

Guarded as ſhe was by piety, prudence, virtue, dignity, family, fortune, and a purity of heart, that never woman before her boaſted, what a real devil muſt he be (yet I doubt I ſhall make thee proud!) who could reſolve to break thro' ſo many fences!

For my own part, I am more and more ſenſible, that I ought not to have contented myſelf with *repreſenting againſt*, and *expoſtulating with thee upon*, thy baſe intentions: And indeed I had it in my head, more than once, to try to do ſomething for her. But, wretch that I was! I was with-held by notions of falſe honour, as ſhe juſtly reproached me, becauſe of thy own *voluntary* communications to me of thy purpoſes: And then, as ſhe was brought into ſuch a curſed houſe, and was ſo watched by thyſelf, as well as by thy

thy infernal agents, I thought (knowing my man!) that I ſhould only accelerate the intended miſchiefs.—Moreover, finding thee ſo much over-awed by her virtue, that thou hadſt not, at thy *firſt* carrying her thither, the courage to attempt her; and that ſhe had, more than once, without knowing thy baſe views, obliged thee to abandon them, and to reſolve to do her juſtice, and thyſelf honour; I hardly doubted, that her merit would be triumphant at laſt.

It is my opinion (if thou holdeſt thy purpoſes to marry) that thou canſt not do better, than to procure thy *real* Aunts, and thy *real* Couſins, to pay her a viſit, and to be thy advocates: But, if they decline perſonal viſits, Letters from them, and from my Lord M. ſupported by Miſs Howe's intereſt, may, perhaps, effect ſomething in thy favour.

But theſe are only my hopes, founded on what I *wiſh* for thy ſake. The Lady, I really think, would chuſe death rather than thee: And the two women are of opinion, tho' they knew not half of what ſhe has ſuffered, that her heart is actually broken.

At taking my leave, I tendered my beſt ſervices to her, and beſought her to permit me frequently to enquire after her health.

She made me no anſwer, but by bowing her head.

LETTER LXXII.

Mr. Belford, *To* Robert Lovelace, *Eſq.*

Wedneſday, July 19.

THIS morning I took chair to Smith's; and, being told that the Lady had a very bad night, but was up, I ſent for her worthy Apothecary; who, on his coming to me, approving of my propoſal of calling in Dr. H.; I bid the women acquaint her with the deſigned viſit.

It ſeems, ſhe was at firſt diſpleaſed; yet withdrew her objection: But, after a pauſe, aſked them, What ſhe

ſhe ſhould do? She had effects of value, ſome of which ſhe intended, as ſoon as ſhe *could*, to turn into money, but, till then, had not a ſingle guinea to give the Doctor for his fee.

Mrs. Lovick ſaid, She had five guineas by her; They were at her ſervice.

She would accept of three, ſhe ſaid, if ſhe would take *that* (pulling a diamond ring from her finger) till ſhe repaid her; but on no other terms.

Having been told, I was below with Mr. Goddard, ſhe deſired to ſpeak one word with me, before ſhe ſaw the Doctor.

She was ſitting in an elbow-chair, leaning her head on a pillow; Mrs. Smith and the Widow on each ſide her chair; her Nurſe, with a phial of harts-horn, behind her; in her own hand, her Salts.

Raiſing her head at my entrance, ſhe enquired, If the Doctor knew Mr. Lovelace.

I told her, No; and that I believed you never ſaw him in your life.

Was the Doctor my friend?

He was; and a very worthy and ſkilful man. I named him for his eminence in his profeſſion: And Mr. Goddard ſaid, he knew not a better phyſician.

I have but one condition to make before I ſee the gentleman; that he refuſe not his fees from me. If I am poor Sir, I am proud. I will not be under obligation, You may *believe*, Sir, I will not. I ſuffer this viſit, becauſe I would not appear ungrateful to the few friends I have left, nor obſtinate to ſuch of my relations, as may ſome time hence, for their private ſatisfaction, enquire after my behaviour in my ſick hours. So, Sir, you know the condition. And don't let me be vexed. 'I am very ill! and cannot debate the matter.'

Seeing her ſo determined, I told her, If it muſt be ſo, it ſhould.

Then, Sir, the gentleman may come. But I ſhall not

not be able to anſwer many queſtions. Nurſe, you can tell him, at the window there, what a night I have had, and how I have been for two days paſt. And Mr. Goddard, if he be here, can let him know what I have taken. Pray let me be as little queſtioned, as poſſible.

The Doctor paid his reſpects to her, with the gentlemanly addreſs for which he is noted: And ſhe caſt up her ſweet eyes to him, with that benignity which accompanies her every graceful look.

I would have retired; but ſhe forbid it.

He took her hand, the Lily not of ſo beautiful a white: Indeed, Madam, you are very low, ſaid he: But give me leave to ſay, That you can do more for yourſelf, than all the Faculty can do for you.

He then withdrew to the window. And, after a ſhort conference with the women, he turned to me, and to Mr. Goddard, at the other window: We can do nothing here, ſpeaking low, but by cordials and nouriſhment. What friends has the Lady? She ſeems to be a perſon of condition; and, ill as ſhe is, a very fine woman.——A Single Lady, I preſume?

I whiſperingly told him ſhe was. That there were extraordinary circumſtances in her caſe; as I would have appriſed him, had I met with him yeſterday: That her friends were very cruel to her; but that ſhe could not hear them named without reproaching herſelf; tho' they were much more to blame than ſhe.

I knew I was right, ſaid the Doctor. A Love-caſe, Mr. Goddard! A Love-caſe, Mr. Belford! There is one perſon in the world, who can do her more ſervice, than all the Faculty.

Mr. Goddard ſaid, He had apprehended her diſorder was in her mind; and had treated her accordingly: And then told the Doctor what he had done: Which he approving of, again taking her charming hand, ſaid, My good young Lady, you will require very

very little of our aſſiſtance. You muſt, in a great meaſure, be your own doctreſs. Come, *dear* Madam, [Forgive me the familiar tenderneſs; your aſpect commands Love, as well as Reverence; and a Father of Children, ſome of them older than yourſelf, may be excuſed for his familiar addreſs] chear up your ſpirits. Reſolve to do all in your power to be well; and you'll ſoon grow better.

You are very kind, Sir, ſaid ſhe. I will take whatever you direct. My ſpirits have been hurried. I ſhall be better, I believe, before I am worſe. The care of my good friends here, looking at the women, ſhall not meet with an ungrateful return.

The Doctor wrote. He would fain have declined his fee. As her malady, he ſaid, was rather to be relieved by the ſoothings of a friend, than by the preſcriptions of a phyſician, he ſhould think himſelf greatly honoured to be admitted rather to *adviſe* her in the *one* character, than to *preſcribe* to her in the *other*.

She anſwered, That ſhe ſhould be always glad to ſee ſo humane a man: That his viſits would *keep her in charity with his Sex:* But that, were ſhe to *forget* that he was her *phyſician*, ſhe might be apt to abate of the confidence in his ſkill, which might be neceſſary to effect the amendment that was the end of his viſits.

And when he urged her ſtill further, which he did in a very polite manner, and as paſſing by the door two or three times a day, ſhe ſaid, She ſhould always have pleaſure in conſidering him in the kind light he *offered himſelf to her:* That *that* might be very generous in one perſon to offer, which would be as ungenerous in another to accept: That indeed ſhe was not at preſent high in circumſtance; and he ſaw by the tender (which he *muſt* accept of) that ſhe had greater reſpect to *her own convenience*, than to *his merit*, or than to the *pleaſure* ſhe ſhould take in his viſits.

We

We all withdrew together; and the Doctor and Mr. Goddard having a great curioſity to know ſomething more of her Story, at the motion of the latter we went into a neighbouring Coffee-houſe, and I gave them, in confidence. a brief relation of it; making all as light for you as I could; and yet you'll ſuppoſe, that, in order to do but common juſtice to the Lady's Character, heavy muſt be that light.

Three o'clock, Afternoon.

I JUST now called again at Smith's; and am told ſhe is ſomewhat better; which ſhe attributed to the ſoothings of her Doctor. She expreſſed herſelf highly pleaſed with both gentlemen; and ſaid, that their behaviour to her was perfectly *paternal.*——

Paternal, poor Lady!——Never having been, till very lately, from under her parents wings, and now abandoned by all her friends, ſhe is for finding out ſomething *paternal* and *maternal* in every one (the latter qualities in Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith) to ſupply to herſelf the Father and Mother her dutiful heart pants after.

Mrs. Smith told me, that, after we were gone, ſhe gave the keys of her trunk and drawers to her and the widow Lovick, and deſired them take an inventory of them; which they did, in her preſence.

They alſo informed me, That ſhe had requeſted them to find her a purchaſer for two rich dreſſed Suits; one never worn, the other not above once or twice.

This ſhocked me exceedingly—*Perhaps it may thee a little!!!*—Her reaſon for ſo doing, ſhe told them, was, That ſhe ſhould never live to wear them: That her Siſter, and other relations, were above wearing them: That her mother would not endure in her ſight any-thing that was hers: That ſhe wanted the money: That ſhe would not be obliged to any-body, when ſhe had effects by her for which ſhe had no occaſion

caſion: And yet, ſaid ſhe, I expect not that they will fetch a price anſwerable to their value.

They were both very much concerned, as they owned; and aſked my advice upon it: And the richneſs of her apparel having given them a ſtill higher notion of her rank than they had before, they ſuppoſed ſhe muſt be of quality; and again wanted to know her Story.

I told them, That ſhe was indeed a woman of family and fortune: I ſtill gave them room to ſuppoſe her married: But left it to her to tell them all in her own time and manner: All I would ſay, was, That ſhe had been very vilely treated; deſerved it not; and was all innocence and purity.

You may ſuppoſe, that they both expreſſed their aſtoniſhment, that there could be a man in the world, who could ill treat ſo fine a creature.

As to diſpoſing of the two ſuits of apparel, I told Mrs. Smith, That ſhe ſhould pretend, that, upon enquiry, ſhe had found a friend who would purchaſe the richeſt of them; but *(that ſhe might not miſtruſt)* would ſtand upon a good bargain. And having twenty guineas about me, I left them with her, in part of payment; and bid her *pretend* to get her to part with it for as little more as ſhe could induce her to take.

I am ſetting out for Edgware with poor Belton—More of whom in my next. I ſhall return to-morrow; and leave This in readineſs for your meſſenger, if he call in my abſence. Adieu.

LETTER LXXIII.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq.*

[*In Anſwer to Letter* lxxi.]

M. Hall, Wedn. Night, July 19.

YOU might well apprehend, that I ſhould think you were playing me booty in communicating my Letter to the Lady.

You

You aſk, Who would think you might not read to her the leaſt exceptionable parts of a Letter written in my own defence?—*I'll tell you who*—The man, who in the ſame Letter that he aſks this queſtion, tells the friend whom he expoſes to her reſentment, "That "there is ſuch an air of Levity runs thro' his moſt ſe-"rious Letters, that thoſe of this are *leaſt fit to be ſeen*, "which ought to be *moſt to his credit*:" And now what thinkeſt thou of thyſelf-condemned folly? Be, however, I charge thee, more circumſpect for the future, that ſo this clumſy error may ſtand ſingly by itſelf.

"It is painful to her to think of me!" "Liber-"tine froth!" "So pernicious and ſo deſpicable a "plotter!" "A man whoſe friendſhip is no credit "to any body!" "Hardened wretch!" "The de-"vil's counterpart!" "A wicked, wicked man!"—But *did* ſhe, *could* ſhe, *dared* ſhe, to ſay, or *imply* all this?—And ſay it to a man whom ſhe praiſes for humanity, and prefers to myſelf for that virtue; when all the humanity *he* ſhews, and *ſhe know it too*, is by *my* direction—So robs me of the credit of my own works; Admirably entitled, all this ſhews her, to thy refinement upon the words *Reſentment* and *Revenge*. But thou wert always aiming and blundering at ſomething thou never couldſt make out.

The praiſe thou giveſt to her *ingenuouſneſs*, is another of thy peculiars. I think not as *thou* doſt, of her tell-tale recapitulations and exclamations:—What end can they anſwer?—Only that thou haſt an *holy* Love for her [The devil fetch thee for thy oddity!] or it is extremely provoking to ſuppoſe one ſees ſuch a charming creature ſtand upright before a Libertine, and talk of the ſin againſt her, that cannot be forgiven!—I wiſh at my heart, that theſe chaſte Ladies would have a little modeſty in their anger!—It would ſound very ſtrange, if I Robert Lovelace ſhould pretend to have more true delicacy, in a point that require the utmoſt, than Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe.

I think

I think I will put it into the head of her Nurſe Norton, and her Miſs Howe, by ſome one of my agents, to chide the dear novice for her proclamations.

But to be ſerious: Let me tell thee, that, ſevere as ſhe is, and ſaucy, in aſking ſo contemptuouſly, "What "a man is your friend, Sir, to ſet himſelf to puniſh "guilty people!" I will never forgive the curſed woman, who could commit this laſt horrid violence on ſo excellent a creature.

The barbarous inſults of the two Nymphs, in their viſits to her; the choice of the moſt execrable den that could be found out, in order, no doubt, to induce her to go back to theirs; and the ſtill more execrable attempt, to propoſe to her a man who would pay the debt; a ſnare, I make no queſtion, laid for her deſpairing and reſenting heart by that deviliſh Sally (thinking her, no doubt, a *woman*) in order to ruin her with me; and to provoke me, in a fury, to give her up to their remorſeleſs cruelty; are outrages, that, to expreſs myſelf in her ſtyle, I never *can*, never *will*, forgive.

But as to thy opinion, and the two women's at Smith's, that her heart is broken; that is the true women's language: I wonder how *thou* cameſt into it: Thou who haſt ſeen and heard of ſo many *female deaths* and *revivals*.

I'll tell thee what makes *againſt* this notion of theirs.

Her time of life, and charming conſtitution: The good ſhe ever delighted to do, and fancified ſhe was born to do; and which ſhe may ſtill continue to do, to as high a degree as ever; nay, higher: ſince I am no ſordid varlet, thou knoweſt: Her religious turn: a turn that will always teach her to bear *inevitable* evils with patience: The contemplation upon her laſt noble triumph over me, and over the whole crew; and upon her ſucceeding eſcape from us all: Her will unviolated: And the inward pride of having *not deſerved* the treatment ſhe has met with.

How

How is it poſſible to imagine, that a woman, who has all theſe *Conſolations* to reflect upon, will die of a broken heart?

On the contrary, I make no doubt, but that, as ſhe recovers from the dejection into which this laſt ſcurvy villainy (which none but wretches of her own Sex *could* have been guilty of) has thrown her, returning Love will re-enter her *time-pacified* mind: Her thoughts will then turn once more on the *conjugal pivot:* Of courſe ſhe will have livelier notions in her head; and theſe will make her perform all her circumvolutions with eaſe and pleaſure; tho' not with ſo high a degree of either, as if the dear proud rogue could have exalted herſelf above the reſt of her Sex, as ſhe turned round.

Thou aſkeſt, on reciting the bitter invectives that the Lady made againſt thy poor friend (ſtanding before her, I ſuppoſe, with thy fingers in thy mouth) *What couldſt thou ſay* FOR *me?*

Have I not, in my former Letters, ſuggeſted an hundred things, which a friend *in earneſt* to vindicate or excuſe a friend, might ſay, on ſuch an occaſion?

But now to current topics, and the preſent ſtate of matters here.—It is true, as my ſervant told thee, that Miſs Howe had engaged, before this curſed woman's officiouſneſs, to uſe her intereſt with her friend in my behalf: And yet ſhe told my Couſins, in the viſit they made her, that it was her opinion, that ſhe would never forgive me. I ſend to thee incloſed Copies of all that paſſed on this occaſion between my Couſins Montague, Miſs Howe, myſelf, Lady Betty, Lady Sarah, and Lord M.

I long to know what Miſs Howe wrote to her friend, in order in to induce her to marry the *deſpicable plotter*; the *man whoſe friendſhip is no credit to any-body*; the *wicked, wicked man.* Thou hadſt the two Letters in thy hand. Had they been in mine, the Seal would have yielded to the touch of my warm finger [Perhaps

haps without the help of the Poſt-office Bullet]; and the folds, *as other plications have done*, opened of themſelves to oblige my curioſity. A wicked omiſſion, Jack, not to contrive to ſend them down to me, by man and horſe! It might have paſſed, that the meſſenger who brought the ſecond Letter, took them both back. I could have returned them by another, when copied, as from Miſs Howe, and nobody but myſelf and thee the wiſer.

That's a charming girl! Her ſpirit, her delightful ſpirit!—Not to be married to it—How I wiſh to get that lively Bird into my cage! How would I make her flutter and fly about!—Till ſhe left a feather upon every wire!

Had I begun there, I am confident, as I have heretofore ſaid *(a)*, that I ſhould not have had half the difficulty with her, as I have had with her charming friend. For theſe paſſionate girls have high pulſes, and a clever fellow may make what ſport he pleaſes with their *unevenneſſes*—Now too high, now too low, you need only to provoke and appeaſe them by turns; to bear with them, and forbear; to teaze and aſk pardon; and ſometimes to give yourſelf the merit of a ſufferer from them; then catching them in the moment of conceſſion, conſcious of their ill uſuage of you, they are all your own.

But theſe ſedate contemplative girls, never out of temper but with reaſon; when that reaſon is given them, hardly ever pardon, or afford you another opportunity to offend.

It was in part the apprehenſion that this would be ſo with my dear Miſs Harlowe, that made me carry her to a place where I believed ſhe would be unable to eſcape me, altho' I were *not* to ſucceed in my firſt attempts. Elſe widow Sorlings's would have been as well for me, as widow Sinclair's. For early I ſaw, that there was no credulity in her to graft

(a) See Vol. V. p. 254.

upon:

upon: No pretending to whine myſelf into her confidence. She was proof againſt amorous perſuaſion. She had reaſon in her love. Her penetration and good ſenſe made her hate all compliments that had not truth and nature in them. What could I have done with her in any other place? And yet how long, even *there*, was I kept in awe, in ſpite of *natural incitement*, and *unnatural inſtigations* (as I now think them) by the mere force of that native dignity, and obvious purity of mind and manners, which fill every one with reverence, if not with *holy Love*, as thou calleſt it (*a*), the moment he ſees her!—Elſe thinkeſt thou not, it was eaſy for me to be a *fine gentleman*, and a *delicate Lover*, or, at leaſt a *ſpecious* and flattering one?

Lady Sarah and Lady Betty, finding the treaty, upon the ſucceſs of which they have ſet their fooliſh hearts, likely to run into length, are about departing to their own ſeats; having taken from me the beſt ſecurity the nature of the caſe will admit of, that is to ſay, *my word*, to marry the Lady, if ſhe will have me.

And after all (methinks thou aſked) Art thou ſtill reſolved to repair, if reparation be put into thy power?

Why, Jack, I muſt needs own, that my heart has now-and-then ſome retrograde motions, upon thinking ſeriouſly of the irrevocable ceremony. We do not eaſily give up the deſire of our hearts, and what we imagine eſſential to our happineſs, let the expectation or hope of compaſſing it be ever ſo unreaſonable or abſurd in the opinion of others. *Recurrings* there will be; hankerings, that will, on every but remotely favourable incident (however before diſcouraged and beaten back by ill ſucceſs) pop up, and abate the ſatisfaction we ſhould otherwiſe take in *contrariant* overtures.

'Tis ungentlemanly, Jack, *man* to *man*, to lye.——

(*a*) See p. 301.

But Matrimony I do not *heartily* love—altho' with a CLARISSA—Yet I am in earneſt to marry her.

But I am often thinking, that if now this dear creature, ſuffering time, and my penitence, my relations prayers, and Miſs Howe's mediation, to ſoften her *reſentments* [Her *revenge* thou haſt prettily (*a*) diſtinguiſhed away] and to recall repulſed inclination, ſhould conſent to meet me at the altar—How vain will ſhe then make all thy eloquent periods of execration!—How many charming interjections of her own will ſhe ſpoil! And what a couple of old Patriachs ſhall we become, going on in the mill-horſe round; getting ſons and daughters; providing nurſes for them firſt, Governors and Governeſſes next; teaching them leſſons their Father never practiſed, nor which their Mother, as her Parents will ſay, was much the better for! And at laſt perhaps, when life ſhall be turned into the dully ſober Stillneſs, and I become deſirous to forget all my paſt Rogueries, what comfortable reflections will it afford, to find them all revived, with *equal*, or probably *greater* trouble and expence, in the perſons and manners of ſo many young Lovelaces of the Boys; and to have the Girls run away with varlets perhaps not half ſo ingenious as myſelf; clumſy fellows, as it might happen, who could not afford the baggages one excuſe for their weakneſs, beſides thoſe diſgraceful ones of *Sex* and *Nature!*—O Belford! who can bear to think of theſe things!—— Who, at my time of life eſpecially, and with ſuch a byas for miſchief!

Of this I am abſolutely convinced, that if a man ever intends to marry, and to enjoy in peace his own reflections; and not be afraid of retribution, or of the conſequences of his own example; he ſhould never be a Rake.

This looks like Conſcience; don't it, Belford?

(*a*) See p. 288.

But, being in earneſt ſtill, as I have ſaid, All I have to do in my preſent uncertainty, is, to brighten up my faculties, by filing off the ruſt they have contracted by the town ſmoke, a long impriſonment in my cloſe attendance to ſo little purpoſe on my fair perverſe; and to brace up, if I can, the relaxed fibres of my mind, which have been twitched and convulſed like the Nerves of ſome tottering Paralytic, by means of the tumults ſhe has excited in it; that ſo I may be able to preſent to her a Huſband as worthy as I can be of her acceptance; or, if ſhe reject me, be in a capacity to reſume my uſual gaiety of heart, and ſhew others of the miſleading Sex, that I am not diſcouraged by the diſficuties I have met with from this ſweet individual of it, from endeavouring to make myſelf as acceptable to them as before.

In this latter caſe, one Tour to France and Italy, I dare ſay, will do the buſineſs. Miſs Harlowe will by that time have forgotten all ſhe has ſuffered from her ungrateful Lovelace: Tho' it will be impoſſible that her Lovelace ſhould ever forget a woman, whoſe equal he deſpairs to meet with, were he to travel from one end of the world to the other.

If thou continueſt paying off the heavy debts my long Letters, for ſo many weeks, together, have made thee groan under, I will endeavour to reſtrain myſelf in the deſires I have (importunate as they are) of going to town, to throw myſelf at the Feet of my Soul's Beloved. *Policy*, and *honeſty*, both join to ſtrengthen the reſtraint my *own promiſe* and *thy engagement* have laid me under on this head. I would not afreſh provoke: On the contrary, would give time for her reſentments to ſubſide, that ſo all that follows may be her own act and deed.

*** ***

Hickman [I have a mortal averſion to that fellow!] has, by a line which I have juſt now received, requeſted an interview with me on Friday at Mr. Dormer's,

mer's, as at a *common friend*'s. Does the buſineſs he wants to meet me upon, require that it ſhould be at a *common friend*'s?—A challenge implied: Is it not, Belford?—I ſhall not be civil to him, I doubt. He has been an intermeddler!—Then I envy him on Miſs Howe's account: For if I have a right notion of this Hickman, it is impoſſible that that virago can ever love him.

Every one knows, that the Mother (ſaucy as the Daughter ſometimes is) crams him down her throat. Her Mother is one of the moſt violent-ſpirited women in *England*. Her late huſband could not ſtand in the matrimonal contention of *Who ſhould?* but tipt off the perch in it, neither knowing how to yield, nor knowing how to conquer.

A charming encouragement for a man of intrigue, when he has reaſon to believe, that the woman he has a view upon has no Love for her Huſband! What good Principles muſt that Wife have, who is kept in againſt temptation by a ſenſe of her duty, and plighted faith, where affection has no hold of her!

Pry'thee let's know, very particularly, how it fares with poor Belton.—'Tis an honeſt fellow.—Something more than his Thomaſine ſeems to ſtick with him.

Thou haſt not been preaching to him Conſcience and Reformation; haſt thou?—Thou ſhouldeſt not take liberties with him of this ſort, unleſs thou thoughteſt him abſolutely irrecoverable. A man in ill health, and cropſick, cannot play with theſe ſolemn things, as thou canſt, and be neither better nor worſe for them.—Repentance, Jack, I have a notion, ſhould be ſet about while a man is in health and ſpirits. What's a man fit for [Not to begin a new work ſurely!] when he is not himſelf, nor maſter of his faculties?—Hence, as I apprehend, it is, that a death-bed repentance is ſuppoſed to be ſuch a precarious and ineffectual thing.

As to myſelf, I hope I have a great deal of time before me; ſince I intend *one day* to be a Reformed man. I have very ſerious reflections now-and-then. Yet am I half afraid of the truth of what my Charmer once told me, that *a man cannot repent when he will.* —Not to hold it, I ſuppoſe ſhe meant! By fits and ſtarts I have repented a thouſand times.

Caſting my eye over the two preceding paragraphs, I fancy there is ſomething like contradiction in them. But I will not reconſider them. The ſubject is a very ſerious one. I don't at preſent, quite underſtand it. But now for one more airy.

Tourville, Mowbray, and myſelf, paſs away our time as pleaſantly as poſſibly we can without thee. I wiſh we don't add to Lord M.'s gouty days by the joy we give him.

This is one advantage, as I believe I have elſewhere obſerv'd, that we Male-delinquents in Love-matters have of the other Sex:—For while they, poor things! ſit ſighing in holes and corners, or run to woods and groves to bemoan themſelves on their baffled hopes, we can rant and roar, hunt and hawk; and, by New Loves, baniſh from our hearts all remembrance of the Old ones.

Merrily, however, as we paſs our time, my reflexions upon the injuries done to this noble creature bring a qualm upon my heart very often. But I know ſhe will permit me to make her amends, after ſhe has plagued me heartily; and that's my conſolation.

An honeſt fellow ſtill—Clap thy wings, and crow, Jack!——

LET-

LETTER LXXIV.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Thurſday Morn. June 20.

WHAT, my deareſt creature, have been your ſufferings!—What muſt have been your anguiſh on ſo diſgraceful an inſult, committed in the open ſtreets, and in the broad day!

No end, I think, of the undeſerved calamities of a dear ſoul, who has been ſo unhappily driven and betrayed into the hands of a vile Libertine!—How was I ſhocked at the receiving of your Letter written by another hand, and only dictated by you!—You muſt be very ill. Nor is it to be wondered at. But I hope it is rather from hurry, and ſurprize, and lowneſs, which *may* be overcome, than from a grief given way to, which may be attended with effects I cannot bear to think of.

But whatever you do, my dear, you muſt not deſpond! Indeed you muſt not deſpond! Hitherto you have been in no fault: But deſpair would be all your own: and the worſt fault you can be guilty of.

I cannot bear to look upon another hand inſtead of yours. My dear creature, ſend me a few lines, tho' *ever ſo few*, in your own hand, if poſſible.—For they will revive my heart; eſpecially if they can acquaint me of your amended health.

I expect your anſwer to my Letter of the 13th. We all expect it with impatience.

His relations are perſons of *ſo much* honour—They are ſo *very* earneſt to rank you among them—The wretch is ſo very penitent: *Every one* of *his* family ſays he is—*Your own* are ſo implacable—Your laſt diſtreſs, tho' the conſequence of his former villainy, yet neither brought on by his direction nor with his knowlege; and ſo much reſented by him—That my Mother is abſolutely of opinion, that *you ſhould be his*

——Eſpecially if, yielding to my wiſhes, as expreſſed in my Letter, and thoſe of all his friends, you *would* have complied, had it not been for this horrid Arreſt.

I will incloſe the copy of the Letter I wrote to Miſs Montague laſt Tueſday, on hearing that nobody knew what was become of you; and the Anſwer to it, under-written and ſigned by Lord M. Lady Sarah Sadleir, and Lady Betty Lawrance, as well as by the young Ladies; and alſo by the wretch himſelf.

I own, that I like not the turn of what he has written to me; and before I will further intereſt myſelf in his favour, I have determined to inform myſelf, *by a friend*, from his own mouth, of his ſincerity, and whether his *whole inclination* be in his requeſt to me, excluſive of the *wiſhes of his relations*. Yet my heart riſes againſt him, on the ſuppoſition that there is the ſhadow of a reaſon for ſuch a queſtion, the woman Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe. But I think, with my Mother, that Marriage is now the only means left to make your future life tolerably eaſy—*happy* there is no ſaying.—His diſgraces, in *that* caſe, in the eye of the world itſelf, will be more than yours: And to thoſe who know you, glorious will be your triumph.

I am obliged to accompany my mother ſoon to the Iſle of Wight. My Aunt Harman is in a declining way, and inſiſts upon ſeeing us both—and Mr. Hickman too, I think.

His Siſter, of whom we had heard ſo much, with her Lord, were brought t'other day to viſit us. She ſtrangely likes me, or ſays ſhe does.

I can't ſay, but that I think ſhe anſwers the excellent character we heard of her.

It would be death to me to ſet out for the little iſland, and not ſee you firſt: And yet my Mother (fond of exerting an authority that ſhe herſelf, by that exertion, often brings into queſtion) inſiſts, that my next viſit to you *muſt* be a congratulatory one, as Mrs. Lovelace.

When

When I know what will be the reſult of the queſtions to be put in my name to that wretch, and what is your mind on my Letter of the 13th, I ſhall tell you more of mine.

The bearer promiſes to make ſo much diſpatch, as to attend you this very afternoon. May he return with good tidings to *Your ever affectionate,*

ANNA HOWE!

LETTER LXXV.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Thurſday Afternoon.

YOU pain me, my deareſt Miſs Howe, by the ardour of your noble Friendſhip. I will be very brief, becauſe I am not well; yet a good deal better than I was; and becauſe I am preparing an Anſwer to yours of the 13th. But, before hand, I muſt tell you, my dear, I will *not* have that man—Don't be angry with me.—But indeed I won't. So let him be aſked no queſtions about me, I beſeech you.

I do *not* deſpond my dear. I hope I may ſay, *I will not* deſpond. Is not my condition greatly mended? I thank Heaven it is!

I am no priſoner now in a vile houſe. I am not now in the power of that man's devices. I am not now obliged to hide myſelf in corners for fear of him. One of his intimate companions is become my warm friend, and engages to keep him from me, and that by his own conſent. I am among honeſt people. I have all my cloaths and effects reſtored to me. The wretch himſelf bears teſtimony to my honour.

Indeed I am very weak and ill: But I have an excellent Phyſician, Dr. H. and as worthy an Apothecary, Mr. Goddard.—Their treatment of me, my dear, is perfectly *paternal!*—My mind too, I can find, begins to ſtrengthen: And methinks at times, I find myſelf ſuperior to my calamities.

I ſhall have Sinkings ſometimes. I muſt expect ſuch. And my Father's malediction—But you will chide me for introducing that, now I am enumerating my comforts.

But I charge you, my dear, that you do not ſuffer my calamities to ſit too heavy upon your own mind. If you do, that will be to new-point ſome of thoſe arrows that have been blunted, and loſt their ſharpneſs.

If you would contribute to *my* happineſs, give way, my dear, to *your own*; and to the chearful proſpects before you!

You will think very meanly of your Clariſſa, if you do not believe, that the greateſt pleaſure ſhe can receive in this life, is in your proſperity and wellfare. Think not of me, my only friend, but as we were in times paſt: and ſuppoſe me gone a great, great way off!—A long journey!——How often are the deareſt of friends, at their Country's call, thus parted—with a *Certainty* for years—with a *Probability* for ever!

Love me ſtill, however. But let it be with a weaning love. I am not what I was, when we were *inſeparable* Lovers, as I may ſay—Our *views* muſt now be different.—Reſolve, my dear, to make a worthy man happy, becauſe a worthy man muſt make *you* ſo.—And ſo, my deareſt Love, for the preſent adieu!—Adieu, my deareſt Love!—But I ſhall ſoon write again, I hope!

LETTER LXXVI.

Mr. BELFORD, *To* ROBERT LOVELACE, *Eſq.*

[*In Anſwer to Letter* lxxiii.]

Thurſday, July 20.

I Re'd that part of your concluſion to poor Belton, where you enquire after him, and mention how merrily you, and the reſt, paſs your time at M. Hall. He fetched a deep ſigh: *You are all very happy!*

were

were his words.—I am ſorry they *were* his words; for, poor fellow, he is going very faſt. Change of Air, *he* hopes, will mend him, joined to the chearful Company I have left him in. But nothing, I dare ſay, will.

A conſuming Malady, and a conſuming Miſtreſs, to an indulgent Keeper, are dreadful things to ſtruggle with both together: Violence muſt be uſed to get rid of the latter; and yet he has not ſpirit left him, to exert himſelf. His houſe is Thomaſine's houſe; not his. He has not been within his doors for a fortnight paſt. *Vagabonding about* from Inn to Inn; entering each for a bait only; and ſtaying two or three days without power to remove; and hardly knowing which to go to next. His malady is *within him*; and he cannot run away from it.

Her Boys (once he thought them his) are ſturdy enough to ſhoulder him in his own houſe as they paſs by him. Siding with the Mother, they in a manner expel him; and in his abſence, riot away on the remnant of his broken fortunes. As to their Mother (who was once ſo tender, ſo ſubmiſſive, ſo ſtudious to oblige, that we all pronounced him happy, and his courſe of life the eligible) ſhe is now ſo termagant, ſo inſolent, that he cannot contend with her, without doing infinite prejudice to his health. A broken-ſpirited Defenſive, *hardly a defenſive*, therefore reduced to: And this to a heart, for ſo many years waging *offenſive* war (not valuing whom the opponent) what a reduction! Now comparing himſelf to the ſuper-annuated Lion in the fable, kicked in the jaws, and laid ſprawling, by the ſpurning heel of an ignoble Aſs!

I have undertaken his cauſe. He has given me leave, yet not without reluctance, to put him into poſſeſſion of his own houſe; and to place in it for him his unhappy Siſter, whom he has hitherto ſlighted *becauſe* unhappy. It is hard, he told me (and wept,

poor fellow, when he ſaid it) that he cannot be permitted to die quietly in his own houſe!—The fruits of bleſſed Keeping theſe!——

Tho' but lately appriſed of her infidelity, it now comes out to have been of ſo long continuance, that he has no room to believe the Boys to be his: Yet how fond did he uſe to be of them!

To what, Lovelace, ſhall we attribute the tenderneſs which a *reputed* Father frequently ſhews to the children of another man?—What is that, I pray thee, which we call *Nature*, and *Natural Affection?* And what has man to boaſt of as to ſagacity and penetration, when he is as eaſily brought to cover and rear, and even to love, and often to prefer, the product of another's guilt with his Wife or Miſtreſs, as a hen or a gooſe the eggs, and even *young*, of others of their kind?

Nay, let me aſk, If *Inſtinct*, as it is called, in the animal creation, does not enable them to diſtinguiſh their own, much more eaſily than we, with our boaſted *reaſon* and ſagacity, in this nice particular, can do?

If ſome men, who have Wives but of doubtful virtue, conſidered this matter duly, I believe their inordinate ardor after gain would be a good deal cooled, when they could not be certain (tho' their *Mates* could) for whoſe children they were elbowing, buſtling, griping, and perhaps cheating, thoſe with whom they have concerns, whether friends, neighbours, or *more* certain next-of-kin, by the Mother's ſide however.

But I will not puſh this notion ſo far as it might be carried; becauſe, if propagated, it might be of *unſocial* or *unnatural* conſequence; ſince women of virtue would perhaps be more liable to ſuffer by the miſtruſts and caprices of *bad-hearted* and *fooliſh-headed* Huſbands, than thoſe who can ſcreen themſelves from detection by arts and hypocriſy, to which a wo-

a woman of virtue cannot have recourſe. And yet, were this notion duly and generally conſidered, it might be attended with no bad effects; as good education, good inclinations, and eſtabliſhed virtue, would be the principally ſought-after qualities; and not money, when a man (not byaſſed by mere perſonal attractions) was looking round him for a partner in his fortunes, and for a mother of his future children, which are to be the heirs of his poſſeſſions, and to enjoy the fruits of his induſtry.

But to return to poor Belton.

If I have occaſion for your aſſiſtance, and that of our compeers, in reinſtating the poor fellow, I will give you notice. Mean time, I have juſt now been told, that Thomaſine declares ſhe will not ſtir; For, it ſeems, ſhe ſuſpects that meaſures will be fallen upon to make her quit. She is Mrs. Belton, ſhe ſays, and will prove her Marriage.

If ſhe give herſelf theſe airs in his life-time, what would ſhe attempt to do after his death?

Her Boys threaten any-body, who ſhall preſume to inſult their *Mother*. Their *Father* (as they *call* poor Belton) they ſpeak of as an unnatural one. And there probably *true Father* is for ever there, *hoſtilely* there, paſſing for her Couſin, as uſual: Now her *protecting Couſin*.

Hardly ever, I dare ſay, was there a Keeper, that did not make a Keepereſs; who laviſhed away on her kept-fellow, what ſhe obtained from the extravagant folly of him who kept her.

I will do without you, if I can. The caſe will be only, as I conceive, like that of the ancient Sarmatians, returning, after many years abſence, to their homes, their Wives then in poſſeſſion of their Slaves. So that they had to contend not only with thoſe *Wives*, conſcious of their infidelity, and with their *Slaves*, but with the *Children* of thoſe Slaves, grown up to manhood, reſolute to defend their Mothers and their long-

manumitted Fathers. But the noble Sarmatians, ſcorning to attack their Slaves with equal weapons, only provided themſelves with the ſame ſort of whips, with which they uſed formerly to chaſtiſe them. And attacking them with them, the miſcreants fled before them.—In memory of which, to this day, the device on the coin in Novogrod in Ruſſia, a city of the antient Sarmatia, is a man on horſeback, with a whip in his hand.

The poor fellow takes it ill, that you did not preſs him more than you did, to be of your party at M. Hall. It is owing to Mowbray, he is ſure, that he had ſo very ſlight an invitation, from one whoſe invitations uſed to be ſo warm.

Mowbray's ſpeech to him, he ſays, he never will forgive: "Why, Tom," ſaid the brutal fellow, with a curſe, "thou droopeſt like a pip or roup-cloaking "chicken. Thou ſhouldſt grow perter, or ſubmit "to a ſolitary quarantine, if thou wouldſt not infect "the whole brood."

For my own part, only that this poor fellow is in diſtreſs, as well in his affairs, as in his mind, or I ſhould be ſick of you all. Such is the reliſh I have of the converſation, and ſuch my admiration of the deportment and ſentiments, of this divine Lady, that I would forego a month, even of thy company, to be admitted into hers but for one hour: And I am highly in conceit with myſelf, greatly as I uſed to value *thine*, for being able, ſpontaneouſly as I may ſay, to make this preference.

It is, after all, a deviliſh life we have lived. And to conſider how it all ends in a very few years—To ſee to what a ſtate of ill health this poor fellow is ſo ſoon reduced—And then to obſerve how every one of ye run away from the unhappy being, as rats from a falling houſe, is fine comfort to help a man to look back upon companions ill-choſen, and a life miſ-ſpent!

It

It will be your turns by-and-by, every man of ye, if the juſtice of your country interpoſe not.

Thou art the only Rake we have herded with, if thou wilt not except myſelf, who haſt preſerved entire thy health and thy fortunes.

Mowbray indeed is indebted to a robuſt conſtitution, that he has not yet ſuffered in his health; but his Eſtate is dwindling away year by year.

Three-fourths of Tourville's very conſiderable fortunes are already diſſipated; and the remaining fourth will probably ſoon go after the other three.

Poor Belton! we ſee how it is with him!—His only felicity is, that he will hardly *live* to want.

Thou art too proud, and too prudent, ever to be deſtitute; and, to do thee juſtice, hath a ſpirit to aſſiſt ſuch of thy friends as may be reduced; and *will*, if thou ſhouldeſt then be living. But I think thou muſt, much ſooner than thou imagineſt, be called to thy account—knocked on the head perhaps by the friends of thoſe whom thou haſt injured; for if thou eſcapeſt this fate from the Harlowe family, thou wilt go on tempting danger and vengeance, till thou meeteſt with vengeance; and this, whether thou marrieſt, or not: For the nuptial life will not, I doubt, till age join with it, cure thee of that ſpirit for intrigue, which is continually running away with thee, in ſpite of thy better ſenſe, and tranſitory reſolutions.

Well, then, I will ſuppoſe *thee* laid down quietly among thy worthier anceſtors.

And now let me look forward to the ends of Tourville and Mowbray [Belton will be crumbled into duſt before thee perhaps,] ſuppoſing thy early exit has ſaved thee from gallows intervention.

Reduced, probably, by riotous waſte to conſequential want, behold them refuged in ſome obſcene hole or garret; obliged to the careleſs care of ſome dirty old woman, whom nothing but her poverty prevails upon to attend to perform the laſt offices for

men, who have made ſuch ſhocking ravage among the young ones.

Then how miſerably will they whine thro' ſqueaking organs; their big voices turned into puling pity-begging lamentations! Their now-offenſive paws, how helpleſs then!—Their now-erect necks then denying ſupport to their aching heads; thoſe globes of miſchief dropping upon their quaking ſhoulders. Then what wry faces will they make! their hearts, and their heads, reproaching each other!—Diſtended their parched mouths!—Sunk their unmuſcled cheeks!—Dropt their under jaws!—Each grunting like the ſwine he had reſembled in his life! Oh! what a vile wretch have I been! Oh! that I had my life to come over again!—Confeſſing to the poor old woman, who cannot ſhrive them! Imaginary ghoſts of deflowered Virgins, and polluted Matrons, flitting before their glaſſy eyes! And old Satan, to their apprehenſions, grinning behind a looking-glaſs held up before them, to frighten them with the horror viſible in their own countenances!

For my own part, if I can get ſome good family to credit me with a Siſter or a Daughter, as I have now an increaſed fortune, which will enable me to propoſe handſome Settlements, I will deſert ye all; marry, and live a life of Reaſon, rather than a life of a Brute, for the time to come.

LETTER LXXVII.

Mr. BELFORD, *To* ROBERT LOVELACE, *Eſq.*

Thurſday Night.

I Was forced to take back my twenty guineas. How the women managed it, I can't tell (I ſuppoſe they too readily found a purchaſer for the rich ſuit;) but ſhe miſtruſted, that I was the advancer of the money; and would not let the cloaths go. But Mrs. Lovick has

has actually ſold, for fifteen guineas, ſome rich Lace worth three times the ſum; out of which ſhe repaid her the money ſhe borrowed for fees to the doctor, in an illneſs occaſioned by the barbarity of the moſt ſavage of men. *Thou knoweſt his name!*

The Doctor called on her in the morning it ſeems, and had a ſhort debate with her about fees. She inſiſted, that he ſhould take one every time he came, write or not write; miſtruſting, that he only gave verbal directions to Mrs. Lovick, or the Nurſe, to avoid taking any.

He ſaid, that it would have been impoſſible for him, had he *not* been a Phyſician, to forbear enquiries after the health and welfare of ſo excellent a perſon. He had not the thought of paying her a compliment in declining the offered fee: But he knew her caſe could not ſo ſuddenly vary, as to demand his daily viſits. She muſt permit him, therefore, to enquire of the women below after her health; and he muſt not think of coming up, if he were to be *pecuniarily* rewarded for the ſatisfaction he was ſo deſirous to give himſelf.

It ended in a compromiſe for a fee each other time: Which ſhe unwillingly ſubmitted to; telling him, that tho' ſhe was at preſent deſolate and in diſgrace, yet her circumſtances were, of right, high; and no expences could riſe ſo, as to be ſcrupled, whether ſhe lived or died. But ſhe ſubmitted, ſhe added, to the compromiſe, in hopes to ſee him as often as he had opportunity; for ſhe really looked upon him, and Mr. Goddard, from their kind and tender treatment of her, with a regard next to filial.

I hope thou wilt make thyſelf acquainted with this worthy Doctor, when thou comeſt to town; and give him thy thanks, for putting her into conceit with the Sex that thou haſt given her ſo much reaſon to execrate.

Farewel.

LET-

LETTER LXXVIII.

Mr. Lovelace, *To* John Belford, *Eſq.*

M. Hall, Friday, July 21.

JUST returned from an interview with this Hickman: A preciſe fop of a fellow, as ſtarched as his Ruffles.

Thou knoweſt I love him not, Jack; and whom we love not, we cannot allow a merit to! *perhaps not the merit they ſhould be granted.* However, I am in earneſt, when I ſay, that he ſeems to me to be ſo ſet, ſo prim, ſo affected, ſo mincing, yet ſo clouterly in his perſon, that I dare engage for thy opinion, if thou doſt juſtice to him, and to thyſelf, that thou never beheldeſt ſuch another, except in a pier-glaſs.

I'll tell thee how I play'd him off.

He came in his own chariot to Dormer's; and we took a turn in the garden, at his requeſt. He was deviliſh ceremonious, and made a buſhel of apologies for the freedom he was going to take: and, after half a hundred hums and haws, told me, that he came—that he came—to wait on me—at the requeſt of *dear Miſs Howe*, on the account—on the account—of Miſs Harlowe.

Well, Sir, ſpeak on, ſaid I: But give me leave to ſay, that if your book be as long as your preface, it will take up a week to read it.

This was pretty rough, thou'lt ſay: But there's nothing like balking theſe formaliſts at firſt. When they are put out of their road, they are filled with doubts of themſelves, and can never get into it again: So that an honeſt fellow, impertinently attacked, as I was, has all the game in his own hand quite thro' the conference.

He ſtroaked his chin, and hardly knew what to ſay. At laſt, after parentheſis within parentheſis, apologizing for apologies, in imitation, I ſuppoſe, of Swift's

Di-

Digreſſion in praiſe of Digreſſions—I preſume, I preſume, Sir, you were privy to the viſit made to Miſs Howe by the young Ladies your Couſins, in the name of Lord M. and Lady Sarah Sadleir, and Lady Betty Lawrance.

I *was*, Sir: And Miſs Howe had a Letter afterwards, ſigned by his Lordſhip and by thoſe Ladies, and underwritten by myſelf. Have you ſeen it, Sir?

I can't ſay but I have. It is the principal cauſe of this Viſit: For Miſs Howe thinks your part of it is written with ſuch an air of levity—Pardon me, Sir—that ſhe knows not whether you are in earneſt, or not, in your addreſs to *her* for her intereſt to her *friend (a)*.

Will Miſs Howe permit me to explain myſelf in perſon to her, Mr. Hickman?

O Sir, by no means. Miſs Howe, I am ſure, would not give you that trouble.

I ſhould not think it a trouble. I will moſt readily attend you, Sir, to Miſs Howe, and ſatisfy her in all her ſcruples. Come, Sir, I will wait upon you now. You have a chariot. Are alone. We can talk as we ride.

He heſitated, wriggled, winced, ſtroaked his ruffles, ſet his wig, and pulled his neckcloth, which was long enough for a bib.—I am not going directly back to Miſs Howe, Sir. It will be as well, if you will be ſo good as to ſatisfy Miſs Howe by me.

What is it ſhe ſcruples, Mr. Hickman?

Why, Sir, Miſs Howe obſerves, that in your part of the Letter, you ſay—But let me ſee, Sir—I have a copy of what you wrote [Pulling it out] Will you give me leave, Sir?—Thus you begin—*Dear Miſs Howe*—

No offence, I hope, Mr. Hickman?

(a) See Mr. Lovelace's billet to Miſs Howe, p. 247. of this Volume.

None

None in the leaſt, Sir!—None at all, Sir!—Taking aim, as it were, to read.

Do you uſe ſpectacles, Mr. Hickman?

Spectacles, Sir! His whole broad face lifted up at me: Spectacles!—What makes you aſk me ſuch a queſtion? Such a young man as I uſe ſpectacles, Sir!—

They do in Spain, Mr. Hickman: young as well as old, to ſave their eyes.—Have you ever read Prior's *Alma*, Mr. Hickman?

I have, Sir—Cuſtom is every thing in nations, as well as with individuals: I know the meaning of your queſtion—But 'tis not the *Engliſh* cuſtom.—

Was you ever in Spain, Mr. Hickman?

No, Sir: I have been in Holland.

In Holland, Sir!—Never in France or Italy?—I was reſolved to travel with him into the land of *Puzzledom*.

No, Sir, I cannot ſay I have, as yet.

That's a wonder, Sir, when on the continent!

I went on a particular affair: I was obliged to return ſoon.

Well, Sir; you was going to read—Pray be pleaſed to proceed.

Again he took aim, as if his eyes were older than the reſt of him; and re'd, *After what is written above, and ſigned by names and characters of ſuch unqueſtionable honour*—To be ſure, (taking off his eye) nobody queſtions the honour of Lord M. nor that of the good Ladies who ſigned the Letter.

I hope, Mr. Hickman, nobody queſtions mine neither?

If you pleaſe, Sir, I will read on.—*I might have been excuſed ſigning a name, almoſt as hateful to myſelf* [You are pleaſed to ſay]—*as I KNOW it is to* YOU—

Well, Mr. Hickman, I muſt interrupt you at this place. In what I wrote to Miſs Howe, I diſtinguiſhed the

the work KNOW. I had a reaſon for it. Miſs Howe has been very free with my character. I have never done her any harm. I take it very ill of her. And I hope, Sir, you come in her name to make excuſes for it.

Miſs Howe, Sir, is a very polite young Lady. She is not accuſtomed to treat any man's character unbecomingly.

Then *I* have the more reaſon to take it amiſs, Mr. Hickman.

Why, Sir, you know the friendſhip—

No friendſhip ſhould warrant ſuch freedoms as Miſs Howe has taken with my character.

(I believed he began to wiſh he had not come near me. He ſeemed quite diſconcerted.)

Have you not heard Miſs Howe treat my name with great—

Sir, I come not to offend or affront you: But you know what a love there is between Miſs Howe and Miſs Harlowe.—I doubt, Sir, you have not treated Miſs Harlowe, as ſo fine a young Lady deſerved to be treated. And if love for her friend has made Miſs Howe take freedoms, as you call them, a mind not ungenerous, on ſuch an occaſion, will rather be ſorry for having given the *cauſe*, than—

I know your conſequence, Sir!—But I'd rather have this reproof from a Lady, than from a Gentleman. I have a great deſire to wait upon Miſs Howe. I am perſuaded we ſhould ſoon come to a good underſtanding. Generous minds are always of kin. I know we ſhould agree in every thing. Pray, Mr. Hickman, be ſo kind as to introduce me to Miſs Howe.

Sir—I can ſignify your deſire, if you pleaſe, to Miſs Howe.

Do ſo. Be pleaſed to read on, Mr. Hickman.

He did very formally, as if I remembered not what I had written; and when he came to the paſſage about the Halter, the Parſon, and the Hangman, reading

reading it, Why, Sir, ſays he, does not this look like a jeſt?—Miſs Howe thinks it does. It is not in the Lady's *power*, you know, Sir, to doom you to the Gallows.

Then, if it were, Mr. Hickman, you think ſhe would?

You ſay here to Miſs Howe, proceeded he, that Miſs Harlowe is the *moſt injured of her Sex*. I know, from Miſs Howe, that ſhe highly reſents the injuries you own: Inſomuch that Miſs Howe doubts that ſhe ſhall never prevail upon her to overlook them: And as your family are all deſirous you ſhould repair her wrongs, and likewiſe deſire Miſs Howe's interpoſition with her friend; Miſs Howe fears, from this part of your Letter, that you are too much in jeſt; and that your offer to do her juſtice is rather in compliment to your friends entreaties, than proceeding from your own inclinatons: And ſhe deſires to know your true ſentiments on this occaſion, before ſhe interpoſes further.

Do you think, Mr. Hickman, that, if I am capable of deceiving my own relations, I have ſo much obligation to Miſs Howe, who has always treated me with great freedom, as to acknowledge to *her*, what I don't to *them*?

Sir, I beg pardon: But Miſs Howe thinks, that, as you have written to her, ſhe may aſk you, by me, for an explanation of what you have written.

You ſee, Mr. Hickman, ſomething of me.—Do *you* think I am in jeſt, or in earneſt?

I ſee, Sir, you are a gay gentleman, of fine ſpirits, and all That—All I beg in Miſs Howe's name, is, to know if you really, and *bona fide*, join with your friends in deſiring her to uſe her intereſt to reconcile you to Miſs Harlowe?

I ſhould be extremely glad to be reconciled to Miſs Harlowe; and ſhould owe great obligations to Miſs Howe, if ſhe could bring about ſo happy an event.

Well,

Well, Sir, and you have no objections to Marriage, I preſume, as the condition of that reconciliation?

I never liked Matrimony in my life. I muſt be plain with you, Mr. Hickman.

I am ſorry for it: I think it a very happy State.

I hope you will find it ſo, Mr. Hickman.

I doubt not but I ſhall, Sir. And I dare ſay, ſo would you, if you were to have Miſs Harlowe.

If I could be happy in it with any-body, it would be with Miſs Harlowe.

I am ſurpriſed, Sir!—Then, after all, you don't think of Marrying Miſs Harlowe!—After the hard uſage——

What hard uſage, Mr. Hickman? I don't doubt but a Lady of her niceneſs has repreſented what would appear trifles to any other, in a very ſtrong light.

If what I have had hinted to me, Sir—Excuſe me—has been offered to the Lady, ſhe has more than trifles ſo complain of.

Let me know what you have heard, Mr. Hickman? I will very truly anſwer to the accuſations.

Sir, you know beſt what you have done: You own the Lady is the *moſt injured, as well as the moſt deſerving of her Sex.*

I do, Sir; and yet, I would be glad to know what you have *heard*; for on that, perhaps depends my anſwer to the queſtions Miſs Howe puts to me by you.

Why then, Sir, ſince you aſk it, you cannot be diſpleaſed if I anſwer you:—In the firſt place, Sir, you will acknowledge, I ſuppoſe, that you promiſed Miſs Harlowe Marriage, and all that?

Well, Sir, and I ſuppoſe what you have to charge me with is, That I was deſirous to have *all That*, without Marriage.

Cot-ſo, Sir, I know you are deemed to be a man of wit: But may I not aſk, if theſe things ſit not too light upon you?

When

When a thing is done, and cannot be helped, 'tis right to make the beſt of it. I wiſh the Lady would think ſo too.

I think, Sir, Ladies ſhould not be deceived. I think a promiſe to a Lady ſhould be as binding as to any other perſon, at the leaſt.

I *believe* you think ſo, Mr. Hickman: And I believe you are a very honeſt good ſort of a man.

I would always keep my word, Sir, whether to man or woman.

You ſay well. And far be it from me to perſuade you to do otherwiſe. But what have you farther heard?

(Thou wilt think, Jack, I muſt be very deſirous to know in what light my elected Spouſe had repreſented things to Miſs Howe; and how far Miſs Howe had communicated them to Mr. Hickman.)

Sir, this is no part of my preſent buſineſs.

But, Mr. Hickman, 'tis part of mine. I hope you would not expect, that I ſhould anſwer *your* queſtions, at the ſame time that you refuſed to anſwer *mine*. What, pray, have you farther heard?

Why then, Sir, if I muſt ſay, I am told, that Miſs Harlowe was carried to a very bad houſe.

Why, indeed, the people did not prove ſo good as they ſhould be.—What farther have you heard?

I have heard, Sir, that the Lady had ſtrange advantages taken of her, very *unfair* ones: but what I cannot ſay.

And *cannot* you ſay? Cannot you *gueſs?*—Then I'll tell you, Sir. Perhaps ſome liberty was taken with her when ſhe was aſleep. Do you think no Lady ever was taken at ſuch an advantage?—You know Mr. Hickman, that Ladies are very ſhy of truſting themſelves with the modeſteſt of our Sex, when they are diſpoſed to ſleep; and why ſo, if they did not *expect* that advantages would be taken of them at ſuch times?

But,

But, Sir, had not the Lady ſomething given her to make her ſleep?

Ay, Mr. Hickman, that's the queſtion: I want to know if the Lady ſays ſhe had?

I have not ſeen all ſhe has written; but by what I have heard, it is a very black affair—Excuſe me, Sir.

I do excuſe you, Mr. Hickman: But, ſuppoſing it were ſo, do you think a Lady was never impoſed upon by Wine, or ſo?—Do you think the moſt cautious woman in the world might not be cheated by a ſtronger liquor for a ſmaller, when ſhe was thirſty, after a fatigue in this very warm weather! And do you think, if ſhe was thus thrown into a profound ſleep, that ſhe is the only Lady that ever was taken at ſuch advantage?

Even as you make it, Mr. Lovelace, this matter is not a light one. But I fear it is a great deal heavier than as you put it.

What reaſons have you to fear this, Sir? What has the Lady ſaid? Pray let me know. I have *reaſon* to be ſo earneſt.

Why, Sir, Miſs Howe herſelf knows not the whole. The Lady promiſes to give her all the particulars at a proper time, if ſhe lives; but has ſaid enough to make it out to be a very bad affair.

I am glad Miſs Harlowe has not yet given all the particulars. And, ſince ſhe has not, you may tell Miſs Howe from me, That neither ſhe nor any woman in the world can be more virtuous than Miſs Harlowe is to this hour, as to her own mind. Tell her, that I hope ſhe never *will* know the particulars; but that ſhe has been unworthily uſed: Tell her, that tho' I know not what ſhe has ſaid, yet I have ſuch an opinion of her veracity, that I would blindly ſubſcribe to the truth of every tittle of it, tho' it make me ever ſo black. Tell her, that I have but *three* things to blame her for; *One*, that ſhe won't give me an oppor-

opportunity of repairing her wrongs: The *Second*, That ſhe is ſo ready to acquaint every-body with what ſhe has ſuffered, that it will put it out of my power to redreſs thoſe wrongs, with any tolerable reputation to either of us. Will this, Mr. Hickman, anſwer any part of the intention of this viſit?

Why, Sir, this is talking like a man of honour, I own. But you ſay there is a *Third* thing you blame the Lady for: May I aſk what that is?

I don't know, Sir, whether I ought to tell it you, or not. Perhaps you won't believe it, if I do. But tho' the Lady will tell the *truth* and nothing *but* the truth; yet, perhaps, ſhe will not tell you the *whole* truth.

Pray, Sir—But it mayn't be proper:—Yet you give me great curioſity. Sure there is no miſconduct in the Lady. I hope there is not. I am ſure, if Miſs Howe did not believe her to be faultleſs in every particular, ſhe would not intereſt herſelf ſo much in her favour as ſhe does, dearly as ſhe loves her.

I love Miſs Harlowe too well, Mr. Hickman, to wiſh to leſſen her in Miſs Howe's opinion; eſpecially as ſhe is abandoned of every other friend. But, perhaps, it would hardly be credited, if I ſhould tell you.

I ſhould be very ſorry, Sir, and ſo would Miſs Howe, if this poor Lady's conduct had laid her under obligation to you for this reſerve.—You have ſo much the appearance of a gentleman, as well as are ſo much diſtinguiſhed in your family and fortunes, that I hope you are incapable of loading ſuch a young Lady as this, in order to lighten yourſelf——Excuſe me, Sir.

I do, I do, Mr. Hickman. You ſay you came not with any intention to affront me. I take freedom, and I give it. I ſhould be very loth, I repeat, to ſay any-thing that may weaken Miſs Harlowe in the good opinion of the only friend ſhe thinks ſhe has left.

It

It may not be proper, ſaid he, for me to know your *third* article againſt this unhappy Lady: But I never heard of any-body, out of her own implacable family, that had the leaſt doubt of her honour. *Mrs.* Howe, indeed, once ſaid, after a conference with one of her Uncles, that ſhe feared all was not right on her ſide.—But elſe, I never heard—

Oons, Sir, in a fierce tone, and with an erect mien, ſtopping ſhort upon him, which made him ſtart back—'Tis next to blaſphemy to queſtion this Lady's honour. She is more pure than a veſtal; for veſtals have been often warmed by their own fires. No age, from the firſt to the preſent, ever produced, nor will the future, to the end of the world, I dare aver, ever produce, a young blooming Lady, tried as ſhe has been tried, who has ſtood all trials, as ſhe has done.—Let me tell you, Sir, That you never ſaw, never knew, never heard of, ſuch another woman as Miſs Harlowe.

Sir, Sir, I beg your pardon. Far be it from me to queſtion the Lady. You have not heard me ſay a word, that could be ſo conſtrued. I have the utmoſt honour for her. Miſs Howe loves her, as ſhe loves her own ſoul; and that ſhe would not do, if ſhe were not ſure ſhe were as virtuous as herſelf.

As herſelf, Sir!—I have a high opinion of Miſs Howe, Sir—But, I dare ſay—

What, Sir, dare you ſay of Miſs Howe!—I hope, Sir, you will not preſume to ſay any-thing to the diſparagement of Miſs Howe.

Preſume, Mr. Hickman!—That is *preſuming* language, let me tell you, Mr. Hickman!

The *occaſion* for it, Mr. Lovelace, if deſigned, is *preſuming*, if you pleaſe.—I am not a man ready to take offence, Sir—Eſpecially where I am employed as a mediator. But no man breathing ſhall ſay diſparaging things of Miſs Howe, in my hearing, without obſervation.

Well ſaid, Mr. Hickman. I diſlike not your ſpirit,

on ſuch a *ſuppoſed* occaſion. But what I was going to ſay is this. That there is not, in my opinion, a woman in the world, who ought to compare herſelf with Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe till ſhe has ſtood *her* trials, and has behaved *under* them, and *after* them, as ſhe has done. You ſee, Sir, I ſpeak againſt myſelf. You ſee I do. For, Libertine as I am thought to be, I never will attempt to bring down the meaſures of right and wrong to the ſtandard of my actions.

Why, Sir, this is very right. It is very *noble*, I will ſay. But 'tis pity—Excuſe me, Sir,—'tis pity, that the man who can pronounce ſo fine a ſentence, will not ſquare his actions accordingly.

That, Mr. Hickman, is another point. We all err in ſome things. I wiſh not that Miſs Howe ſhould have Miſs Harlowe's trials: And I rejoice, that ſhe is in no danger of any ſuch from ſo good a man.

(Poor Hickman!—He looked as if he knew not whether I meant a compliment or a reflection!)

But, proceeded I, ſince I find that I have excited your curioſity, that you may not go away with a doubt that may be injurious to the moſt admirable of women, I am inclined to hint to you what I have in the *third* place to blame her for.

Sir, as you pleaſe—It may not be proper—

It cannot be very *improper*, Mr. Hickman—So let me aſk you, What would Miſs Howe think, if her friend is the *more* determined againſt me, becauſe ſhe thinks (in revenge to me, I verily believe that!) of encouraging another Lover?

How, Sir!—Sure this cannot be the caſe!—I can tell you, Sir, if Miſs Howe thought this, ſhe would not approve of it at all: For, little as you think Miſs Howe likes you, Sir, and little as ſhe approves of your actions by her friend, I know ſhe is of opinion, that ſhe ought to have nobody living but you: And ſhould continue ſingle all her life, if ſhe be not yours.

Revenge

Revenge and Obſtinacy, Mr. Hickman, will make women, the beſt of them, do very unaccountable things. Rather than not put out both eyes of the man they are offended with, they will give up one of their own.

I don't know what to ſay to this, Sir: But, ſure, ſhe cannot encourage any other perſon's addreſs!—So ſoon too—Why, Sir, ſhe is, as we are told, ſo ill, and ſo *weak*——

Not in reſentment weak, I'll aſſure you. I am well acquainted with all her movements—And I tell you, believe it, or not, that ſhe refuſes *me* in view of *another* Lover.

Can it be?

'Tis true, by my Soul!—Has ſhe not hinted This to Miſs Howe, do you think?

No, indeed, Sir. If ſhe had I ſhould not have troubled you at this time from Miſs Howe.

Well then, you ſee I am right: That tho' ſhe cannot be guilty of a falſehood, yet ſhe has not told her friend the whole truth.

What ſhall a man ſay to theſe things!—(looking moſt ſtupidly perplexed.)

Say! Say! Mr. Hickman!—Who can account for the workings and ways of a paſſionate and offended woman? Endleſs would be the hiſtories I could give you, within my own knowledge, of the dreadful effects of women's paſſionate reſentments, and what that Sex will do when diſappointed.

There was Miſs DORRINGTON [Perhaps you know her not] who run away with her Father's groom, becauſe he would not let her have a half-pay officer, with whom (her paſſions all up) ſhe fell in love at firſt ſight, as he accidentally paſſed under her window.

There was Miſs SAVAGE; ſhe married her Mother's coachman, becauſe her Mother refuſed her a journey to Wales; in apprehenſion, that Miſs in-

tended to league herſelf with a remote Couſin of unequal fortunes, of whom ſhe was not a little fond when he was a viſiting-gueſt at their houſe for a week.

There was the young widow SANDERSON; who believing herſelf ſlighted by a younger Brother of a noble family (Sarah Stout like) took it into her head to drown herſelf.

Miſs SALLY ANDERSON [You have heard of her, no doubt] being checked by her Uncle for encouraging an addreſs beneath her, in ſpite, threw herſelf into the arms of an ugly dog, a ſhoe-maker's Apprentice, running away with him in a pair of ſhoes he had juſt fitted to her feet, tho' ſhe never ſaw the fellow before, and hated him ever after: And, at laſt, took Laudanum to make her forget for ever her own folly.

But can there be a ſtronger inſtance in point, than what the unaccountable reſentments of *ſuch* a Lady as Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe afford us? Who at this very inſtant, ill as ſhe is, not only encourages, but, in a manner, makes court to, one of the moſt odious dogs that ever was ſeen? I think Miſs Howe ſhould not be told this—And yet ſhe ought too, in order to diſſuade her from ſuch a prepoſterous raſhneſs.

O fie! O ſtrange! Miſs Howe knows nothing of this? To be ſure ſhe won't look upon her, if this be true!

'Tis true, very true, Mr. Hickman! True as I am here to tell you ſo!—And he is an ugly fellow too; uglier to look at than me.

Than *you*, Sir! Why, to be ſure, you are one of the handſomeſt men in England.

Well, but the wretch ſhe ſo ſpitefully prefers to me is a miſ-ſhapen, meager varlet; more like a ſkeleton than a man! Then he dreſſes—you never ſaw a devil ſo bedizened! Hardly a coat to his back, nor a ſhoe to his foot. A bald pated villain, yet grudges to buy a pe-

a peruke to hide his baldneſs: For he is as covetous as hell, never ſatisfied, yet plaguy rich.

Why, Sir, there is ſome joke in this, ſurely. A man of common parts knows not how to take ſuch gentlemen as you. But, Sir, if there be any truth in the Story, what is he? Some Jew or miſerly Citizen, I ſuppoſe, that may have preſumed on the Lady's diſtreſsful circumſtances; and your lively wit points him out as it pleaſes.

Why, the raſcal has eſtates in every county *in* England, and *out of* England too.

Some Eaſt India Governor, I ſuppoſe, if there be any-thing in it. The Lady once had thoughts of going abroad. But, I fanſy, all this time you are in jeſt, Sir. If not, we muſt ſurely have heard of him——

Heard of him! Ay, Sir, we have all heard of him—But none of us care to be intimate with him—except this Lady—and that, as I told you, in ſpite to me—His name, in ſhort, is DEATH!—DEATH, Sir, ſtamping, and ſpeaking loud, and full in his ear; which made him jump half a yard high.

Thou never beheldeſt any man ſo diſconcerted. He looked as if the frightful Skeleton was before him, and he had not his accounts ready. When a little recovered, he fribbled with his waiſtcoat buttons, as if he had been telling his beads.

This, Sir, proceeded I, is her wooer!—Nay, ſhe is ſo forward a girl, that ſhe *wooes him*: But I hope it never will be a match.

He had before behaved, and now looked, with more ſpirit than I expected from him.

I came, Sir, ſaid he, as a meditator of differences. It behoves me to keep my temper. But, Sir, and turned ſhort upon me, as much as I love peace, and to promote it, I will not be ill-uſed.

As I had plaid ſo much upon him, it would have been wrong to take him at his *more* than half-menace:

Yet, I think, I owe him a grudge, for his preſuming to addreſs Miſs Howe.

You mean no defiance, I preſume, Mr. Hickman, any more than I do offence. On that preſumption, I aſk your excuſe. But this is my way. I mean no harm. I cannot let ſorrow touch my heart. I cannot be grave ſix minutes together, for the blood of me. I am a deſcendent of old Chancellor Moore, I believe; and ſhould not forbear to cut a joke, were I upon the ſcaffold. But you may gather, from what I have *ſaid*, that I prefer Miſs Harlowe, and that upon the juſteſt grounds, to all the women in the world: And I wonder, that there ſhould be any difficulty to believe, from what I have ſigned, and from what I have promiſed to my relations, and enabled them to promiſe for me, that I ſhould be glad to marry that excellent creature upon her own terms. I acknowledge to you, Mr. Hickman, that I have baſely injured her. If ſhe will honour me with her hand, I declare, that it is my intention to make her the beſt of huſbands.—But, nevertheleſs, I muſt ſay, that, if ſhe goes on appealing her caſe, and expoſing us both, as ſhe does, it is impoſſible to think the knot can be knit with reputation to either. And altho', Mr. Hickman, I have delivered my apprehenſions under ſo ludicrous a figure, I am afraid, that ſhe will ruin her conſtitution; and, by ſeeking death when ſhe may ſhun him, will not be able to avoid him when ſhe would be glad to do ſo.

This cool and honeſt ſpeech let down his ſtiffened muſcles into complacence. He was my very obedient and faithful humble ſervant ſeveral times over, as I waited on him to his chariot: And I was his almoſt as often.

And ſo *Exit* Hickman.

LET-

LETTER LXXIX.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq.*

[*In Anſwer to Letters* lxxii. lxxvi. lxxvii.]

Friday Night, July 21.

I WILL throw away a few paragraphs upon the contents of thy laſt ſhocking Letters juſt brought me; and ſend what I ſhall write by the fellow who carries mine on the interview with Hickman.

Reformation, I ſee, is coming faſt upon thee. Thy Uncle's ſlow death, and thy attendance upon him, thro' every ſtage towards it, prepared thee for it. But go thou on in thine own way, as I will in mine. Happineſs conſiſts in being pleaſed with what we do: And if thou canſt find delight in being *ſad*, it will be as well for thee, as if thou wert *merry*, tho' no other perſon ſhould join to keep thee in countenance.

I am, nevertheleſs, exceedingly diſturbed at the Lady's ill health. It is entirely owing to the curſed Arreſt. She was abſolutely triumphant over me and the whole crew *before*. Thou believeſt me guiltleſs of that: So, I hope, does ſhe.—The reſt, as I have often ſaid, is a common caſe; only a little uncommonly circumſtanced; that's all: Why, then, all theſe ſevere things from her, and from thee?

As to ſelling her cloaths, and her laces, and ſoforth, it has, I own, a ſhocking ſound with it. What an implacable as well as unjuſt ſet of wretches are thoſe of her unkindredly kin who have money of hers in their hands, as well as large arrears of her own Eſtate; yet with-hold both, *avowedly* to diſtreſs her! But may ſhe not have money of that proud and ſaucy friend of hers, Miſs Howe, more than ſhe wants?—And ſhould not I be overjoyed, thinkeſt thou, to ſerve her?——What then is there in the parting with her apparel, but female perverſeneſs?—And I am not

ſure, whether I ought not to be glad, if ſhe does this out of *ſpite to me*.—Some diſappointed fair ones would have hang'd, ſome drowned themſelves. My Beloved only revenges herſelf upon her cloaths. Different ways of working has paſſion in different boſoms, as humours or complexion induce —Beſides, doſt think I ſhall grudge to replace, to three times the value, what ſhe diſpoſes of? So, Jack, there is no great matter in this.

Thou ſeeſt how ſenſible ſhe is of the ſoothings of the polite Doctor: This will enable thee to judge how dreadfully the horrid Arreſt, and her gloomy Father's Curſe, muſt have hurt her. I have great hope, if ſhe will but ſee me, that my behaviour, my contrition, my ſoothings, may have ſome happy effects upon her.

But thou art too ready to give me up. Let me ſeriouſly tell thee, that, all excellence as ſhe is, I think the earneſt interpoſition of my relations; the implored mediation of that little fury Miſs Howe; and the commiſſions thou acteſt under from myſelf; are ſuch inſtances of condeſcenſion and high value in *them*, and ſuch contrition in *me*, that nothing farther can be done.—So here let the matter reſt for the preſent, till ſhe conſiders better of it.

But now a few words upon poor Belton's caſe. I own I was at firſt a little ſtartled at the diſloyalty of his Thomaſine. Her hypocriſy to be for ſo many years undetected!—I have very lately had ſome intimations given me of her vileneſs; and had intended to mention them to thee, when I ſaw thee. To ſay the truth, I always ſuſpected her *Eye*: The *Eye*, thou knoweſt, is the *Caſement*, at which the *Heart* generally looks out. Many a woman, who will not ſhew herſelf at the *Door*, has tipt the ſly, the intelligible *wink* from the *Wind ws*.

But Tom had no management at all. A very careleſs fellow. Would never look into his own affairs.

affairs. The Eſtate his Uncle left him was his ruin: Wife, or Miſtreſs, whoever was, muſt have had his fortune to ſport with.

I have often hinted his weakneſs of this ſort to him; and the danger he was in of becoming the property of deſigning people. But he hated to take pains. He would ever run away from his accounts; as now, poor fellow! he would be glad to do from himſelf. Had he not had a *woman* to fleece him, his *coachman* or *valet*, would have been his *prime miniſter*, and done it as effectually.

But yet, for many years, I thought ſhe was true to his bed. At leaſt I thought the boys were his own. For tho' they are muſcular, and big-boned, yet I ſuppoſed the healthy mother might have furniſhed them with legs and ſhoulders: For ſhe is not of a delicate frame; and then Tom, ſome years ago, looked up, and ſpoke more like a man, than he has done of late; ſqueaking inwardly, poor fellow! for ſome time paſt, from contracted quail-pipes, and wheezing from lungs half ſpit away.

He complains, thou ſayeſt, that we all run away from him. Why, after all, Belford, it is no pleaſant thing to ſee a poor fellow one loves, dying by inches, yet unable to do him good. There are friendſhips which are only *bottle-deep*: I ſhould be loth to have it thought, that mine for any of my vaſſals is ſuch a one. Yet, with gay hearts, which *became intimate becauſe they were gay*, the reaſon for their firſt intimacy ceaſing, the friendſhip will fade: But may not this ſort of friendſhip be more properly diſtinguiſhed by the word *Companionſhip?*

But mine, as I ſaid, is deeper than this: I would ſtill be as ready as ever I was in my life, to the utmoſt of my power, to do him ſervice.

As one inſtance of this my readineſs to extricate him from all his difficulties as to Thomaſine, doſt thou

care to propoſe to him an expedient, that is juſt come into my head?

It is this: I would engage Thomaſine and her Cubs (if Belton be convinced they are neither of them his) in a party of pleaſure. She was always complaiſant to me. It ſhould be in a boat, hired for the purpoſe, to ſail to Tilbury, to the iſle Shepey, or pleaſuring up the Medway; and 'tis but contriving to turn the boat bottom upward. I can ſwim like a fiſh. Another boat ſhall be ready to take up whom I ſhould direct, for fear of the worſt: And then, if Tom has a mind to be decent, one ſuit of mourning will ſerve for all three: Nay, the hoſtler-couſin may take his plunge from the ſteerage: And who knows but they may be thrown up on the beach, Thomaſine and he, hand in hand?

This, thou'lt ſay, is no *common* inſtance of friendſhip.

Mean time, do thou prevail on him to come down to us: He never was more welcome in his life, than he ſhall be now: If he will not, let him find me ſome other ſervice; and I will clap a pair of wings to my ſhoulders, and he ſhall ſee me come flying in at his windows at the word of command.

Mowbray and Tourville each intend to give thee a Letter; and I leave to thoſe rough varlets to handle thee as thou deſerveſt, for the ſhocking picture thou haſt drawn of their laſt ends. Thy own paſt guilt has ſtared thee full in the face, one may ſee by it; and made thee, in conſciouſneſs of thy demerits, ſketch out theſe curſed out-lines. I am glad thou haſt got the old fiend to hold the glaſs *(a)* before thy own face ſo ſoon. Thou muſt be in earneſt ſurely, when thou wroteſt it, and have ſevere conviction upon thee: For what a hardened varlet muſt he be, who could draw ſuch a picture as this, in ſport?

(a) See p. 326.

As

As for thy reſolution of repenting and marrying; I would have thee conſider which thou wilt ſet about firſt. If thou wilt follow my advice, thou ſhalt make ſhort work of it: Let matrimony take place of the other; for then thou wilt, very poſſibly, have Repentance come tumbling in faſt upon thee, as a conſequence, and ſo have both in one.

LETTER LXXX.

Mr. BELFORD, *To* ROBERT LOVELACE, *Eſq.*

Friday Noon, July 21.

THIS morning I was admitted, as ſoon as I ſent up my name, into the preſence of the divine Lady. Such I may call her; as what I have to relate will fully prove.

She had had a tolerable night, and was much better in ſpirits; though weak in perſon; and viſibly declining in looks.

Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith where with her; and accuſed her, in a gentle manner, of having applied herſelf too aſſiduouſly to her pen for her ſtrength, having been up ever ſince Five. She ſaid, ſhe had reſted better than ſhe had done for many nights: She had found her ſpirits free, and her mind tolerably eaſy: and having, as ſhe had reaſon to think, but a ſhort time, and much to do in it, ſhe muſt be a good houſewife of her hours.

She had been writing, ſhe ſaid, a Letter to her Siſter: But had not pleaſed herſelf in it; tho' ſhe had made two or three eſſays: But that the laſt muſt go.

By hints I had dropt from time to time, ſhe had reaſon, ſhe ſaid, to think that I knew every-thing that concerned her and her family; and, if ſo, muſt be acquainted with the heavy Curſe her Father had laid upon her; which had been dreadfully fulfilled in one part, as to her proſpects in this life, and that in a

very ſhort time; which gave her great apprehenſions of the other part. She had been applying herſelf to her Siſter, to obtain a revocation of it. I hope my Father will revoke it, ſaid ſhe, or I ſhall be very miſerable—Yet [and ſhe gaſped as ſhe ſpoke, with apprehenſion]—I am ready to tremble at what the anſwer may be; for my Siſter is hard-hearted.

I ſaid ſomething reflecting upon her friends; as to what they would deſerve to be thought of, if the unmerited imprecation were not withdrawn——Upon which ſhe took me up, and talked in ſuch a dutiful manner of her parents as muſt doubly condemn them (if they remain implacable) for their inhuman treatment of ſuch a daughter.

She ſaid, I muſt not blame her parents: It was her dear Miſs Howe's fault to do ſo. But what an enormity was there in her crime, which could ſet the beſt of parents (they had been to her, till ſhe diſobliged them) in a bad light, for reſenting the raſhneſs of a child from whoſe education they had reaſon to expect better fruits! There were ſome hard circumſtances in her caſe, it was true: But my *friend* could tell me, that no *one* perſon, throughout the whole fatal tranſaction, had acted out of character, but *herſelf*. She ſubmitted therefore to the penalty ſhe had incurred. If they had any fault, it was only, that they would not inform themſelves of ſome circumſtances, which would alleviate a little her miſdeed; and that ſuppoſing her a more guilty creature than ſhe was, they puniſhed her without a hearing.

Lord!—*I was going to curſe thee, Lovelace! How every inſtance of excellence, in this all excelling creature, condemns thee;—Thou wilt have reaſon to think thyſelf of all men the moſt accurſed, if ſhe die!*

I then beſought her, while ſhe was capable of ſuch glorious inſtances of generoſity, and forgiveneſs, to extend her goodneſs to a man, whoſe heart bled in every vein of it for the injuries he had done her; and who

who would make it the ſtudy of his whole life to repair them.

The women would have withdrawn when the ſubject became ſo particular. But ſhe would not permit them to go. She told me, that if after this time I was for entering with ſo much earneſtneſs into a ſubject ſo very diſagreeable to *her*, my viſits muſt not be repeated. Nor was there occaſion, ſhe ſaid, for my friendly offices in your favour; ſince ſhe had begun to write her whole mind upon that ſubject to Miſs Howe, in anſwer to Letters from her, in which Miſs Howe urged the ſame arguments, in compliment to the wiſhes of your noble and worthy relations.

Mean time, you may let him know, ſaid ſhe, That I reject him with my whole heart: — Yet, that, altho' I ſay this with ſuch a determination as ſhall leave no room for doubt, I ſay it not however with paſſion. On the contrary, tell him, that I am trying to bring my mind into ſuch a frame as to be able to *pity* him [Poor perjured wretch! what has he not to anſwer for!]; and that I ſhall not think myſelf qualified for The State I am aſpiring to, if, after a few ſtruggles more, I cannot *forgive* him too: And I hope, claſping her hands together, uplifted as were her eyes, my dear *earthly* Father will ſet me the example my *Heavenly* one has already ſet us all; and, by forgiving his fallen Daughter, teach her to forgive the man, who then, I hope, will not have deſtroyed my eternal proſpects, as he has my temporal!

Stop here, thou wretch!—But I need not bid thee!——For I can go no farther!

LETTER LXXXI.

Mr. BELFORD. *In Continuation.*

YOU will imagine how affecting her noble ſpeech and behaviour were to me, at the time, when the bare recollecting and tranſcribing them obliged me to drop

drop my pen. The women had tears in their eyes. I was ſilent for a few moments.—At laſt, Matchleſs excellence! inimitable goodneſs! I called her, with a voice ſo accented, that I was half-aſhamed of myſelf, as it was before the women—But who could ſtand ſuch ſublime generoſity of ſoul in ſo young a creature, her lovelineſs giving grace to all ſhe ſaid?—Methinks, ſaid I [and I really, in a manner involuntarily, bent my knee] I have before me an angel indeed. I can hardly forbear proſtration, and to beg your influence to draw me after you, to the world you are aſpiring to!—Yet—But what ſhall I ſay—Only, deareſt excellence, make me, in ſome ſmall inſtances, ſerviceable to you, that I may (if I ſurvive you) have the glory to think I was able to contribute to your ſatisfaction, while among us.

Here I ſtopt. She was ſilent. I proceeded—Have you no commiſſion to employ me in; deſerted as you are by all your friends; among ſtrangers, though, I doubt not, worthy people? Cannot I be ſerviceable by meſſage, by letter-writing, by attending perſonally, with either meſſage or letter, your Father, your Uncles, your Brother, your Siſter, Miſs Howe, Lord M. or the Ladies his Siſters?—Any office to be employed to ſerve you, abſolutely *independent* of my *friend*'s wiſhes, or of my own wiſhes to oblige him? Think, Madam, if I cannot?

I thank you Sir: Very heartily I thank you: But in nothing that I can at preſent think of, or at leaſt reſolve upon, can you do me ſervice. I will ſee what return the Letter I have written will bring me.—Till then——

My Life and my Fortune, interrupted I, are devoted to your ſervice. Permit me to obſerve, that here you are, without one natural friend; and (ſo much do I know of your unhappy caſe) that you muſt be in a manner deſtitute of the means to *make* friends——

She was going to interrupt me, with a prohibitory kind of earneſtneſs in her manner.

I beg

I beg leave to proceed, Madam: I have caſt about twenty ways how to mention this before, but never dared till now. Suffer me now, that I have broken the ice, to tender myſelf—as your *Banker* only.—I know you will not be obliged: You *need* not. You have ſufficient of your own, if it were in your hands; and from *that*, whether you live or die, will I conſent to be reimburſed. I do aſſure you, that the unhappy man ſhall never know either *my* offer, or *your* acceptance—Only permit me this ſmall ———

And down behind her chair dropt a Bank Note of 100*l.* which I had brought with me, intending ſome how or other to leave it behind me: Nor ſhouldſt thou ever have known it, had ſhe favoured me with the acceptance of it; as I told her.

You give me great pain, Mr. Belford, ſaid ſhe, by theſe inſtances of your humanity. And yet, conſidering the company I have ſeen you in, I am not ſorry to find you capable of ſuch. Methinks I am glad, for the ſake of human nature, that there could be but *one* ſuch man in the world, as he you and I know. But as to your kind offer, whatever it be, if you take it not up, you will greatly diſturb me. I have no need of your kindneſs. I have effects enough, which I never can want, to ſupply my preſent occaſions: And, if needful, can have recourſe to Miſs Howe. I have promiſed that I would—So, pray, Sir, urge not upon me this favour.—Take it up yourſelf.—If you mean me peace and eaſe of mind, urge not this favour.—And ſhe ſpoke with impatience.

I beg, Madam, but one word ——

Not one, Sir, till you have taken back what you have let fall. I doubt not either the *honour*, or the *kindneſs*, of your offer; but you muſt not ſay one word more on this ſubject. I cannot bear it.

She was ſtooping, but with pain. I therefore prevented her; and beſought her to forgive me for a tender, which, I ſaw, had been more diſcompoſing to her

her than I had hoped (from the purity of my intentions) it would be. But I could not bear to think, that ſuch a mind as hers ſhould be diſtreſſed: Since the want of the conveniences ſhe was uſed to abound in might affect and diſturb her in the divine courſe ſhe was in.

You are very kind to me, Sir, ſaid ſhe, and very favourable in your opinion of me. But I hope, that I cannot now be eaſily put out of my preſent courſe. My declining health will more and more confirm me in it. Thoſe who arreſted and confined me, no doubt, thought they had fallen upon the ready method to diſtreſs me ſo, as to bring me into all their meaſures. But I preſume to hope, that I have a mind that cannot be debaſed, in *eſſential inſtances*, by *temporal calamities*: Little do thoſe poor wretches know of the force of innate principles (forgive my own *implied* vanity, was her word) who imagine, that a priſon, or penury, can bring a right-turned mind to be guilty of a wilful baſeneſs, in order to avoid ſuch *ſhort-lived evils*.

She then turned from me towards the window, with a dignity ſuitable to her words; and ſuch as ſhewed her to be more of ſoul than of body, at that inſtant.

What magnanimity!—No wonder a virtue ſo ſolidly founded could baffle all thy arts:—And that it forced thee (in order to carry thy accurſed point) to have recourſe to thoſe unnatural ones, which robbed her of her charming ſenſes.

The women were extremely affected, Mrs. Lovick eſpecially; who ſaid whiſperingly to Mrs Smith, We have an angel, not a woman, with us, Mrs. Smith!

I repeated my offers to write to any of her friends; and told her, that, having taken the liberty to acquaint Dr. H. with the cruel diſpleaſure of her relations, as what I preſumed lay neareſt her heart, he had propoſed to write himſelf, to acquaint her friends how ill ſhe was, if ſhe would not take it amiſs.

It was kind in the *Doctor*, ſhe ſaid: But begged, that no ſtep of that ſort might be taken without her knowledge or conſent. She would wait to ſee what effects her Letter to her Siſter would have. All ſhe had to hope for, was, that her Father would revoke his Malediction, previous to the laſt Bleſſing ſhe ſhould then implore: For the reſt, her friends would think ſhe could not ſuffer too much; and ſhe was content to ſuffer: For, now nothing could happen that could make her wiſh to live.

Mrs. Smith went down; and, ſoon returning, aſked, If the Lady and I would not dine with her that day; For it was her Wedding-day. She had engaged Mrs. Lovick ſhe ſaid; and ſhould have nobody elſe, if we would do her that favour.

The charming creature ſighed, and ſhook her head. —*Wedding-day*, repeated ſhe!—I wiſh you, Mrs. Smith, many happy Wedding-days!—But you will excuſe *me*.

Mr. Smith came up with the ſame requeſt. They both applied to me.

On condition the *Lady* would, I ſhould make no ſcruple; and would ſuſpend an engagement: Which I actually had.

She then deſired they would all ſit down. You have ſeveral times, Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith, hinted your wiſhes, that I would give you ſome little hiſtory of myſelf: Now, if you are at leiſure, that this gentleman, who, I have reaſon to believe, knows it all, is preſent, and can tell you if I give it juſtly, or not, I will oblige your curioſity.

They all eagerly, the man Smith too, ſat down; and ſhe began an account of herſelf, which I will endeavour to repeat, as nearly in her own words, as I poſſibly can: For I know you will think it of importance to be appriſed of her manner of relating your barbarity to her, as well as what her ſentiments are of it; and what room there is for the hopes your friends have in your favour for her.

'At

'At firſt when I took theſe lodgings, ſaid ſhe, I 'thought of ſtaying but a ſhort time in them; and ſo 'Mrs. Smith, I told you: I therefore avoided giving 'any other account of myſelf than that I was a very 'unhappy young creature, ſeduced from good friends, 'and eſcaped from very vile wretches.

'This account I thought myſelf obliged to give, 'that you might the leſs wonder at ſeeing a young 'creature ruſhing through your ſhop, into your back 'apartment, all trembling and out of breath; an or-'dinary garb over my own; craving lodging and 'protection; only giving my bare word, that you 'ſhould be handſomely paid: All my effects contain-'ed in a pocket-handkerchief.

'My ſudden abſence, for three days and nights to-'gether, when arreſted, muſt ſtill further ſurprize you: 'And altho' this gentleman, who, perhaps, knows 'more of the darker part of my Story, than I do my-'ſelf, has informed you (as you, Mrs. Lovick, tell me) 'that I am only an *unhappy*, not a *guilty* creature; 'yet I think it incumbent upon me not to ſuffer honeſt 'minds to be in doubt about my character.

'You muſt know, then, that I have been, in one 'inſtance (I had like to have ſaid but in one inſtance; 'but that was a capital one) an undutiful child to the 'moſt indulgent of parents: for what ſome people 'call cruelty in them, is owing but to the exceſs of 'their Love, and to their diſappointment, having had 'reaſon to expect better from me.

'I was viſited (at firſt, with my friends connivance) 'by a man of birth and fortune, but of worſe prin-'ciples, as it proved, than I believed any man could 'have. My brother, a very headſtrong young man, 'was abſent at that time; and, when he returned '(from an old grudge, and knowing the gentleman, 'it is plain, better than I knew him) entirely diſap-'proved of his viſits: And, having a great ſway in 'our family, brought other gentlemen to addreſs me:

"And

'And at laſt (ſeveral having been rejected) he introduced 'one extremely diſagreeable: In every *indifferent* per-'ſon's eyes diſagreeable. I could not love him. They 'all joined to compel me to have him; a rencounter 'between the gentleman my friends were ſet againſt, and 'my Brother, having confirmed them all his enemies.

'To be ſhort; I was confined, and treated ſo very 'hardly, that, in a raſh fit, I appointed to go off 'with the man they hated. A wicked intention, 'you'll ſay! But I was greatly provoked: Never-'theleſs, I repented, and reſolved not to go off with 'him: Yet I did not miſtruſt his honour to me 'neither; nor his Love; becauſe nobody thought 'me unworthy of the latter, and my fortune was not 'to be deſpiſed. But fooliſhly (wickedly and con-'trivingly, as my friends ſtill think, with a deſign, 'as they imagine, to abandon them) giving him a 'private meeting, I was tricked away: Poorly enough 'tricked away, I muſt needs ſay; tho' others who 'had been firſt guilty of ſo raſh a ſtep as the meeting 'of him was, might have been ſo deceived and ſur-'priſed as well as I.

'After remaining ſome time at a farm-houſe in the 'country, and behaving to me all the time with ho-'nour, he brought me to handſome lodgings in town 'till ſtill better proviſion could be made for me. But 'they proved to be (as he indeed knew and deſigned) 'at a vile, a very vile creature's; tho' it was long be-'fore I found her to be ſo; for I knew nothing of the 'town, or its ways.

'There is no repeating what followed: Such un-'precedented vile Arts!—For I gave him no oppor-'tunity to take me at any diſreputable advantage.'—

And here (half covering her ſweet face, with her handkerchief put to her tearful eyes) ſhe ſtopt.

Haſtily, as if ſhe would fly from the hateful re-membrance, ſhe reſumed:—'I made eſcape after-'ward from the abominable houſe in his abſence, and

'came

'came to yours: And this gentleman has almoſt pre-
'vailed on me to think, that the ungrateful man did
'not connive at the vile arreſt: Which was made,
'no doubt, in order to get me once more to thoſe
'wicked lodgings: for nothing do I owe them, ex-
'cept I were to pay them—[She ſighed, and again wiped her charming eyes—adding in a ſofter, lower voice]——'*for being ruined.*'

Indeed, Madam, ſaid I, guilty, abominably guilty, as he is in all the reſt, he is innocent of this laſt wicked outrage.

'Well, and ſo I wiſh him to be. That evil, heavy
'as it was, is one of the ſlighteſt evils I have ſuffered.
'But hence you'll obſerve, Mrs. Lovick (for you
'ſeemed this morning curious to know if I were not
'a wife) that I *never was married.*—You, Mr. Bel-
'ford, no doubt, knew before, that I am no wife:
'And now I never will be one. Yet, I bleſs God,
'that I am not a guilty creature!

'As to my parentage, I am of no mean family; I
'have in my own right, by the intended favour of
'my Grandfather, a fortune not contemptible: Inde-
'pendent of my *Father*; if I had pleaſed; but I never
'will pleaſe.

'My Father is very rich. I went by another name
'when I came to you firſt: But that was to avoid
'being diſcovered to the perfidious man: Who now
'engages by this gentleman, not to moleſt me.

'My real name you now know to be Harlowe:
'*Clariſſa* Harlowe. I am not yet twenty years of
'age.

'I have an excellent Mother, as well as Father; a
'woman of family, and fine ſenſe—Worthy of a
'better child!—They both doated upon me.

'I have two good Uncles: Men of great fortune;
'jealous of the honour of their family; which I have
'wounded.

'I was the joy of their hearts; and, with theirs

'and

'and my Father's, I had three houſes to call my own;
'for they uſed to have me with them by turns, and
'almoſt kindly to quarrel for me: So that I was two
'months in the year with the one; two months with
'the other; ſix months at my Father's; and two at
'the houſes of others of my dear friends, who thought
'themſelves happy in me: And whenever I was at
'any one's, I was crouded upon with Letters by all
'the reſt, who longed for my return to them.

'In ſhort, I was beloved by every-body. The
'Poor—I uſed to make glad *their* hearts: I never
'ſhut my hand to any diſtreſs, where-ever I was—
'But now I am poor myſelf!

'So Mrs. Smith, ſo Mrs. Lovick, I am *not* mar-
'ried. It is but juſt to tell you ſo. And I am now,
'as I ought to be, in a ſtate of humiliation and peni-
'tence for the raſh ſtep which has been followed by ſo
'much evil. God, I hope, will forgive me, as I am
'endeavouring to bring my mind to forgive all the
'world, even the man who has ungrateſully, and by
'dreadful perjuries [Poor wretch! he thought all his
'wickedneſs to be *wit!*] reduced to this, a young
'creature, who had *his* happineſs in her *view*, and in
'her *wiſh*, even beyond this life; and who was be-
'lieved to be of rank, and fortune, and expectations,
'conſiderable enough to make it the *intereſt* of any
'gentleman in England to be faithful to his vows to
'her. But I cannot expect that my parents will for-
'give me: My refuge muſt be death; the moſt pain-
'ful kind of which I would ſuffer, rather than be
'the wife of one who could act by me, as the man has
'acted, upon whoſe birth, education, and honour, I
'had ſo much reaſon to found better expectations.

'I ſee, continued ſhe, that I, who once was every
'one's delight, am now the cauſe of grief to every
'one—You, that are ſtrangers to me, are moved for
'me! 'Tis kind!—But 'tis time to ſtop. Your com-
'paſſionate hearts, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Lovick,

'are too much touched' [For the women ſobbed, and the man was alſo affected.] 'It is barbarous in 'me, with my woes, thus to ſadden your Wedding-'day.' Then turning to Mr. and Mrs. Smith—'May you ſee many happy ones, honeſt, good couple! '—How agreeable is it to ſee you both join ſo kindly 'to celebrate it, after many years are gone over you! '—I once—But no more!—All my proſpects of fe-'licity, as to this life, are at an end. My hopes, 'like opening buds or bloſſoms in an over-forward 'ſpring, have been nipt by a ſevere froſt?—Blighted 'by an eaſtern wind!—But I can but *once die*; and 'if life be ſpared me, but till I am diſcharged from a 'heavy Malediction, which my Father in his wrath 'laid upon me, and which is fulfilled literally in 'every article relating to this world; that, and a 'Laſt Bleſſing are all I have to wiſh for; and Death 'will be welcomer to me, than Reſt to the moſt wea-'ried traveller that ever reached his journey's end.'

And then ſhe ſunk her head againſt the back of her chair, and, hiding her face with her handkerchief, endeavoured to conceal her tears from us.

Not a ſoul of us could ſpeak a word. Thy preſence, perhaps, thou hardened wretch, might have made us aſhamed of a weakneſs which perhaps thou wilt deride *me* in particular for, when thou readeſt this!——

She retired to her chamber ſoon after, and was forced, it ſeems, to lie down. We all went down together; and, for an hour and half, dwelt upon her praiſes; Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Lovick repeatedly expreſſing their aſtoniſhment, that there could be a man in the world, capable of offending, much more of wilfully injuring, ſuch a Lady; and repeating, that they had an Angel in their houſe.—I thought they had; and that as aſſuredly as there is a devil under the roof of good Lord M.

I hate thee heartily!—By my faith I do!—Every hour I hate thee more than the former!——

J. Belford.

LETTER LXXXII.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq.*

Saturday, July 22.

WHAT doſt hate me for, Belford!—And why more and more! Have I been guilty of any offence thou kneweſt not before?—If *pathos* can move ſuch a heart as thine, can it alter facts!—Did I not always do this incomparable creature as much juſtice as thou canſt do her for the heart of thee, or as ſhe can do herſelf?——What nonſenſe then thy hatred, thy *augmented* hatred, when I ſtill perſiſt to marry her, purſuant to word given to thee, and to faith plighted to all my relations? But hate, if thou wilt, ſo thou doſt but write. Thou canſt not hate me ſo much as I do myſelf: And yet I know if thou really hatedſt me, thou wouldſt not venture to tell me ſo.

Well, but after all, what need of her hiſtory to theſe women? She will certainly repent, ſome time hence, that ſhe has thus needleſs expoſed us both.

Sickneſs palls every appetite, and makes us hate what we loved: But renewed health changes the ſcene; diſpoſes us to be pleaſed with ourſelves; and then we are in a way to be pleaſed with every one elſe. Every hope, then, riſes upon us: Every hour preſents itſelf to us on dancing feet: And what Mr. Addiſon ſays of Liberty, may, with ſtill greater propriety, be ſaid of *Health* [*For what is Liberty itſelf without Health?*]

It makes the gloomy face of nature gay;
Gives beauty to the ſun, and pleaſure to the day.

And I rejoice that ſhe is already ſo much better, as to hold, with ſtrangers ſuch a long and intereſting converſation.

Strange, confoundedly ſtrange, and as perverſe [that is to ſay, as *womanly*] as ſtrange, that ſhe ſhould

refuſe, and ſooner chooſe to die [O the obſcene word! and yet how free does thy pen make with it to me!] than be mine, who offended her by acting in character, while her parents acted ſhamefully *out of theirs*, and when I am now willing to act *out of my own* to oblige her; Yet *I* not to be forgiven; *They* to be faultleſs with her!—And Marriage the only medium to repair all breaches, and to ſalve her own honour! —Surely thou muſt ſee the inconſiſtence of her *forgiving* unforgiveneſs, as I may call it!—Yet, heavy varlet as thou art, thou wanteſt to be drawn up after her! And what a figure doſt thou make with thy ſpeeches, ſtiff as Hickman's ruffles, with thy aſpirations and proteſtations!—Unuſed, thy weak head, to bear the ſublimities, that fall even in common converſation, from the lips of this ever charming creature!

But the pretrieſt whim of all was, to drop the Bank Note behind her chair, inſtead of preſenting it on thy knees to her hand?—To make ſuch a woman as this *doubly* ſtoop—By the acceptance, and to take it from the ground!—What an ungrateful *benefit-conferrer* art thou!—How aukward, to take it into thy head, that the beſt way of making a preſent to a Lady, was to throw the preſent behind her chair!

I am very deſirous to ſee what ſhe has written to her ſiſter; what ſhe is about to write to Mis Howe; and what return ſhe will have from the Harlowe-Arabella. Canſt thou not form ſome ſcheme to come at the copies of theſe Letters, or at the ſubſtance of them at leaſt, and of that of her other correſpondencies? Mrs. Lovick, thou ſeemeſt to ſay, is a pious woman. The Lady, having given ſuch a particular hiſtory of herſelf, will acquaint her with every thing. And art thou not about to reform!—Won't this conſent of minds between thee and the widow [What age is ſhe, Jack?] The devil never trumpt up a friendſhip between a man and a woman, of any-thing like

like years, which did not end in Matrimony, or in the ruin of their morals! Wont 'it] ſtrike out an intimacy between ye, that may enable thee to gratify me in this particular? A proſelyte, I can tell thee, has great influence upon your good people: Such a one is a Saint of their own creation: and they will water, and cultivate, and cheriſh him, as a plant of their own raiſing: and this from a pride truly ſpiritual!

One of my Loves in Paris was a Devotée. She took great pains to convert me. I gave way to her kind endeavours for the good of my ſoul. She thought it a point gained to make me profeſs *ſome* Religion. The Catholic has its conveniences. I permitted her to bring a *Father* to me. My Reformation went on ſwimmingly. The *Father* had hopes of me: He applauded her zeal: So did I. And how doſt think it ended?—Not a girl in England, reading thus far, but would gueſs!—In a word, very happily: For ſhe not only brought me a Father, but *made* me one: And then, being ſatisfied with each other's converſion, we took different routes: She into Navarre; I, into Italy: Both well inclined to propagate the good leſſons in which we had ſo well inſtructed each other.

But to return. One conſolation ariſes to me, from the pretty regrets which this admirable creature ſeems to have in indulging reflections on the people's Wedding-day.—*I* ONCE!—thou makeſt her break off with ſaying.

She once! What?—O Belford! why didſt thou not urge her to explain what ſhe once hoped?

What *once* a woman hopes, in Love matters, ſhe *always* hopes, while there is room for hope: And are we not both ſingle? Can ſhe be any man's but mine? Will I be any Woman's but hers?

I never will! I never can!—And I tell thee, that I am every day, every hour, more and more in love

with her: And, at this inſtant, have a more vehement paſſion for her than ever I had in my life!—And that with views abſolutely honourable, in *her own ſenſe* of the word: Nor have I varied, ſo much as in *wiſh*, for this week paſt; firmly fixed, and wrought into my very nature, as the *Life of Honour*, or of generous confidence in me, was, in preference to the life of *doubt* and *diſtruſt*. That muſt be a *life of doubt and diſtruſt*, ſurely, where the woman confides nothing, and ties up a man for his good behaviour for life, taking Church and State Sanctions in aid of the obligation ſhe impoſes upon him.

I ſhall go on Monday morning to a kind of Ball, to which Colonel Ambroſe has invited me. It is given on a family account. I care not on what: For all that delights me in the thing, is, that Mrs. and Miſs Howe are to be there;—Hickman, of courſe; for the old Lady will not ſtir abroad without him. The Colonel is in hopes that Miſs Arabella Harlowe will be there likewiſe; for all the men and women of faſhion round him are invited.

I fell in by accident with the Colonle, who I believe, hardly thought I would accept of the invitation. But he knows me not, if he thinks I am aſhamed to appear at any place, where women dare ſhew their faces. Yet he hinted to me, that my name *was up*, on Miſs Harlowe's account. But, to allude to one of Lord M 's phraſes, if it be, I will not *lie a bed* when any thing joyous is going forward.

As I ſhall go in my Lord's chariot, I would have had one of my Couſins Montague to go with me: But they both refuſed: And I ſhall not choſe to take either of thy brethren. It would look as if I thought I wanted a body guard: Beſides, one of them is too rough, the other too ſmooth, and too great a fop for ſome of the ſtaid company that will be there; and for *me* in particular. Men are known by their companions; and a Fop [as Tourville, for example] takes great

great pains to hang out a ſign by his dreſs of what he has in his Shop. Thou, indeed, art an exception; dreſſing like a Coxcomb, yet a very clever fellow. Nevertheleſs ſo clumſy a Beau, that thou ſeemeſt to me to owe thyſelf a double ſpite, making thy ungracefulneſs appear the *more* ungraceful, by thy remarkable tawdrineſs when thou art out of mourning.

I remember, when I firſt ſaw thee, my mind laboured with a ſtrong puzzle, whether I ſhould put thee down for a great fool, or a ſmatterer in wit. Something I ſaw was wrong in thee, by thy *dreſs*. If this fellow, thought I, delights not ſo much in *ridicule*, that he will not ſpare *himſelf*, he muſt be plaguy ſilly to take ſo much pains to make his uglineſs more conſpicuous than it would otherwiſe be.

Plain dreſs, for an ordinary man or woman, implies at leaſt *modeſty*, and always procures kind quarter from the cenſorious. Who will ridicule a perſonal imperfection in one that ſeems conſcious, that it *is* an imperfection? *Who ever ſaid, an ancho et was poor?* But who would ſpare ſo very abſurd a wrong-head, as ſhould beſtow Tinſel to make his deformity the more conſpicuous?

But, altho' I put on theſe lively airs, I am ſick at my ſoul!—My whole heart is with my charmer! With what indifference ſhall I look upon all the Aſſembly at the Colonel's, my beloved in my ideal eye, and engroſſing my whole heart?

LETTER LXXXIII.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* ARABELLA HARLOWE.

Miſs HARLOWE, *Thurſday, July* 20.

I Cannot help acquainting you (however it may be received, coming from *me*) that your poor Siſter is dangerouſly ill, at the houſe of one Smith, who keeps a glover's and perfume-ſhop, in King-ſtreet, Covent-Garden. She knows not that I write. Some violent words, in the nature of an imprecation, from

her Father, afflict her greatly in her weak ſtate. I preſume not to direct you what to do in this caſe. You are her Siſter. I therefore could not help writing to you, not only for her ſake, but for your own. I am Madam,

Your humble Servant,

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER LXXXIV.

Miſs ARABELLA HARLOWE. *In Anſwer.*

Miſs HOWE, *Thurſday, July* 20.

I Have your's of this morning. All that has happened to the unhappy body you mentioned, is what we foretold and expected. Let *him*, for whoſe ſake ſhe abandoned us, be her comfort. We are told he has remorſe, and would marry her. We don't believe it, indeed. She may be very ill. Her diſappointment may make her ſo, or ought. Yet is ſhe the only one I know, who is diſappointed.

I cannot ſay, Miſs, that the notification from you is the *more* welcome for the liberties you have been pleaſed to take with our whole family, for reſenting a conduct, that it is a ſhame any young Lady ſhould juſtify. Excuſe this freedom, occaſioned by greater. I am, Miſs,

Your humble Servant,

ARABELLA HARLOWE.

LETTER LXXXV.

Miſs HOWE. *In Reply.*

Friday, July 21.

Miſs ARABELLA HARLOWE.

IF you had half as much ſenſe as you have ill-nature, you would (notwithſtanding the exuberance of the latter) have been able to diſtinguiſh between a kind intention to you all (that you might

have the leſs to reproach yourſelves with, if a deplorable caſe ſhould happen) and an officiouſneſs I owed you not, by reaſon of freedoms at leaſt reciprocal. I will not, for the *unhappy body*'s ſake, as you call a Siſter you have helped to make ſo, ſay all that I *could* ſay. If what I fear happen, you ſhall hear (whether deſired or not) all the mind of

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER LXXXVI.

Miſs ARABELLA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Miſs ANN HOWE, *Friday, July* 21.

YOUR pert Letter I have received. You, that ſpare nobody, I cannot expect ſhould ſpare me. You are very happy in a prudent and watchful Mother.—But elſe—Mine cannot be exceeded in prudence: But we had all too good an opinion of Somebody, to think watchfulneſs needful. There may poſſibly be ſome reaſon why you are ſo much attached to her, in an error of this flagrant nature.

I help to make a Siſter unhappy!—It is falſe, Miſs!—It is all her own doings!—Except, indeed, what ſhe may owe to Somebody's advice—You know who can beſt anſwer for that.

Let us *know your mind* as ſoon as you pleaſe: As we ſhall know it to be your mind, we ſhall judge what attention to give it. That's all, from, &c.

AR. H.

LETTER LXXXVII.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* ARABELLA HARLOWE.

Sat. July 22.

IT may be the *misfortune* of ſome people to engage *every* body's notice: Others may be the *happier*, tho' they may be the more *envious*, for nobody's thinking them worthy of any. But one would

be glad people had the ſenſe to be thankful for that want of conſequence, which ſubjected them not to hazards they would hardly have been able to manage under.

I own to you, that had it not been for the prudent advice of that admirable Somebody (whoſe principal fault is the ſuperiority of her talents, and whoſe misfortune to be brother'd and ſiſter'd by a couple of creatures, who are not able to comprehend her excellencies) I might at one time have been plunged into difficulties. But, pert as the ſuperlatively pert may think me, I thought not myſelf *wiſer*, becauſe I was *older*; nor for that *poor* reaſon qualified to preſcribe to, much leſs to maltreat, a genius ſo ſuperior.

I repeat it with gratitude, that the dear creature's advice was of very great ſervice to me—And this before my Mother's *watchfulneſs* became neceſſary. But how it would have fared with me, I cannot ſay, had I had a Brother or Siſter, who had deemed it their *intereſt*, as well as a gratification of their *ſordid envy*, to miſrepreſent me.

Your admirable Siſter, in effect, ſaved *you*, Miſs, as well as *me*—With this difference—You, *againſt* your will—Me *with* mine: And but for *your* own Brother, and *his* own Siſter, would not have been loſt herſelf.

Would to Heaven both Siſters had been obliged with their own wills!—The moſt admirable of her Sex would never then have been out of her father's houſe! —*You*, Miſs—I don't know what had become of *you*. —But, let what would have happened, you would have met with the humanity you have not ſhewn, whether you had deſerved it or not:—Nor, at worſt, loſt either a kind Siſter, or a pitying Friend, in the moſt excellent of Siſters.

But why run I into length to ſuch a poor thing? —Why puſh I ſo weak an adverſary; whoſe firſt Letter is all low malice, and whoſe next is made up

of

of falſhood and inconſiſtence, as well as ſpite and ill-manners! Yet I was willing to give you a *part* of my mind. Call for more of it; it ſhall be at your ſervice: From one, who, tho' ſhe thanks God ſhe is not your *Siſter*, is not your *Enemy*: But that ſhe is *not* the latter, is with-held but by two conſiderations; one that you bear, tho' unworthily, a relation to a Siſter ſo excellent; the other, that you are not of conſequence enough to engage any-thing but the pity and contempt of

A. H.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Mrs. HARLOWE, *To Mrs.* HOWE.

Dear Madam, *Sat. July* 22.

I Send you, incloſed, copies of five Letters that have paſſed between Miſs Howe and my Arabella. You are a perſon of ſo much prudence and good ſenſe, and (being a Mother yourſelf) can ſo well enter into the diſtreſſes of all our family, upon the raſhneſs and ingratitude of a child we once doated upon, that, I dare ſay, you will not countenance the ſtrange freedoms your daughter has taken with us all. Theſe are not the only ones we have to complain of; but we were ſilent on the others, as they did not, as theſe have done, ſpread themſelves out upon paper. We only beg, that we may not be reflected upon by a young Lady, who knows not what we have ſuffered, and do ſuffer by the raſhneſs of a naughty creature who has brought ruin upon herſelf, and diſgrace upon a family which ſhe has robbed of all comfort. I offer not to preſcribe to your known wiſdom in this caſe; but leave it to you to do as you think moſt proper. I am, Madam,

Your moſt humble Servant,

CHARL. HARLOWE.

LETTER LXXXIX.

Mrs. HOWE. *In Anſwer.*

Dear Madam, *Sat. July* 22.

I Am highly offended with my Daughter's Letters to Miſs Harlowe. I knew nothing at all of her having taking ſuch a liberty. Theſe young creatures have ſuch romantic notions, ſome of *Love*, ſome of *Friendſhip*, that there is no governing them in either. Nothing but time, and dear experience, will convince them of their abſurdities in both. I have chidden Miſs Howe very ſeverely. I had before ſo juſt a notion of what your whole family's diſtreſs muſt be, that, as I told your Brother, Mr. Antony Harlowe, I had often forbid her correſponding with the poor fallen Angel—For ſurely never did young Lady more reſemble what we imagine of Angels, both in perſon and mind. But, tired out with her headſtrong ways [I am ſorry to ſay this of my own child] I was forced to give way to it again. And, indeed, ſo ſturdy was ſhe in her will, that I was afraid it would end in a Fit of Sickneſs, as too often it did in Fits of Sullens.

None but parents know the trouble that children give. They are happieſt, I have often thought, who have none. And theſe woman-grown girls, bleſs my heart! how ungovernable!

I believe, however, you will have no more ſuch Letters from my Nancy. I have been forced to uſe compulſion with her, upon Miſs Clary's illneſs [and it ſeems ſhe is very bad] or ſhe would have run away to London, to attend upon her: And this ſhe calls doing the duty of a Friend; forgetting, that ſhe ſacrifices to her romantic friendſhip her duty to her fond indulgent Mother.

There are a thouſand excellencies in the poor Sufferer, notwithſtanding her fault: And, if the hints ſhe has given to my Daughter be true, ſhe has been

moſt

moſt grievouſly abuſed. But I think your forgiveneſs and her father's forgiveneſs of her ought to be all at your own choice; and nobody ſhould intermeddle in that, for the ſake of due authority in parents: And beſides, as Miſs Harlowe writes, it was what everybody expected, tho' Miſs Clary would not believe it, till ſhe ſmarted for her credulity. And, for theſe reaſons, I offer not to plead any thing in allevation of her fault, which is aggravated by her admirable ſenſe, and a judgment above her years.

I am, Madam, with compliments to good Mr. Harlowe, and all your afflicted family,

Your moſt humble Servant,

ANNABELLA HOWE.

I ſhall ſet out for the Iſle of Wight in a few days, with my Daughter. I will haſten our ſetting out, on purpoſe to break her mind from her friend's diſtreſſes; which afflict us as much, nearly, as Miſs Clary's raſhneſs has done you.

LETTER XC.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

My deareſt Friend, *Sat. Jul.* 22.

WE are buſy in preparing for our little journey and voyage: But I will be ill, I will be very ill, if I cannot hear you are better before I go.

Rogers greatly afflicted me, by telling me the bad way you are in. But now you have been able to hold a pen, and as your ſenſe is ſtrong and clear, I hope that the amuſement you will receive from writing will make you better.

I diſpatch this by an extraordinary way, that it may reach you time enough to move you to *conſider well* before you abſolutely decide upon the contents of mine of the 13th, on the ſubject of the two Miſſes

Montague's viſit to me; ſince, according to what you write, muſt I anſwer them.

In your laſt, you conclude very poſitively, that you will not be his. To be ſure, he rather deſerves an infamous death, than ſuch a wife. But, as I really believe him innocent of the Arreſt, and as all his family are ſuch earneſt pleaders, and will be guarantees, for him, I think the compliance with *their* intreaties, and *his own*, will be now the beſt ſtep you can take; your own family remaining implacable, as I *can aſſure you they do*. He is a man of ſenſe; and it is not impoſſible but he may make you a good huſband, and in time may become no bad man.

My Mother is entirely of my opinion: And on Friday, purſuant to a hint I gave you in my laſt, Mr. Hickman had a conference with the ſtrange wretch: And tho' he liked not, by any means, his behaviour to himſelf: nor, indeed, had reaſon to do ſo: yet he is of opinion, that he is ſincerely determined to marry you, if you will condeſcend to have him.

Perhaps Mr. Hickman may make you a private viſit before we ſet out. If I may not attend you myſelf, I ſhall not be eaſy, except he does. And he will then give you an account of the admirable character the ſurpriſing wretch gave of you, and of the juſtice he does to your virtue.

He was as acknowledging to his relations, tho' to his own condemnation, as is two Couſins told me. All that he apprehends, as he ſaid to Mr. Hickman, is, that if you go on expoſing *him*, Wedlock itſelf will not wipe off the diſhonour to both: And moreover, 'that you would ruin your conſtitution by your 'immoderate ſorrow; and, by ſeeking death when 'you might avoid it, would not be able to eſcape it 'when you would wiſh to do ſo.'

So, my deareſt friend, I charge you, if you *can*, to get over your averſion to this vile man. You may yet live to ſee many happy days, and be once more the

the delight of all your friends, neighbours and acquaintance, as well as a ſtay, a comfort, and a bleſſing, to your Anna Howe.

I long to have your anſwer to mine of the 13th. Pray keep the meſſenger till it be ready. If he return on Monday night, it will be time enough for his affairs, and to find me come back from Colonel Ambroſe's; who gives a ball on the anniverſary of Mrs Ambroſe's birth and marriage both in one. The Gentry all round the neighbourhood are invited this time, on ſome good news they have recived from Mrs. Ambroſe's Brother, the Governor.

My Mother promiſed the Colonel for me and herſelf, in my abſence. I would fain have excuſed myſelf to her; and the rather, as I had exceptions on account of the day *(a)*: But ſhe is almoſt as young as her Daughter; and thinking it not ſo well to go without me, ſhe told me, She could propoſe *nothing* that was agreeable to me. And having had a *few ſparring blows* with each other very lately, I think I muſt comply. For I don't love jangling when I can help it; tho' I ſeldom make it my ſtudy to avoid the occaſion, when it offers of itſelf. I don't know, if either were not a little afraid of the other, whether it would be poſſible that we could live together:—I, *all my Father!*—My Mamma—What?—*All my Mother*—What elſe ſhould I ſay?

O my dear, how many things happen in this life to give us diſpleaſure! How few to give us joy!—I am ſure I ſhall have none on this occaſion; ſince the true partner of my heart, the principal half of the *one ſoul*, that, it uſed to be ſaid, animated *The pair of friends*, as we were called; You, my dear [who uſed to irradiate every Circle you ſet your foot into, and to give me *real* ſignificance in a *ſecond* place to yourſelf] cannot be there!—One hour of your company, my ever inſtructive friend [I thirſt for it!] how

(a) The 24th of July, Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe's Birth-day.

infinitely preferable would it be to me, to all the diverſions and amuſements with which our Sex are generally moſt delighted—Adieu, my dear!—

A. Howe.

LETTER XCI.

Miſs Clarissa Harlowe, *To Miſs* Howe.

Sunday, July 23.

WHAT pain, my deareſt friend, does your kind ſolicitude for my welfare give me! How much more binding and tender are the Ties of pure Friendſhip, and the Union of like minds, than the Ties of Nature! Well might the ſweet-Singer of Iſrael, when he was carrying to the utmoſt extent the praiſes of the friendſhip between him and his beloved friend, ſay, that the Love of Jonathan to him was wonderful; that it ſurpaſſed the *Love of women!* What an exalted idea does it give of the ſoul of Jonathan, ſweetly attempered for the ſacred band, if we may ſuppoſe it but equal to that of my Anna Howe for her fallen Clariſſa!—But, altho' I can glory in your kind Love for me, think, my dear, what concern muſt fill a mind, not ungenerous, when the obligation lies all *on one ſide.* And when, at the ſame time that your Light is the brighter for my Darkneſs, I muſt give pain to a dear friend, to whom I delighted to give pleaſure; and not pain only, but diſcredit, for ſupporting my blighted fame againſt the buſy tongues of uncharitable cenſurers!

This it is that makes me, in the words of my admired exclaimer, very little altered, often repeat: "O! that I were as in months paſt! as in the days "when God preſerved me! When his candle ſhined "upon my head, and when by his light I walked "through darkneſs! As I was in the days of my "*childhood*—when the Almighty was yet with me; "when *I was in my Father's houſe:* When I waſhed "my

" my ſteps with buttter, and the rock poured me out
" rivers of oil."

You ſet before me your reaſons, enforced by the opinion of your honoured Mother, why I ſhould think of Mr. Lovelace for a Huſband *(a)*.

And I have before me your Letter of the 13th *(b)*, containing the account of the viſit and propoſals, and kind interpoſition of the two Miſſes Montague, in the names of the good Ladies Sarah Sadleir and Betty Lawrance, and in that of Lord M.

Alſo yours of the 18th *(c) demanding* me, as I may ſay, of thoſe Ladies, and of that family, when I was ſo infamouſly and cruelly arreſted, and you knew not what was become of me.

The anſwer likewiſe of thoſe Ladies, ſigned in ſo full and ſo generous a manner by themſelves *(d)*, and by that Nobleman, and thoſe two venerable Ladies; and, in his light way, by the wretch himſelf.

Theſe, my deareſt Miſs Howe; and your Letter of the 16th *(e)*, which came when I was under Arreſt, and which I received not till ſome days after;

Are all before me.

And I have as well weighed the whole matter, and your arguments in ſupport of your advice, as at preſent my head and my heart will let me weigh them.

I am, moreover, willing to believe, not only from your own opinion, but from the aſſurances of one of Mr. Lovelace's friends, Mr. Belford, a good natured and humane man, who ſpares not to cenſure the author of my calamities *(I think*, with undiſſembled and undeſigning ſincerity) that that man is innocent of the diſgraceful Arreſt:

And even, if you pleaſe, in ſincere compliment to your opinion, and to that of Mr. Hickman, that (over-perſuaded by his friends, and aſhamed of his unme-

(*a*) See the preceding Letter.
(*b*) See Letter lix.
(*c*) See Letter lxi.
(*d*) See Letter lxiv.
(*e*) See Letter lx.

rited

rited baſeneſs to me) he would in earneſt marry *me*, if I would have *him*.

" *(a)* Well, and now, what is the reſult of all?— " It is this—That I muſt abide by what I have already " declared—And that is [Don't be angry at me, my " beſt friend] That I have much more pleaſure in " thinking of death, than of ſuch a Huſband. In " ſhort, as I declared in my laſt, that I cannot [For- " give me, if I ſay, I *will* not] Ever be his.

" But you will expect my reaſons: I know you " will: And if I give them not, will conclude me " either obſtinate, or implacable, or both: And " thoſe would be ſad imputations, if juſt, to be laid " to the charge of a perſon who thinks and talks of " *dying*. And yet, to ſay, that reſentment and diſ- " appointment have no part in my determination, " would be ſaying a thing hardly to be credited. For " I own I *have* reſentment, ſtrong reſentment, but " not unreaſonable ones, as you will be convinced, " if already you are not ſo, when you know all my " Story—If ever you do know it—For I begin to fear " (ſo many things more neceſſary to be thought of, " than either this man, or my own vindication, have " I to do) that I ſhall not have time to compaſs what I " have intended, and, in a manner, promiſed you *(b)*.

" I have one reaſon to give in ſupport of my reſolu- " tion, that, I believe yourſelf will allow of: But having " owned, that I have reſentments, I will begin with " thoſe conſiderations, in which anger and diſappoint- " ment have too great a ſhare; in hopes, that having " once diſburdened my mind upon paper, and to my " Anna Howe, of theſe corroding uneaſy paſſions, I " ſhall prevent them for ever from returning to my

(*a*) Thoſe parts of this Letter which are marked with inverted commas [thus "] were afterwards tranſcribed by Miſs Howe in Letter iv. of Vol. VII. written to the Ladies of Mr. Lovelace's family; and are thus diſtinguiſhed to avoid the neceſſity of repeating them in that Letter.

(*b*) See p. 187.

" heart,

" heart, and to have their place ſupplied by better,
" milder, and more agreeable ones.

" My Pride, then, my deareſt friend, altho' a
" great deal mortified, is not *ſufficiently* mortified, if
" it be neceſſary for me to ſubmit to make that man
" my choice, whoſe actions are, and ought to be,
" my abhorrence!—What!—Shall I, who have been
" treated with ſuch premeditated and perfidious bar-
" barity, as is painful to be thought of, and cannot,
" with modeſty be deſcribed, think of taking the vio-
" lator to my heart? Can I vow duty to one ſo wicked,
" and hazard my ſalvation by joining myſelf to ſo great
" a profligate, now I *know* him to be ſo? Do you
" think your Clariſſa Harlowe ſo loſt, ſo *ſunk*, at leaſt,
" as that ſhe could, for the ſake of patching up, in
" the world's eye, a broken reputation, meanly ap-
" pear indebted to the generoſity, or perhaps *com-*
" *paſſion*, of a man, who has, by means ſo inhuman,
" robbed her of it? Indeed, my dear, I ſhould not
" think my penitence for the raſh ſtep I took, any-
" thing better than a ſpecious deluſion, if I had not
" got above the leaſt wiſh to have Mr. Lovelace for
" my Huſband.

" Yes, I warrant, I muſt *creep* to the violator, and
" be thankful to him for doing me poor juſtice!

" Do you not already ſee me (purſuing the advice
" you give) with a downcaſt eye, appear before *his*
" friends, and before *my own* (ſuppoſing the latter
" would at laſt condeſcend to own me) diveſted of
" that *noble confidence*, which ariſes from a mind un-
" conſcious of having deſerved reproach?

" Do you not ſee me creep about mine own houſe,
" preferring all my honeſt maidens to myſelf—as if
" afraid, too, to open my lips, either by way of
" reproof or admonition, leſt their bo'der eyes ſhould
" bid me look inward, and not expect perfection
" from *them?*

" And ſhall I entitle the wretch to upbraid me with " his generoſity, and his pity; and perhaps to re- " proach me, for having been *capable* of forgiving " crimes of *ſuch* a nature?

" I once indeed hoped, little thinking him ſo *pre-* " *meditately* vile a man, that I might have the hap- " pineſs to reclaim him: I vainly believed, that he " loved me well enough to ſuffer my advice for his " good, and the example I humbly preſumed I ſhould " be enabled to ſet him, to have weight with him; " and the rather, as he had no mean opinion of my " morals and underſtanding: But now, what hope is " there left for this my *prime* hope?—*Were* I to marry " him, what a figure ſhould I make, preaching virtue " and morality to a man whom I had truſted with op- " portunities to ſeduce me from all my own duties?— " And then, ſuppoſing I were to have Children by " ſuch a huſband, muſt it not, think you, cut a " thoughtful perſon to the heart, to look round upon " her little family, and think ſhe had given them a " Father deſtined, without a miracle, to perdition; " and whoſe immoralities, progagated among them " by his vile example, might, too probably, bring " down a curſe upon them? And, after all, who " knows but that my own ſinful compliances with a " man, who would think himſelf intitled to my obe- " dience, might taint my own morals, and make me, " inſtead of a reformer, an imitator of him?—For " who *can touch pitch, and not be defiled?*

" Let me then repeat, that I truly deſpiſe this man! " If I know my own heart, indeed I do!—I pity " him! *Beneath* my very pity as he is, I neverthe- " leſs pity him!—But this I could not do, if I ſtill " loved him: For, my dear, one muſt be greatly ſen- " ſible of the baſeneſs and ingratitude of thoſe we " love. I love him not, therefore! My ſoul diſdains " communion with him.

" But

" But altho' thus much is due to reſentment, yet " have I not been ſo far carried away by its angry ef- " fects, as to be rendered incapable of caſting about " what I *ought* to do, and what *could be done*, if the " Almighty, in order to lengthen the time of my pe- " nitence, were to bid me to live.

' The Single life, at ſuch times, has offered to me, " as the life, the *only* life, to be choſen. But in *that*, " muſt I not *now* ſit brooding over my paſt afflictions, " and mourning my faults till the hour of my releaſe? " And would not every one be able to aſſign the rea- " ſon, why Clariſſa Harlowe choſe ſolitude, and to " ſequeſter herſelf from the world? Would not the " look of every creature, who beheld me, appear as " a reproach to me? And would not my conſcious " eye confeſs my fault, whether the eyes of others " accuſed me or not? One of my delights was, to enter " the cots of my poor neighbours, to leave leſſons to " the boys, and cautions to the elder girls: And how " ſhould I be able, unconſcious, and without pain, to " ſay to the latter, Fly the deluſions of men, who " had been ſuppoſed to have run away with one?

" What then, my dear and only friend, can I wiſh " for but death?—And what, after all, *is* Death? " 'Tis but a ceſſation from mortal life: 'Tis but the " finiſhing of an appointed courſe: The refreſhing Inn " after a fatiguing journey: The end of a life of cares " and troubles; and if happy, the beginning of a " life of immortal happineſs.

" If I die not now, it may poſſibly happen, that I may " be taken when I am leſs prepared. Had I eſcaped " the evils I labour under, it might have been in the " midſt of ſome gay promiſing hope; when my heart " had beat high with the deſire of life; and when " the vanity of this earth hath taken hold of me.

" But now, my dear, for *your* ſatisfaction let me " ſay, that altho' I wiſh not for life, yet would I " not, like a poor coward, deſert my poſt when I " can

" can maintain it, and when it is my *duty* to main-
" tain it.

" More than once, indeed, was I urged by thoughts
" ſo ſinful: But then it was in the height of my di-
" ſtreſs: And once, particularly, I have reaſon to be-
" lieve, I ſaved myſelf by my *deſparation* from the
" moſt ſhocking perſonal inſults; from a repetition,
" as far as I know, of his vileneſs; the baſe women
" (with ſo much reaſon dreaded by me) preſent, to
" intimidate *me*, if not to aſſiſt *him!*—O my dear, you
" know not what I ſuffered on that occaſion!—Nor
" do I what I *eſcaped* at the time, if the wicked man
" had approached me to execute the horrid purpoſes
" of his vile heart."

As I am of opinion, that it would have manifeſted more of Revenge and Deſpair, than of Principle, had I committed a violence upon myſelf, when the villainy was *perpetrated*; ſo I ſhould think it equally criminal, were I now *wilfully* to neglect myſelf; were I *purpoſely* to run into the arms of death *(as that man ſuppoſes I ſhall do)* when I might avoid it.

Nor, my dear, whatever are the ſuppoſitions of ſuch a ſhort-ſighted, ſuch a low-ſouled man, muſt you impute to gloom, to melancholy, to deſpondency, nor yet to a ſpirit of faulty pride, or ſtill *more* faulty revenge, the reſolution I have taken never to marry *this*: and if not *this*, *any* man. So far from deſerving this imputation, I do aſſure you, (my dear and *only* Love) that I will do every thing I can to prolong my life, till God, in mercy to me, ſhall be pleaſed to call for it. I have reaſon to think my puniſhment is but the due conſequence of my fault, and I will not run away from it; but beg of Heaven to ſanctify it to me. When appetite ſerves, I will eat and drink what is ſufficient to ſupport nature. A very little, you know, will do for that. And whatever my phyſicians ſhall think fit to preſcribe, I will take, though ever ſo diſagreeable. In ſhort, I will do every thing I can do,

to

to convince all my friends, who hereafter may think it worth their while to enquire after my laſt behaviour, that I poſſeſſed my ſoul with tolerable patience; and endeavoured to bear with a lot of my own drawing: For thus, in humble imitation of the ſublimeſt Exemplar, I often ſay:—Lord, it is thy will; and it ſhall be mine. Thou art juſt in all thy dealings with the children of men; and I know thou wilt not afflict me beyond what I can bear: And, if I *can* bear it, I *ought* to bear it; and (thy grace aſſiſting me) I *will* bear it.

"But here, my dear, is another reaſon; a reaſon "that will convince you yourſelf, that I ought not "to think of Wedlock; but of a preparation for a "quite different event. I am perſuaded, as much as "that I am now alive, that I ſhall not long live. "The ſtrong ſenſe I have ever had of my fault, the "loſs of my reputation, my diſappointments, the de-"termined reſentment of my friends, *aiding* the bar-"barous uſage I have met with where I leaſt deſerved "it, have ſeized upon my heart: Seized upon it, be-"fore it was ſo well fortified by *religious conſiderations* "as I hope it now is. Don't be concerned, my "dear—But I am ſure, if I may ſay it with as little "preſumption as grief, That God will ſoon *diſſolve* "*my ſubſtance*; and *bring me to death, and to the* "*houſe appointed for all living*."

And now, my deareſt friend, you know all my mind. And you will be pleaſed to write to the Ladies of Mr. Lovelace's family, That I think myſelf infinitely obliged to them, for their good opinion of me; and that it has given me greater pleaſure than I thought I had to come in this life, that, upon the little knowledge they have of me, and that not perſonal, I was thought worthy (after the ill uſage I have received) of an alliance with their honourable family: But that I can by no means think of their Kinſman for a Huſband: And do you, my dear, extract from the above

above, ſuch reaſons as you think have any weight in them.

I would write myſelf to acknowledge their favour, had I not more employment for my head, my heart, and my fingers, than I doubt they will be able to go through.

I ſhould be glad to know when you ſet out on your journey; as alſo your little ſtages; and your time of ſtay at your Aunt Harman's; that my prayers may *locally* attend you, whitherſoever you go, and whereever you are.

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XCII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Sunday, July 23.

THE Letter accompanying This being upon a very particular ſubject, I would not embarraſs it, as I may ſay, with any other. And yet having ſome further matters upon my mind, which will want your excuſe for directing them to you, I hope the following lines will *have* that excuſe.

My good Mrs. Norton, ſo long ago as in a Letter dated the 3d of this month *(a)*, hinted to me, that my relations took amiſs ſome ſevere things you were pleaſed, in love to me, to ſay of them. Mrs. Norton mentioned it with that reſpectful love which ſhe bears to my deareſt friend: But wiſhed, for *my* ſake, that you would rein in a vivacity, which, on moſt other occaſions, ſo charmingly becomes you. This was her ſenſe. You know that *I* am warranted to ſpeak and write freer to my Anna Howe, than Mrs. Norton would do.

I durſt not mention it to you at that time, becauſe appearances were ſo ſtrong againſt me, on Mr. Lovelace's getting me again into his power (after my eſcape to

(a) See p. 135.

to Hamſtead) as made you very angry with me when you anſwered mine on my ſecond eſcape. And, ſoon afterwards, I was put under that barbarous Arreſt; ſo that I could not well touch upon that ſubject till now.

Now, therefore, my deareſt Miſs Howe, let me *repeat* my earneſt requeſt (for This is not the firſt time by ſeveral that I have been obliged to chide you on this occaſion,) That you will ſpare my parents, and other relations, in all your converſations about me.—Indeed, I wiſh they had thought fit to take other meaſures with me: But who ſhall judge for them?—The event has juſtified them, and condemned me.—They expected nothing good of this vile man; *he* has not, therefore, deceived *them*: But they expected other things from *me*; and *I* have. And they have the more reaſon to be ſet againſt me, if (as my Aunt Hervey wrote *(a)* formerly they intended not to force my inclinations, in favour of Mr. Solmes; and if they believe, that my going off was the effect of choice and premeditation.

I have no deſire to be received to favour by them: For why ſhould I ſit down to wiſh for what I have no reaſon to expect?—Beſides, I could not look them in the face, if they *would* receive me. Indeed I could not. All I have to hope for, is, firſt, that my Father will abſolve me from his heavy malediction: And next, for a Laſt Bleſſing. The obtaining of theſe favours are needful to my peace of mind.

I have written to my Siſter; but have only mentioned the abſolution.

I am afraid, I ſhall receive a very harſh Anſwer from her: My fault, in the eyes of my family, is of ſo enormous a nature, that my *firſt* application will hardly be encouraged. Then they know not (nor perhaps will believe) that I am ſo very ill as I am. So that, were I actually to die before they could have time

(a) See Vol. III. p. 248.

time to take the neceſſary informations, you muſt not blame them too ſeverely. You muſt call it a Fatality. I know not what you muſt call it: For, alas! I have made them as miſerable as I am myſelf. And yet ſometimes I think, that, were they chearfully to pronounce me forgiven, I know not whether my concern for having offended them would not be augmented: Since I imagine, that nothing can be more wounding to a ſpirit not ungenerous, than a *generous forgiveneſs*.

I hope your Mother will permit our correſpondence for *one* month more, altho' I do not take her advice as to having this man. Only for *one* month. I will not deſire it longer. When Cataſtrophes are winding-up, what changes (changes that make one's heart ſhudder to think of) may *one* ſhort month produce!—But if ſhe will not—why then, my dear, it becomes us both to acquieſce.

You can't think what my apprehenſions would have been, had I known Mr. Hickman was to have had a meeting (on ſuch a queſtioning occaſion as muſt have been his errand from you) with that haughty and uncontroulable man.

You give me hope of a viſit from Mr. Hickman: Let him *expect* to ſee me greatly altered. I know he loves me: For he loves every one whom you love. A painful interview, I doubt! But I ſhall be glad to ſee a man, whom *you* will one day, and that on an *early* day, I hope, make happy; and whoſe gentle Manners, and unbounded Love for you, will make *you* ſo, if it be not your own fault.

I am, my deareſt, kindeſt Friend, the ſweet Companion of my happy hours, the Friend ever deareſt and neareſt to my fond heart,

Your equally obliged and faithful

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LET-

LETTER XCIII.

Mrs. NORTON, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Monday, July 24.

EXCUSE, my deareſt young Lady, my long ſilence. I have been extremely ill. My poor Boy has alſo been at death's door; and, when I hoped that he was better, he has relapſed. Alas! my dear, he is very dangerouſly ill. Let us both have your prayers!

Very angry Letters have paſſed between your Siſter and Miſs Howe. Every one of your family is incenſed againſt that young Lady. I wiſh you would remonſtrate againſt her warmth; ſince it can do no good; for they will not believe, but that her interpoſition has your connivance; nor that you are ſo ill as Miſs Howe aſſures them you are.

Before ſhe wrote, they were going to ſend up young Mr. Brand the Clergyman, to make private enquiries of your health, and way of life.—But now they are ſo exaſperated, that they have laid aſide their intention.

We have flying reports here, and at Harlowe Place, of ſome freſh inſults which you have undergone: And that you are about to put yourſelf into Lady Betty Lawrance's protection. I believe they would now be glad (as I ſhould be) that you would do ſo; and this, perhaps, will make them ſuſpend, for the preſent, any determination in your favour.

How unhappy am I, that the dangerous way my Son is in prevents my attendance on you! Let me beg of you to write me word how you are, both as to perſon and mind. A ſervant of Sir Robert Beachcroft, who rides poſt on his maſter's buſineſs to town, will preſent you with this; and perhaps, will bring me the favour of a few lines in return. He will be obliged to ſtay in town ſeveral hours, for an anſwer to his diſpatches.

This

This is the anniverſary, that uſed to give joy to as many as had the pleaſure and honour of knowing you. May the Almighty bleſs you, and grant, that it may be the only unhappy one that may be ever known by you, my deareſt young Lady; and by

Your ever affectionate

JUDITH NORTON.

10 NO 69

THE END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.

CONTENTS OF VOL. VI.

Let.

I. II. *Lovelace, To Belford.* The Lady gives a promiſſory note to Dorcas, to induce her to further her eſcape.—A fair trial of ſkill now, he ſays. A converſation between the vile Dorcas and her Lady: In which ſhe engages her Lady's pity. The bonds of wickedneſs ſtronger than the ties of virtue. Obſervations on that ſubject.

III. IV. V. *From the ſame.* A new contrivance to take advantage of the Lady's intended eſcape.——A Letter from Tomlinſon. Intent of it.——He goes out to give opportunity for the Lady to attempt an eſcape. His deſign fruſtrated.

VI. *From the ſame.* An intereſting converſation between the Lady and him. No conceſſion in his favour. *By his Soul,* he ſwears, *this dear girl gives the lye to all their Rakiſh maxims.* He has laid all the Sex under obligation to him: And why.

VII. *From the ſame.* Lord M. in extreme danger. The family deſire his preſence. He intercepts a ſevere Letter from Miſs Howe to her friend. Copy of it.

VIII. *From the ſame.* The Lady, ſuſpecting Dorcas, tries to prevail upon *him* to give her her liberty. She diſclaims vengeance, and affectingly tells him all her future views. Denied, ſhe once more attempts an eſcape. Prevented, and terrified with apprehenſions of inſtant diſhonour, ſhe is obliged to make ſome conceſſion.

IX. *From the ſame.* Accuſes her of explaining away her conceſſion. Made deſperate, he ſeeks occaſion to quarrel with her. She exerts a ſpirit which overawes him. He is ridiculed by the infamous copartnerſhip. Calls to Belford to help a *gay heart* to a little of his *diſmal,* on the expected death of Lord M.

X. *From the ſame.* Another meſſage from M. Hall, to engage him to go down next morning. No conceſſion yet from the Lady.

XI. XII. *From the ſame.* The womens inſtigations. His further ſchemes againſt the Lady. *What,* he aſks, *is the injury, which a church-rite will not at any time repair?*

XIII. *From the ſame.* Himſelf, the Mother, her Nymphs, all aſſembled with intent to execute his deteſtable purpoſes. Her glorious behaviour on the occaſion. He execrates, deteſts, deſpiſes himſelf; and admires her more than ever. Obliged to ſet out early that morning

ing for M. Hall, he will preſs her with Letters to meet him next Thurſday, her Uncle's birth-day, at the Altar.

XIV. XV. XVI. *Lovelace, To Clariſſa, From M. Hall.* Urging her accordingly (the Licence in her hands) by the moſt engaging pleas and arguments.

XVII. *Lovelace, To Belford.* Begs he will wait on the Lady, and induce her to write but four words to him, ſignifying the church and the day. Is now reſolved on Wedlock. Curſes his plots and contrivances; which all end, he ſays, in one grand plot upon himſelf.

XVIII. *Belford, To Lovelace, In Anſwer.* Refuſes to undertake for him, unleſs he can be ſure of his honour. Why he doubts it.

XIX. *Lovelace, In Reply.* Curſes him for his ſcrupulouſneſs. Is in earneſt to marry. After one more Letter of entreaty to her, if ſhe keep ſullen ſilence, ſhe muſt take the conſequence.

XX. *Lovelace, To Clariſſa.* Once more earneſtly intreats her to meet him at the Altar. Not to be *forbidden* coming, he will take for *leave* to come.

XXI. *Lovelace, To Patrick M'Donald.* Ordering him to viſit the Lady, and inſtructing him what to ſay, and how to behave to her.

XXII. *To the ſame, as Captain Tomlinſon.* Calculated to be ſhewn to the Lady, as in confidence.

XXIII. *M'Donald, To Lovelace.* Goes to attend the Lady according to direction. Finds the houſe in an uproar; and the Lady eſcaped.

XXIV. *Mowbray, To Lovelace.* With the ſame news.

XXV. *Belford, To Lovelace.* Ample particulars of the Lady's eſcape. Makes ſerious reflections on the diſtreſs ſhe muſt be in; and on his (Lovelace's) ungrateful uſage of her. What he takes to be the Sum of Religion.

XXVI. *Lovelace, To Belford.* Runs into affected levity and ridicule, yet at laſt owns all his gaiety but counterfeit. Regrets his baſeneſs to the Lady. Inveighs againſt the women for their inſtigations. Will ſtill marry her, if ſhe can be found out. One misfortune ſeldom comes alone; Lord M. is recovering. He had beſpoken mourning for him.

XXVII. *Clariſſa, To Miſs Howe.* Writes with incoherence, to enquire after her health. Lets her know whither to direct to her. But forgets in her rambling, her private addreſs. By which means her Letter falls into the hands of Miſs Howe's Mother.

XXVIII. *Miſtreſs Howe, To Clariſſa.* Reproaches her for making all her friends unhappy. Forbids her to write any more to her Daughter.

XXIX. *Clariſſa's meek Reply.*

XXX. *Clariſſa, To Hannah Burton.*

XXXI. *Han-*

XXXI. *Hannah Burton. In Anſwer.*

XXXII. *Clariſſa, To Mrs. Norton.* Excuſes her long ſilence. Aſks her a queſtion, with a view to detect Lovelace. Hints at his ungrateful villainy. Self-recriminations.

XXXIII. *Mrs. Norton, To Clariſſa.* Anſwers her queſtion. Inveighs againſt Lovelace. Hopes ſhe has eſcaped with her honour. Conſoles her by a brief relation of her own caſe, and from motives truly pious.

XXXIV. *Clariſſa, To Lady Betty Lawrance.* Requeſts an anſwer to three queſtions, with a view further to detect Lovelace.

XXXV. *Lady Betty, To Clariſſa.* Anſwers her queſtions. In the kindeſt manner offers to mediate between her Nephew and her.

XXXVI. XXXVII. *Clariſſa, To Mrs. Hodges*, her Uncle Harlowe's Houſekeeper; with a view of ſtill further detecting Lovelace.—— Mrs. Hodges's Anſwer.

XXXVIII. *Clariſſa, To Lady Betty Lawrance.* Acquaints her with her Nephew's baſeneſs. Charitably wiſhes his reformation; but utterly, and from principle, rejects him.

XXXIX. *Clariſſa, To Mrs. Norton.* Is comforted by her kind ſoothings. Wiſhes ſhe had been her child. Will not allow her to come up to her. Why. Some account of the people ſhe is with; and of a worthy woman, Mrs. Lovick, who lodges in the houſe. Briefly hints to her the vile uſage ſhe has received from Lovelace.

XL. *Mrs. Norton, To Clariſſa.* Inveighs againſt Lovelace. Wiſhes Miſs Howe might be induced to refrain from freedoms that do hurt, and can do no good. Further piouſly conſoles her.

XLI. *Clariſſa, To Mrs. Norton.* A new Trouble. An angry Letter from Miſs Howe. The occaſion. Her heart is broken. Shall be uneaſy, till ſhe can get her Father's Curſe revoked. Caſts about to whom ſhe can apply for this purpoſe. At laſt reſolves to write to her Siſter to beg her mediation.

XLII. *Miſs Howe, To Clariſſa.* Her angry and reproachful Letter above-mentioned; demands from her the clearing up of her conduct.

XLIII. *Clariſſa, To Miſs Howe.* Gently remonſtrates upon her ſeverity. To this hour knows not all the Methods taken to deceive and ruin her. But will briefly, yet circumſtantially, enter into the darker part of her ſad ſtory, though her heart ſinks under the thoughts of a recollection ſo painful.

XLIV. XLV. XLVI. XLVII. She gives the promiſed particulars of her ſtory. Begs that the blackeſt parts of it may be kept ſecret. And why. Deſires one friendly tear, and no more, may be dropt from her gentle eye, on the happy day that ſhall ſhut up all her ſorrows.

XLVIII. XLIX. *Miſs Howe, To Clariſſa.* Execrates the abandoned profligate. *She muſt*, ſhe tells her, *look to a world beyond this for her reward.* Unravels ſome of Lovelace's plots; and detects his forgeries.

Is apprehenſive for her own, as well as Clariſſa's *ſafety*. Adviſes her to purſue a legal vengeance. Laudable cuſtom in the Iſle of Man. Offers perſonally to attend her in a Court of Juſtice.

L. *Clariſſa, To Miſs Howe.* Cannot conſent to a proſecution. Diſcovers who it was that perſonated her at Hamſtead. She is quite ſick of life, and of an earth in which innocent and benevolent ſpirits are ſure to be conſidered as aliens.

LI. *Miſs Howe, To Clariſſa.* Beſeeches her to take comfort, and not deſpair. *Is dreadfully apprehenſive of her own ſafety from Mr. Lovelace.* An inſtruction to Mothers.

LII. *Clariſſa, To Miſs Howe.* Averſe as ſhe is to appear in a Court of Juſtice againſt Lovelace, ſhe will conſent to proſecute him, rather than Miſs Howe ſhall live in terror. Hopes ſhe ſhall not deſpair; but doubts not, *from ſo many concurrent circumſtances*, that the Blow is given.

LIII. LIV. *Lovelace, To Belford.* Has no ſubject worth writing upon, now he has loſt his Clariſſa. Half in jeſt, half in earneſt [*as uſual with him when vexed or diſappointed*] he deplores the loſs of her.—Humourous account of Lord M. of himſelf, and of his two Couſins Montague. His Clariſſa has made him eyeleſs and ſenſeleſs to every other Beauty.

LV. LVI. LVII. LVIII. *From the ſame.* Lady Sarah Sadleir and Lady Betty Lawrance arrive, and engage Lord M. and of his two Couſins Montague againſt him, on account of his treatment of the Lady. His Trial, as he calls it.—After many altercations, they obtain his conſent, that his two Couſins ſhould endeavour to engage Miſs Howe to prevail upon Clariſſa to accept of him, on his unfeigned repentance. It is ſome pleaſure to him, he however rakiſhly reflects, to obſerve *how placable the Ladies of his family would have been, had they met with a Lovelace.*—MARRIAGE, ſays he, *with theſe women, is an atonement for the worſt we can do to them: A true Dramatic recompence.*—He makes ſeveral other whimſical, but characteriſtic obſervations, ſome of which may ſerve as cautions and warnings to the Sex.

LIX. *Miſs Howe, To Clariſſa.* Has had a viſit from the two Miſs Montague's. Their errand. Adviſes her to marry Lovelace. Reaſons for her advice.

LX. *From the ſame.* Chides her with friendly impatience for not anſwering her Letter. Re-urges her to marry Lovelace, and inſtantly to put herſelf under Lady Betty's protection.

LXI. *Miſs Howe, To Miſs Montague.* In a phrenſy of her ſoul, writes to her to demand news of her beloved friend, ſpirited away, as ſhe apprehends, by the baſe arts of the blackeſt of men.

LXII. *Lovelace, To Belford.* The ſuffering Innocent arreſted and confined, by the execrable woman, in a ſham action. He curſes himſelf, and all his plots and contrivances. Conjures him to fly to her, and clear him of this low, this dirty villainy; to ſet her free without

without conditions; and aſſure her, that he will never moleſt her more. Horribly execrates the diabolical women, who thought to make themſelves a merit with him by this abominable inſult.

LXIII. LXIV. *Miſs Montague, To Miſs Howe*, with the particulars of all that has happened to the Lady.—Mr. Lovelace the moſt miſerable of men. Reflections on Libertines. She, her Siſter, Lady Betty, Lady Sarah, Lord M. and Lovelace himſelf, all ſign Letters to Miſs Howe, aſſerting his innocence of this horrid inſult, and imploring her continued intereſt in *his* and *their* favour with Clariſſa.

LXV. *Belford, To Lovelace.* Particulars of the vile arreſt. Inſolent viſits of the wicked women to her. Her unexampled meekneſs and patience. Her fortitude. He admires it, and prefers it to the falſe courage of men of their claſs.

LXVI. *From the ſame.* Goes to the Officer's houſe. A deſcription of the horrid priſon-room, and of the ſuffering Lady on her knees in one corner of it. Her great and moving behaviour. Breaks off, and ſends away his Letter, on purpoſe to harraſs him by ſuſpenſe.

LXVII. *Lovelace, To Belford.* Curſes him for his tormenting abruption. Clariſſa never ſuffered half what he ſuffers. That Sex made to bear pain. Conjures him to haſten to him the reſt of his ſoul-harrowing intelligence.

LXVIII. *Belford, To Lovelace.* His further proceedings. The Lady returns to her lodgings at Smith's. Diſtinction between Revenge and Reſentment in her character. Sends her, from the vile women, all her apparel, as Lovelace had deſired.

LXIX. *From the ſame.* Rejoices to find he can *feel.* Will endeavour from time to time to add to his remorſe. Inſiſts upon his promiſe not to moleſt the Lady.

LXX. *From the ſame.* Deſcribes her lodgings, and gives a character of the people, and of the good Widow Lovick. She is ſo ill, that they provide her an honeſt Nurſe, and ſend for Mr. Goddard, a worthy Apothecary. Subſtance of a Letter to Miſs Howe, dictated by the Lady.

LXXI. *From the ſame.* Admitted to the Lady's preſence. What paſſed on the occaſion. Really believes, that ſhe ſtill loves him. Has a reverence, and even a holy love for her. Aſtoniſhed that Lovelace could hold his purpoſes againſt ſuch an angel of a woman. Condemns himſelf for not timely exerting himſelf to ſave her.

LXXII. *From the ſame.* Dr. H. called in. Not having a ſingle guinea to give him, ſhe accepts of three from Mrs. Lovick on a diamond ring. Her dutiful reaſons for admitting the Doctor's viſit. His engaging and gentlemanly behaviour. She reſolves to part with ſome of her richeſt apparel. Her reaſons.

LXXIII. *Lovelace, To Belford.* Raves at him. For what. Raillies him, with his uſual gaiety, on ſeveral paſſages in his Letters. Reaſons why Clariſſa's heart cannot be broken by what ſhe has ſuffered.

Paſſionate

Paſſionate girls eaſily ſubdued. Sedate ones hardly ever pardon. He has ſome retrograde motions: Yet is in earneſt to marry Clariſſa. Gravely concludes, that *a perſon intending to marry ſhould never be a Rake.* His gay reſolutions. Renews, however, his promiſes not to moleſt her. A charming encouragement for a man of intrigue, *when a woman is known not to love her Huſband.* Advantages which men have over women, when diſappointed in Love. He knows ſhe will permit him to make her amends, after ſhe has plagued him heartily.

LXXIV. *Miſs Howe, To Clariſſa.* Is ſhocked at receiving a Letter from her written by another hand. Tenderly conſoles her, and inveighs againſt Lovelace. Re-urges her, however, to marry him. Her Mother abſolutely of her opinion. Praiſes Mr. Hickman's Siſter, who, with her Lord, had paid her a viſit.

LXXV. *Clariſſa, To Miſs Howe.* Her condition greatly mended. In what particulars. Her mind begins to ſtrengthen; and ſhe finds herſelf at times ſuperior to her calamities. In what light ſhe wiſhes her to think of her. Deſires her to love her ſtill, but with a weaning Love. She is not now what ſhe was when they were *inſeparable* Lovers. Their views muſt now be different.

LXXVI. *Belford, To Lovelace.* A conſuming malady, and a conſuming miſtreſs, as in Belton's caſe, dreadful things to ſtruggle with. *Further reflections on the life of Keeping.* The poor man afraid to enter into his own houſe. Belford undertakes his cauſe. *Inſtinct* in brutes equivalent to *natural affection* in men. Story of the antient Sarmatians, and their ſlaves. Reflects on the lives of Rakes, and Free-livers; and how ready they are in ſickneſs to run away from one another. Picture of a Rake on a ſick bed. Will marry, and deſert them all.

LXXVII. *From the ſame.* The Lady parts with ſome of her Laces. Inſtances of the worthineſs of Dr. H. and Mr. Goddard. He ſeverely reflects upon Lovelace.

LXXVIII. *Lovelace, To Belford.* Has an interview with Mr. Hickman. On what occaſion. He endeavours to diſconcert him, by aſſurance and ridicule; but finds him to behave with ſpirit.

LXXIX. *From the ſame.* Raillies him on his intentional Reformation. Aſcribes the Lady's ill health entirely to the Arreſt (in which, he ſays, he had no hand) and to her relations cruelty. Makes light of her ſelling her cloaths and laces. Touches upon Belton's Caſe. Diſtinguiſhes between *companionſhip* and *friendſhip*. How he purpoſes to rid Belton of his Thomaſine and her cubs.

LXXX. *Belford, To Lovelace.* The Lady has written to her Siſter, to obtain a revocation of her Father's Malediction. *Defends her Parents.* He pleads with the utmoſt earneſtneſs to her for his friend. Her noble anſwer and great deportment.

LXXXI. *From the ſame.* Can hardly forbear proſtration to her. Tenders himſelf as her Banker. Converſation on this ſubject. Admires her magnanimity. *No wonder that a virtue ſo ſolidly baſed could*

could baffle all his arts. Other inſtances of her greatneſs of mind. Mr. Smith and his Wife invite him, and beg of her to dine with them, it being their wedding day. Her affecting behaviour on the occaſion. She briefly, and with her uſual noble ſimplicity, relates to them the particulars of her life and misfortunes.

LXXXII. *Lovelace, To Belford.* Ridicules him on his addreſs to the Lady as her Banker, and on his aſpirations and proſtrations. Wants to come at Letters ſhe has written. Puts him upon engaging Mrs. Lovick to bring this about. Weight that proſelytes have with the good people that convert them. Reaſons for it. He has hopes ſtill of the Lady's favour. And why. Never adored her ſo much as now. Is about to go to a Ball at Colonel Ambroſe's. Who to be there. Cenſures affection and finery in the dreſs of men; and particularly with a view to exalt himſelf, ridicules Belford on this ſubject.

LXXXIII. LXXXIV. LXXXV. LXXXVI. LXXXVII. Sharp Letters that paſs between Miſs Howe and Arabella Harlowe.

LXXXVIII. *Mrs. Harlowe, To Mrs. Howe.* Sent with Copies of the five foregoing Letters.

LXXXIX. *Mrs. Howe, To Mrs. Harlowe. In Anſwer.*

XC. *Miſs Howe, To Clariſſa.* Deſires an Anſwer to her former Letters for her to communicate to Miſs Montague. Further enforces her own and her Mother's opinion, that ſhe ſhould marry Lovelace. Is obliged by her Mother to go to a Ball at Colonel Ambroſe's. Fervent profeſſions of her friendly Love.

XCI. *Clariſſa, To Miſs Howe.* Her noble Reaſons for refuſing Lovelace. Deſires her to communicate extracts from this Letter to the Ladies of his family.

XCII. *From the ſame.* Begs, for her ſake, that ſhe will forbear treating her Relations with freedom and aſperity. Endeavours, in her uſual dutiful manner, to defend their conduct towards her. Preſſes her to make Mr. Hickman happy.

XCIII. *Mrs. Norton, To Clariſſa.* Excuſes her long ſilence. Her family, who were intending to favour her, incenſed againſt her by means of Miſs Howe's warm Letters to her Siſter.

END OF VOL. VI.